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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

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JANUARY, 1884, TO JULY, 1884.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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WHEN we look back upon past ages, and behold how the Papacy has outlived all other institutions, how it has witnessed the rise and wane of so many states, and how, amid the endless ebb and flow of human things, it has kept and upheld the same changeless spirit, we cannot wonder if so many look to it as to that rock which rears itself unshaken amid the beating surges of time. F. HURTER.

Essay on the Sixth Chapter of St. John's Gospel.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

MY object in the present essay is to establish the truth of the Catholic dogma of the Real Presence of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, from the sixth chapter of St. John.

This chapter is divided into three parts; 1st, the account of the miraculous multiplication of loaves and fishes; 2d, the discourse on faith; and 3d, the discourse on the Blessed Eucharist.

I undertake to show that the last part, viz., the discourse on the Blessed Eucharist, is to be taken literally; and that, consequently, Catholics hold the truth when they maintain that Jesus Christ is really, truly, and substantially present in the Eucharist, under the appearance of bread and wine. Jesus speaks of giving His flesh to be eaten, urges the necessity of eating it, and promises eternal life to those who shall partake of it. Now, either these expressions are to be taken in the literal, or in the figurative sense. Let us see what was their figurative sense! We find that in the language in which our Lord addressed the Jews, — in the Bible, — and among the Arabs who, at the present day, inhabit Palestine, retaining their ancient ideas and customs, the only fixed metaphorical signification of eating a man's flesh is "to calumniate him, or do him some grievous injury by false testimony." It would be madness to suppose that such a figurative sense could have been the correct meaning of our Saviour's language. But if the figurative sense be thrown out, the literal *only* remains. This latter implies that Christ really intended to give His body and blood. Our Lord, as a matter of course, acted in

this affair with the prudence and foresight of the wisdom of the Eternal Father. Even if He were inclined to use a figure, He would undoubtedly have refrained from employing one calculated to shock His hearers. No orator or preacher, who wishes to gain approbation or to produce conviction, could consistently act the part which some of our opponents make the great God act in this matter. To the Jews the thought of eating human flesh or drinking human blood, was horrible. Their law had strictly and sternly forbidden it; and they learned from Holy Scripture that one of the most terrible punishments which God inflicted on the wicked was to cause them to feed on human corpses. Our Blessed Saviour was aware of those prejudices, and He wished the Jews to accept His doctrine. Now, can it be reasonably supposed that He would, under these circumstances, make use of a figure which was, to say the least of it, not very appropriate; and which, moreover, must necessarily repel his hearers from embracing the doctrine proposed to them? And if He did not employ a metaphor, He certainly meant to be understood in the obvious sense. Whenever it happens that we are informed of the burden of a harangue delivered on some hustings, in order to discover the meaning of the speaker, we do not go beyond those who heard him distinctly, because we suppose their interpretation to be the true one, since a speaker is presumed to make himself intelligible to his audience. If it happens that the audience do not apprehend correctly what is said, it is either because the orator has, wilfully, led them astray, or because he did not understand their language perfectly. Neither of these can be said of our Lord; He did not wish to mislead the people as to the meaning of His words, nor was He ignorant of their language. Hence, when we ascertain that the Jews understood His words in a certain sense, we ought to conclude that such sense was the true one. The Jews understood our Lord to say that He would give them His flesh to eat. This, then, was the true signification of His words. But, as if to place this beyond all doubt, He confirms the Jews' interpretation Himself. What must we infer when we have the interpretation of the audience confirmed by the asservation of the preacher, Himself? Surely, that it is the genuine interpetation. The Jews, as we have seen, took our Lord's words in the literal sense, and He confirmed them in that sense.

I will now prove in another way that the Jews were right in their interpretation. From the manner in which Christ usually acted when unfolding His doctrines we may lay down a rule to be applied to our present case. Whenever it happened that Christ propounded something to His hearers which He intended should be taken in the figur-

ative sense, but which they, through mistake, took in the literal sense. He was accustomed to explain His teaching in a figurative manner; thus, when He told Nicodemus that "unless a man be *born again* he could not enter the kingdom of God," and when Nicodemus misunderstood Him, imagining that He meant a natural birth, He explained Himself by saying, "Unless a man be *born again of water and the Holy Ghost* he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." He acted differently when His words were received in their true sense, but rejected by His audience. In such cases, He was accustomed instead of softening down the obnoxious sentiment to reiterate in still stronger terms. Using this rule here, we find that His words were rejected, and that He did not smooth down the difficulties, but *five* times repeated the words that had given offence. When a man finds himself misunderstood by his hearers, he does not repeat, for the sake of elucidation, the very same thing that had been misapprehended; far less does he affirm it with solemn asservation. When the Jews cried out: "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Jesus, in reply to their objection, rehearsed the same expression in which they had experienced the difficulty, and even went so far as to sanction and enforce it by a precept. He affirmed that, without eating His flesh and drinking his blood no one could have eternal life. He affirmed, likewise, that whoever should partake of His body and blood should be rewarded with everlasting happiness. Our Lord's behavior is wholly incomprehensible if we do not believe that He spoke literally. Though we do not dispute that food, among the people of the East, was frequently used in a metaphorical sense for faith, we, nevertheless, do not admit that Christ meant the eating of His body or the drinking of his blood to signify the acceptance of his doctrines. Since faith is represented by food, there could be no need of instilling so sedulously into the minds of His auditors the utility and necessity of receiving *His Body* and *His Blood*. Besides, when He was discoursing of faith, as is recorded in the earlier part of the chapter, He advisedly abstained from introducing the words "eateth me," even violating the rules of rhetoric in order to avoid it. He says: "He who *cometh* to me," [not "he who *eateth* me"] "shall never hunger and "he that *believeth* in me" [not "he that *drinketh* of me] shall never thirst." In this passage it is clear that the sense would seem to require, "He that eateth me shall never hunger and he that drinketh of me shall never thirst; yet so cautious is our Divine Lord that he will rather disregard the rules of language than let fall an expression which may lead to a misconception. The very disciples of our Lord were shocked at His proposition of giving them His flesh to eat. Faith was by no means

so much beyond their reach, or so novel to them as to excite such feelings. No! they had become acquainted with the existence and character of faith long before. Few Jews could be ignorant of the mental state called faith. But it was an unheard-of thing for a man to promise to feed mankind with his body and blood. This it was which caused the disciples to stagger in their belief.

How does Christ confirm their wavering faith? By appealing, as was His wont, to a miracle. When He told the sick man that his sins were forgiven him, and when some of the by-standers murmured at it, He proved His assertion by curing the sick man. Thus He intimated that to Him who could perform so stupendous a miracle, it was not impossible to forgive sins. So, also, when His disciples were shocked at the harshness of His doctrine, He appealed to the miracle of His Ascension; thus intimating that to Him who could raise Himself aloft, even to heaven by His own power, the giving of His body and blood could not be difficult. Even the Apostles, the Twelve whom He had chosen to be hereafter seated on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel, were disconcerted for the moment. They were in suspense; but when asked by their divine Master "would they also go away," they answered, "to whom should they go since He had the words of eternal life." They do not affect to understand the mystery, but they bow to the authority of Jesus. Their reason is entirely at fault in regard to understanding the mystery. What could induce this but the idea of a real manducation of Christ's flesh.

From all that I have said it is properly concluded that the words of Christ must and ought of necessity to be received in the literal sense, because we have seen that the figurative sense would involve absurdity; would attach the stigma of inconsistency to our Saviour; would accuse Him of deceiving His audience, and leading the whole Church into damnable idolatry; and we have also seen the consistency of the literal sense; we have seen it confirmed by the interpretation of the Jews, and we have judged it according to a criterion established by our Lord, Himself, in His discourses to the people. And we also perceive that many of Christ's disciples left Him after that, on that very account. Can it be supposed that the Son of God, who offered Himself a bleeding victim on the cross for mankind, would be so reckless of the salvation of souls as to allow His disciples to depart when a word of explanation would have prevented their departure? Not at all! Jesus Christ, our Divine Lord and Saviour, would not have acted as He did, were he not then and there promising in the obvious sense His own Precious Body and Blood, which reposes in our tabernacles, and is dispensed to us to strengthen us "to fight the good

fight," that we may receive the crown from Him who said: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath life everlasting, and I will raise him up at the last day."

Oxford, N. J. P. A. TREACY.

The Church at Ballymore.

I HAVE knelt in great cathedrals with their wondrous naves and aisles,
Whose fairy arches blend and interlace;
Where the sunlight on the paintings like a ray of glory smiles,
And the shadows seem to sanctify the place;
Where the organ's tones like echoes from an angel's trumpet roll,
Wafted down by seraph wings from Heaven's shore;
They are mighty and majestic — but they cannot touch my soul
Like the little white-washed church at Ballymore.

Ah! little modest chapel, half embowered in the trees,
Though the roof above the worshippers was low,
And the earth bore traces sometimes of the congregation's knees,
Whilst they themselves were bent with toil and woe;
Milan, Cologne, St. Peter's, by the feet of monarchs trod,
With their monumental genius and their lore,
Never knew in their magnificence more trustful prayers to God
Than ascended to His throne from Ballymore.

Its priest was plain and simple, and he scorned to hide his brogue
In accents that we might not understand;
But there was not in the parish such a renegade or rogue
As to think his word not Heaven's own command.
He seemed our cares and troubles and our sorrows to divide,
And he never passed the poorest peasant's door;
In sickness he was with us, and in death still by our side —
God be with you, Father Tom, of Ballymore!

There's a green graveyard behind it, and in dreams at night I see
Each little modest slab and grassy mound;
For my gentle mother's sleeping 'neath the withered rowan tree,
And a host of kindly neighbors lie around.
The famine and the fever through our stricken country spread,
Desolation was about me sad and sore,
So I had to cross the waters in strange lands to seek my bread —
But I left my heart behind in Ballymore.

I am proud of our cathedrals: they are symbols of our love
To our ever-mighty benefactor shown;
And when wealth and art and beauty have been given from above,
The devil should not have them as his own.
Their splendor has inspired me, but amidst it all I prayed
God to grant me, when life's weary work is o'er,
Sweet rest beside my mother in the dear embracing shade
Of the little white-washed church of Ballymore.

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

Little Peg O'Shaughnessy.

CHAPTER II.

LOST AND FOUND.

WHAT the reason was I cannot tell you, but certain it is that from that night forward Peg O'Shaughnessy declined in my uncle's favor. Some one else was presently asked to read the newspaper, some one else was expected to hand the coffee. Peg was soon totally dismissed from the service, and some one else elected in her place. And the some one else was my Lady Fitzgibbon.

Thus discharged, Peg was as one adrift on the world. She stayed much in her own room, or when in company sat in a corner. She was embarrassed in conversation, and shunned notice. She was not popular. People said she was proud and stand-off. So I thought she certainly was; but I believed the fault was not her own.

For my own part I tried, without forcing particular attentions upon her, to wear away her fear of me, and to establish a friendly footing between us; and I succeeded. Knowing her better, I found that she had a bright fancy, and a large capacity for enjoyment; only the misfortunes of poverty and debt had overshadowed all the sunny side of her nature. I loved her more every day, and longed to lift her from under her cloud into the broad light of happiness. Meantime, I mused much as to whether my love might or might not be returned; on the possibility of Peg's crushing troubles having made her mercenary; on her gentle attentions to Giles Humphrey until she had been lately set aside. I detested myself for these doubts, and endured them still. But meanwhile something occurred.

One night, after we had all retired, Giles Humphrey kept me long in his bedroom, listening wearily to his wild, egotistical talk. At last I broke away from him, and was coming softly down the corridor, so as to disturb no one, when I was startled by hearing the rustle of a woman's dress, and looking, saw, by the faint light of a dim lamp, two figures, a man and a woman, separating quickly, and moving in different directions. The man, I could see, was my uncle's black servant, and, after a moment's reflection, I concluded that the woman was some silly housemaid, who could not help flirting with even Jacko. The adventure did not disturb my night's rest.

But the next morning it happened that, coming into the drawing-room after dinner, I looked round the room and missed Peg. I also noticed that neither was Lady Fitzgibbon to be seen, but that did not much disappoint me. Watching impatiently for some time, and finding that Peg did not appear, I left the drawing-room for the purpose of asking Mrs. Daly to step up to her room, lest she might be ill; but, before doing this, I went up stairs myself to fetch something I had forgotten in my own chamber. Going thither, I had to pass the end

of that corridor which I have mentioned more than once before. At this hour of the evening it was lit more brightly than it had been late last night. Approaching it, I heard the same hurrying of feet I had then heard, and the same rustling of a woman's dress; but this time I saw the skirt of a black gown disappearing. It was not a servant's dress, for the sound was the sound of silk; nevertheless, it was the black man Jacko who skulked past me the next moment in the passage. As I walked on I found something white lying at my feet, just where the woman had flitted past. I picked it up; it was a lady's pocket-handkerchief, pure and fine.

I thrust it into my bosom, and did not examine it, though it was some time before I returned to the drawing-room. Re-entering there I beheld Lady Fitzgibbon playing chess with my uncle. She was dressed in the glittering maize-colored silk which I mentioned before: a dress she was fond of. I looked around for Peg; she was not there, but entered the room a few minutes after, looking pale, I thought. In she came in her everlasting black gown. I never had felt revolted at its monotonous reappearance before. A sickening chill crept over me as I glanced away from her, and looked scrutinizingly all round the room. Not a lady of the company was dressed in black save and excepting Peg O'Shaughnessy. How the evening wore out I do not know. I examined that handkerchief before I went to bed, and found, delicately embroidered in one corner, the O'Shaughnessy crest.

I need not detail to you, Tom, how after this, my days were bitter and my nights sleepless, in how many ways I strove to account for what had come under my notice, and how, in accounting for it whatever way I might, I only made myself more miserable. There was no solution for the mystery, and I wretchedly gave it up.

Christmas-eve arrived, and a wild day it was. The wind bullied at the windows, and the snow-drifts kept blinding up the panes. It was while we were hanging up the mistletoe that Lady Fitzgibbon invited us all to a fancy ball at Kilbanagher Park on that day three weeks. It was to be given in honor of Uncle Giles, with whom she was now first favorite, who was going on a visit to her house, and who vowed he would appear at her hall in the character of a Laplander, dressed in furs. The invitation made a pleasant little sensation, and costumes and characters were discussed during the rest of the day. Every one was pleased but Gorman Tracey, who was now as jealous of Giles Humphrey as he had formerly been of me. Where was Peg that day, and had she, too, been invited? I did not know. I fancied she had shunned me ever since that evening.

And now, Tom, I am coming to the bad, black page in my history. The snow-storm raged that night until one o'clock in the morning, banging at the windows, howling down the chimneys, and making the floors swing till one felt as if lying in the cabin of a ship. I believe no one slept in the beginning of the night, but towards two o'clock in the morning the storm lulled, and the whole house was wrapped in the deep slumber that follows a long and tiresome waking and longing for sleep. The calming of the wind did not, unfortunately, remove the cause of my restlessness, and my eyes remained open, and my mind full of pain.

ful thoughts, long after the roaring had gro in the chimneys, and the cannonading at my window had I had despaired of sleep at last, had arisen and roused my fi tened my lamp and prepared to read, when I heard a noise rridor. Not a great noise, but a very little noise; not a no e walking or talking; not a sound of a door opening nor g falling; not a noise that I could in any way at all des y just an imperceptible warning that something was alive ng not far away.

The time had been when such hing would not have been worth my notice; but circumsta of late made me painfully watchful and suspicious. I was grasp at any shadow which seemed to promise a clue to the over which I pondered night and day. I sprang to my door ned it.

The room which I had app. d to myself, when I gave up my own to my uncle, was one of those nich opened off that corridor, at the end of which was Giles Humphrey's chamber. All was solemnly hushed when I opened the door; the form of every window printed in bright moonlight on the floor, with long shadows lying between. I looked up the corridor, and then down, in time to see a woman's figure, wrapped from head to foot in a loose, dark gown, passing swiftly through one of the moonlit spaces into a shadow; then out of the shadow again into another pale green nimbus. A few hasty strides brought me to the spot where she had passed a moment before; but she had turned the corner into that other passsge which led away to the staircase. I followed, but the figure had vanished; and only the faintest sound of a door shutting softly fell on my ear. I returned to my chamber; more wretched, more indignant, and more puzzled than I had left it.

Christmas morning broke gloriously, with a red sun looking gorgeously through the snowy branches of the trees, and found me with a racking headache, eyes that felt as if they were parboiled, and a heart like a lump of lead. While I dressed I saw from my window Lady Fitzgibbon tripping away down the avenue, in her fur mantle and velvet hat, to the earliest service at our little country church.

I also turned out of doors, seeking to get braced by the frosty air. The thanksgiving was not great in my heart as I walked up and down, and I noticed with indifference the wintry splendor of the morning. My thoughts were full of that mysterious figure that had flitted down the corridor in the moonlight. I was thinking of her height, which was about the height of at least half-a-dozen women in the house, of her gown, which was a loose dressing-gown affair which anybody might wear, and of the room into which she escaped, which *must have been one of two rooms standing opposite one another on the lower corridor near the staircase.* These were the things I thought about, growing no happier till it was time to go in to breakfast.

But the wonders were only beginning. In the hall I met two or three people with faces aghast, two or three people open-mouthed with astonishing news, and in the midst of them Jacko, gesticulating and gibbering frightfully. The servants were running about excitedly, the guests in the breakfast-parlor were talking eagerly, while Giles Humphrey was rushing up and down the room like a madman, his face

green with passion, his eyes rolling about, his hair pushed up on end, and various signs of disorder about his dress. One minute he was calling down the vengeance of heaven on some person unknown, the next he was wringing his hands and whimpering like a whipped schoolboy. I soon learned what was the matter. Giles Humphrey's strong box had been rifled during the night. Ten thousand pounds in money had been stolen ; also jewels to the value of a fabulous amount.

I heard, and a ghastly light was thrown upon my puzzle. There came a hissing in my ears, and flames darted past my eyes. For the first time in my life it seemed possible to me that I, a strong man, could swoon. I looked at Peg, who was sitting in a corner of the bay-window, with her pale, pretty face leaned forward on her hand, the stray little wavelets of her hair almost dipping into the large grey eyes. The usual proud reserve of her mouth and brows had given way to an expression of strong interest in the startling topic of the moment. My uncle had commenced shrieking at me the moment I appeared.

"Nephew!" he cried, grasping wildly at my coat, and screaming into my ear, "send instantly for a detachment of police, and have all your rascally servants taken into custody. Send —"

But I will not trouble you, Tom, with a repetition of his ravings. It seemed the general opinion that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house. True, a window had been found open on the ground floor at the back ; but this was easily discovered to be a ruse, as the thief had made a serious mistake by opening a window which was closely barred outside. Some one in the house had penetrated the secrets of the springs and locks of Giles Humphrey's strong-box. One or two persons had the hardihood to suggest Jacko as the robber, but to any suspicion of him his master would not listen. Jacko had been his servant for years upon years, and had never defrauded him of a baubee. Why should he turn traitor now?

Why? Because perhaps he never before had been tempted by the art of a clever woman. I should have said to Giles Humphrey, "There is a plot, and I believe your man Jacko to be concerned in it," only for that handkerchief I found upon the passage, and only for the flutter of the black silk dress. Again I looked at Peg. Still that same eager interested look, so becoming to the pale pretty face : still the sweetly moulded chin reposing on the white guilty (?) hand.

I made an effort to summon my presence of mind and act reasonably. I despatched a messenger for the police. I promised my uncle that every endeavor should be made to regain his property. Breakfast was upon the table, and I begged my guests to be seated, and to defer the further discussion of the unpleasant event until after the meal had been partaken of. The first part of my bidding they obeyed, but not the second. I had not indeed expected they would so easily waive the subject. Why, such an adventure to talk about on a Christmas morning in a country-house barricaded with snow was a perfect godsend.

So busy were they with the subject that they had forgotten to miss my Lady Fitzgibbon, who presently arrived in the coziest of Cashmere morning dresses, and with quite a bloom on her cheeks from her early

walk. She came in so gaily that it was evident she had as yet learned nothing of what had happened. Hardly had she taken her seat at the table when a lady by her side commenced rapidly, "Have you heard —"

"I have heard nothing!" she answered lightly, "but I shall be delighted to hear anything, for I am dying for news. But first" she added, suddenly recollecting herself, "I must first perform an act of justice. Miss O'Shaughnessy," she said, putting her hand in her pocket, and drawing something forth, "I beg your pardon for playing a little trick upon you. I found this lying humbly at your door this morning, a pretty Christmas-box, placed there, no doubt" (with an arch smile at Giles Humphrey), "by that amiable Santa Klaus who comes to good children on Christmas-eve. Very pretty, I said, for a lady to meet a magnificent bracelet waiting on the threshold when she opens her door of a morning. No such luck for me! And I declare, partly through spite, and half through mischief, I picked it up and put it in my muff. But you see, going to church does one some service, since I have come home repentant, and determined to make restitution."

And she laughingly laid beside Peg's plate the identical splendid bracelet which we had all admired on a plump white arm one night, and which I bade you remember, Tom.

Peg's face and throat became crimson, and she hastily pushed the trinket from her, saying hoarsely,

"It is not mine, Lady Fitzgibbon."

"But, my love, I tell you I found it lying at your door."

At the appearance of the bracelet every one had ceased speaking, and after Lady Fitzgibbon's repeated assertion that she had found it at Peg's door, the room grew as hushed as a grave. My lady herself looked round the table as if she were asking, "What is this?" and then the person by her side bent and whispered in her ear. The gay brunette face was suddenly overcast, and Lady Fitzgibbon looked shocked.

I think it was the heavy ominous silence, lasting so long that it began to hiss in one's ears, which made Peg lift her eyes at last. She looked first at the bracelet lying before her on the table, then all round the many silent faces of the company, with a fearful, hesitating look. Every eye was upon her, furtively or openly, and in all she read the same suspicion of herself. Every steady look of condemnation, every flitting glance of disgust, every sorrowful gaze of compassion, said plainly, "You are found out!" The pretty flush that had been on her face went out like a light distinguished, the color died away from her lips, her features became set and white; she seemed to freeze into the rigidity of death. She sat so till the breakfast was hastily finished, and the people all slipped out, one by one, and left her there alone.

Lady Fitzgibbon took upon herself the office of consoler to Giles Humphrey. I thought he might have bestowed upon her that bracelet for her trouble; but he was too miserly to do any such thing. Her ladyship was the only one of the company who attended church that Christmas morning. The snow came on heavily after breakfast, and furnished an excuse for every one's remaining within doors until after

the arrival and departure of the police. As soon as I could do so, I returned to the breakfast-room ; but Peg had disappeared, and I turned out of the window, and walked up and down a covered alley of the garden, trying in solitude to collect my thoughts, and resolve upon what steps I should take to save Peg from the degrading consequences of her rash crime. Tracey found me there, and we talked the matter over together.

"I see how it is with you, old fellow," he said, grasping my hand ; "I have seen it for some time, and I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. Poor Peg, how she has ruined herself! That biting poverty has been too much for her. For heaven's sake, Humphrey, don't look so deathly, or people will know all about it at a glance. What are you going to do for her?

"I don't know," I said ; "I must think of some means too keep her from destruction. Of course, after this, I can never see her again ; but I will save her, at all costs, from disgraceful punishment."

We talked some time, and then went into the house, just too late to make any effort to prevent a painful scene. Two policeman had arrived, and Giles Humphrey had marched them straight up to Peg O'Shaughnessy's chamber door. It was wonderful how many people happened to be about on the stairs and in the passages when this little event occurred. The door of the room had just opened to the rude summons when Tracey and I reached the spot, and Peg stood at bay in the doorway, her slim figure drawn up, her eyes flashing, and two red spots burning on her cheeks.

"What do you want?" she asked of the men, who stood humbly before her, looking ashamed of themselves. "Please, miss," said one, "we have orders to search this room, and we must do our duty."

"Do you permit this?" said Peg, turning haughtily to Giles Humphrey, who growled and swore that he had been villanously robbed, and would make every effort to regain what he had lost. By heavens, the men should search!

"Then," said Peg, closing the door behind her, and throwing herself against it while she still held the handle, "all I have to say is, that I will not tolerate this insult. I dare you to enter this room."

Hereupon one of the men, obeying a gesture from Giles Humphrey, was preparing to disengage her fingers from the handle of the door, when I stepped forward and checked him.

"This lady is my guest," I said, "and I cannot allow her privacy to be intruded upon without her consent. There is some mistake here, my men, and while we try to discover it, you had better go downstairs and have something to drink."

The fellows, who had evidently disliked their task very much needed no second bidding, but disappeared at once ; while I hooked Giles Humphrey's arm within my own, and led him away to the fireside in my own apartment.

"Now, I tell you what it is," I said ; "make no more fuss about this affair, and I will pay you down the ten thousand pounds you have lost in my house."

He stared at me, as if to see whether I were in earnest or not.

"You are mad," said he.

"Perhaps I am," I said, "and perhaps I am not; but my money is good all the same. Send these men off, let the thing be hushed up, and I write you a cheque before dinner-time."

"But the jewels?" he said.

"What are they?" I asked.

"There was the fellow of that bracelet (confound the greedy jade and her pretty face!), there was a diamond necklace and a fine chain of pearls—"

"Well, well!" said I, "you will never recover these, do what you will. Far your better chance is to take my offer."

"Why should I not find them if I searched?" he cried, starting up.

"Because," I said, "any one clever enough to commit the robbery would be clever enough to make away the spoils in time. Take my advice. Do we make a bargain?"

He growled a reluctant consent at last. The men were dismissed, and I wrote him a cheque on the instant.

It was generally understood that the matter was hushed up, and that people were expected to believe, or to seem as if they believed, that a burglar had done the mysterious deed. Many efforts were essayed to make the day pass off as if nothing had happened. Peg reappeared in the drawing-room, as if scorning to lie by like one in disgrace. But I need not tell you, Tom, of the sudden silences and strange looks which greeted her wherever she moved. She was the theme of low-voiced conversation in every mouth; her poverty and hardships, her want of a mother, her pride, her coveting of things beyond her reach Different people took different views of her case. And low-voiced as the talk was, she knew all about it. Guilty as she might be, I could see that the girl's heart was crushing within her. That night I cried like a child upon my pillow, the first tears I had shed since the beard grew on my chin. If tears, ay, or even blood, could wash Peg clean! "My God!" I groaned, "I have done what I can for her. Why does she not go home?"

The next morning I came upon her by accident, standing alone in the library looking over the edges of a book into the fire.

"Mr. Humphrey," she said, in a painful unnatural voice, "you will wonder, I dare say, why I do not leave your house at once. I am waiting only in hopes that this mystery will be cleared up."

One of those crimson blushes of hers passed over her face as she spoke. The proud, sorrowful look in her eyes almost unmanned me. I had a sickening struggle in my heart, which had set its affections on a face that looked so true. I loved this woman, but I could not marry a——: even my thoughts would not frame the word. But I steeled myself to make her a truthful answer.

"Miss O'Shaughnessy," I said, "the mystery has been hushed up. Whether it ever can be *cleared* up, you, I believe, must know better than I."

Then I turned away from her feeling like one who has given himself a mortal wound. A little piteous wail of agony reached me as I passed the door; that lived in my memory many a year after.

That very hour she left Ballyhuckamore on foot, without giving notice to any one; and toiled back through the snow to the dreariness of Castle Shaughnessy, bringing with her disgrace to add to the other miseries of her home. Tom, Tom! there are some of men's sins that can never be forgiven them.

As soon as I decently could, I got rid of my guests, consigned Ballyhuckamore Hall to the care of Mrs. Daly, and went abroad. Giles Humphrey than took up his quarters at Kilbanagher Park, and Gorman Tracey also left me to pay a visit to the charming Lady Fitzgibbon. Ere long, Tracey wrote me that he proposed to the lovely widow, and had been rejected. A year afterwards I saw by accident in an English paper the announcement of her marriage with Giles Humphrey.

For five long years I remained abroad. I need not entertain you, Tom, with an account of my wanderings; we have talked them over together often enough. The sixth of April had come round again, when I found myself on a rainy evening walking once more through the London streets. The sight of the old familliar places naturally made me meditative, and my thoughts were busy with the past. I was wondering how it was that I had never got over that shock that Peg had given me, and congratulating myself on being so well-fitted by my wandering habits for a life of old bachelorhood. It was the first night of my arrival in England, and I had preferred to take a solitary walk before hunting up any of my old friends.

I was passing round one of the West-end squares, when my progress on the pavement was arrested by one of those little commotions which take place when a lady is about to descend from her carriage in full ball costume, and float up the steps of a house where an entertainment is being given. The windows of the house blazed, and the hall door stood open. A little crowd had gathered, and I stopped perforce to view the spectacle with the rest. The lady in this case was dressed with superlative splendor, and the light from the hall above fell full on her face. With a curious start I recognized Lucretia Fitzgibbon.

There was no mistake about it. I heard from the coachman that the carriage belonged to my Lady Humphrey, and I also learned from him his master's address. I know not why it could have been that I felt at that moment a desire to go and see Giles Humphrey. There were others in town whom I had a longing to see, and I never had liked either him or his wife. But it is impossible to look back upon one's actions in this way. Certain it is that I went.

I found him in a splendidly appointed house in a fashionable neighborhood, a shrivelled, palsied old man, an invalid chained to a seat by his dressing-room fire, while his gay wife fluttered abroad, and scattered the money he had hoarded so grimly. The poor wretch was glad to see me. When I had talked to him a while I found that there was not a pauper in the streets more utterly friendless than he. He spent his days in a handsome jail, and my lady was as flinty hearted a keeper as ever turned key on a felon.

Sitting over his fire with a lamp shaded to so dim a light that we

could scarce see one another's faces, while the carriages rolled past under the windows, and echoes of thundering knocks at gay hall doors reached us, he told me the secrets of his life since we last had met.

I think it was because I saw death plainly written in his miserable face that I listened so tolerantly to his whimpering complaints of Lady Humphrey. Her ill-treatment of him, which he cursed so bitterly, dated back to the day after their marriage, when he had discovered that instead of allying himself with enormous wealth, he had married a penniless adventuress, who was deep in a very slough of debt, and existing upon the brink of exposure and ruin. Never had there been a day of domestic peace between them. She had treated him like a prisoner from the first, taken possession of his money and his keys, and even corrupted faithful Jacko, whom she had pressed into her service. She spent a gay life abroad, while he, poor creature, could hardly cross his chamber alone. He was savagely jealous of the people amougst whom she spent her time, the friends and admirers who lounged about the drawing-room; the letters and presents she received tormented him. There was a certain casket, it seemed, which at times she paraded before his eyes, but of which he had never seen the key. And the poor wretch, brooding in his solitude, panted for a view of the interior of that casket, as though his life depended upon what it might contain.

I sat with him late that night; I promised to come back and see him again, and I did so, always at night, and invariably finding Lucretia from home. In truth, I did not want to see her. The more I heard of her doings, the more horribly strong grew a doubt which had risen within me on the night of my first conversation with Giles Humphrey. It clung to me night and day, and so nearly did it approach conviction at times, that it was like to drive me insane.

I ventured to say to my uncle one evening,—

"Could it have been possible that it was Lady Fitzgibbon who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckamore on that memorable Christmas-eve?"

But he stared at me in amazement, and said, stupidly:

"Why, don't you remember, it was little O'Shaughnessy who did that piece of business? She told on herself by dropping a bracelet on the step of her door. Little good her ill-gotten gains have done her, I hear, for the old fathor died wretchedly, the barrack of a castle is given up to the rats, and the wench herself is drifting about the world, the devil knows where!"

One evening I went to visit Giles Humphrey. My lady was at the opera, the servant told me. Going upstairs I found my uncle, as usual, alone, but chuckling in ecstacies of ferocious delight. He dangled a bunch of keys before my eyes.

"Hist, nephew!" he said, "I have got her keys! If she is cunning, I am cunning. If she has robbed me, I will rob her. Ha, ha, ha! Lend me your arm till I hobble to yonder closet of hers and see what my lady keeps in her casket."

I tried to prevent him, but I might as well have tried to hold fire in my hands. He would have crawled across the room on all fours if

I had not assisted him. He found the casket fitted with a key, and opened it. The first thing that met my eyes was a bracelet that I knew too well.

"This," said I, taking it up, "is the memorable bracelet that was found on the door-step!"

He took it from me looking stupidly puzzled.

"No," said he, "she had on that bracelet to-night. How is this?"

"Stop!" cried I; "did you not tell me that a fellow of that bracelet had been stolen; also a chain of pearls?" I went on diving further into the recesses of the casket, and drawing out each trinket as I named it. "Also a diamond necklace! Giles Humphrey, how did these come into your wife's possession?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared blankly before him.

"By heavens, you are right!" he mumbled. "Little O'Shaughnessy was wronged. My lady has been the traitor all through!"

I cannot tell you what I thought, nor describe the mixture of ecstasy and agony that racked me for the next few moments. I was roused from my reverie by a shriek from Giles Humphrey. He had found some letter for which it seemed he had been seeking, and he was foaming at the mouth.

At the same moment that I heard this shriek, there was a sound in the adjoining chamber; immediately the door flew open, and Lady Humphrey herself appeared.

It was the first time I had seen her face to face since the olden times. She was regally dressed, and handsomer than ever, but with a coarser, bolder beauty. She had just returned from the opera. So intensely interested had we been in our occupation, that we had not heard the stopping of the carriage, nor the knock at the hall door. What she might have said, or what she might have done, I know not, but the frown had not time to darken on her face before her miserable husband staggered towards her, flung the crumbled letter which he held in her face, and fell down at her feet in a fit.

I lifted him upon his bed, and ringing loudly, despatched a messenger for a doctor. Then the wicked wife and I stood looking at one another across the dying man, whilst we chafed his hands, and did what we could to help him. Even at that moment I could not refrain from accusing her. She saw the jewels lying scattered on the floor, and was prepared for an attack.

"Lady Humphrey," I said, "in the name of heaven and in the presence of death, I conjure you to tell me truly if it was you who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckamore Hall five years ago?"

"Yes," said she hardly, looking straight at me across the bed. "It was I who did it, certainly. If you had had the sense to ask me the question four years ago, after my marriage with him," indicating her prostrate husband, "I should have told you the truth as freely as I tell it to you now. I wanted money at that time, and I took it."

"And threw the blame upon another?" I said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "One must do something," she said. "It would have been inconvenient for me at that time to have had it known."

"But, in the name of heaven," I said, "explain. Was it you who conferred with Jacko in the passage? Then the black gown — the pocket-handkerchief —?"

She lifted her eyebrows, and smiled in derision.

"You fool!" she said. "As if one woman could not imitate another's dress for five minutes, if it suited her purpose to do so. As if one woman could not pick up another's pocket-handkerchief and drop it again if she so fancied!"

My story, Tom, is nearly ended now. It only remains for me to tell you how I sought for Peg, and how I found her. For a whole year I searched in vain, discovering no clue to her whereabouts. Castle Shaughnessy was deserted, and no one knew whether Sir Pierce's daughter was living or dead. The poor people round her old home wept when they spoke of her, but only knew she had gone "abroad." Information bitterly vague. "Abroad" might mean anywhere over the wide, wide world.

The December of the year of my search I spent in Paris, wandering day and night through its open streets and hidden purlieus, seeking eagerly for a glimpse of that one face which my eyes yearned to behold. I had, somehow, got a fancy that in Paris I should find her; and in Paris I searched with unflagging energy, early and late, for three long, dreary weeks. At last when I thought I was known in every street and alley, and knew every face I met off by heart, the hopeful spirit fell away within me, and I gave up the struggle in despair.

Very sorrowful I was, Tom, walking along the streets on Christmas eve. Coming home to my hotel just at twilight, I saw the bright glow of a lamp shining cheerily in one of the windows of a large old-fashioned house quite close to my destination.

Trees surrounded this old house, and gave it an appearance of retirement, though the window of which I speak looked out upon the road. I wonder what it was that impelled me to cross over and read upon a brass plate by the lamp light an announcement that this was an establishment for the education of "Jeunes demoiselles"? I wonder what it was that impelled me afterwards to look in at that window, and see Peg sitting by the lamp in a little room all alone. She was staring very thoughtfully at the flame, as if looking at past Christmas-eves through its light. Of course Peg was a teacher in this school, and I had walked up and down before her door every miserable day for the past three weeks. Of course I knocked at the door, and startled her reveries by introducing myself. Ay, there she was indeed, my very own little Peg, only paler and thinner, and sadder and sweeter-looking.

You may imagine the rest, O Tom! knowing as you do that little Peg is Mrs. Humphrey. I did not deserve it, but I was forgiven.

Giles Humphrey, you know, is dead, and his wife still contrives to live in splendor. She shuns us, and we shun her. When, dear Tom, shall we see you at Ballyhuckamore again?

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE END.

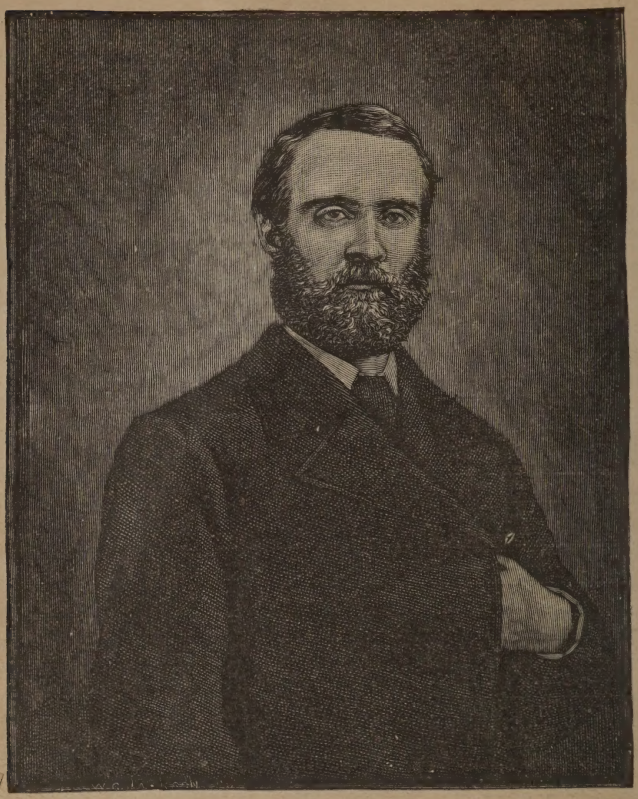
The Irish Parliamentary Party.

DURING the session of the English Parliament which has just ended, two things have been conclusively put beyond all doubt: the one by the session itself; the other by the by-elections that have taken place in Ireland since the year opened, notably those of Monaghan, Mallow, Wexford and Sligo. The first is Mr. Parnell's power, with a working-party of barely thirty-five members, to bring the entire British Parliamentary machine of six hundred members to a standstill by merely using the forms of the House and playing off one English party against the other. The second is the fact that, after the next general election Mr. Parnell's working-party will be increased to between sixty and eighty members, and that the complexion of these Nationalists will be vastly more revolutionary than that of many members who now go by this name. If Mr. Parnell can effect so much with a party of thirty-five, what may he not hope to do with a party of sixty or eighty? This is the question which is being asked with deep anxiety in England to-day. More especially since nothing is more certain than that when the general election takes place, which may be at any moment, the English party that wins will win by but a narrow majority — narrow enough to permit of the Irish, at any moment, by throwing in their vote with the other side, converting it into a minority.

The fact is that this situation will practically place Parliament at the mercy of Mr. Parnell, and enable him to create a crisis which an armed insurrection raging all over Ireland could not provoke. The insurrection, which would furnish a pretext for resorting to material force, would very likely prove to be only a way out of the dilemma. But the Irish leader, wreaking his will upon the great palladium of British liberty and the "bulwark of the constitution," which generations of Englishmen fought to perfect, as arbitrarily as ever Charles Stuart dreamed of doing so, would be acting by virtue of the cherished spirit of the very constitution itself. It is on such a crisis as this that the Irish parliamentary party counts. There would be no escape from it for the English but by acceding to the demands of the Irish Nationalists for a parliament of their own in Dublin.

To be assured that there is nothing speculative about this calculation, it is only necessary to study the English press as it gloomily realizes what is coming. One suggestion of English optimists is, that when the Irish get too strong the English parties can unite against them. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the organ of the advanced Liberal party on that point says: "There will be no such union of the English parties. It would not last a month. The disorganization of our public life will continue, restlessness in Ireland will be unabated, more money will come in from America, and in the long run both English parties will have to come to terms with Mr. Parnell. The hour is coming when even the most optimistic observer will allow that, since the Ballot Act, a real revolution has been going on in Ireland, and a revolution of so peculiar a kind that it cannot be dealt with by the sword. Force *is* no remedy here." From the directly opposite point of view the same conclusion is arrived at. The *St. James's Gazette*, the most representative organ of the Tory party, says: "Mr. Parnell will have it in his power to paralyze the energies of Parliament. We shall find ourselves in the presence of three alternatives. We must consent to see English political life utterly disorganized, or we must grant to Ireland whatever measure of home rule it claims, or we must disfranchise the country." The mention of the third alternative is not serious; it is introduced merely to cover the retreat.

Thus, what the Irish have been struggling for in vain through seven fevered centuries



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M. P. FOR CORK CITY.
From a photograph by O. A. Kenefick, Lawrence, Mass.

of wars, insurrections and conspiracies seems at last about to be accomplished through the agency of a small party of adroit politicians using the forms of a constitutional parliament. For many reasons, therefore, it will be interesting to consider what manner of men these are who are chiefly instrumental in bringing about this important political crisis.

Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Irish Parliamentarians, has many attributes which in a leader make special appeal to Irish sentimentalism. His ancestry is a guarantee of his being a thorough-going patriot after the Irish heart and an enemy of Ireland's enemy. Through his ancestor, Sir John Parnell, "the incorruptible," who was Chancellor of the Exchequer and subsequently Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and who, spurning all bribes of title and wealth, resigned his office with such pathetic dignity sooner than support the Union, he is linked with the patriotism of the proud era of 1782. Sir Henry Parnell, too, afterward Baron Congleton, who had been a colonel of the Volunteers, and whose works on the "Penal Laws" and the disabilities of the Irish Catholics, and whose advocacy in the English Parliament after the Union, as the ally of Grattan and Plunkett, did so much to pave the way for Catholic emancipation, connects the present Irish leader with another patriotic time. From the maternal side the blood of Judge Tudor, of Boston, and of Mr. Parnell's grandfather, the late Admiral Stewart, of the American Navy, flows in his veins; so that he comes of a stock which furnished tough foes of the English connexion both to Ireland and America. The Irish sentiment, it must be confessed —perhaps it is because for centuries it has been nourished on traditions of past glory and lost heritages—has a weakness for aristocracy; and the fact of Mr. Parnell being

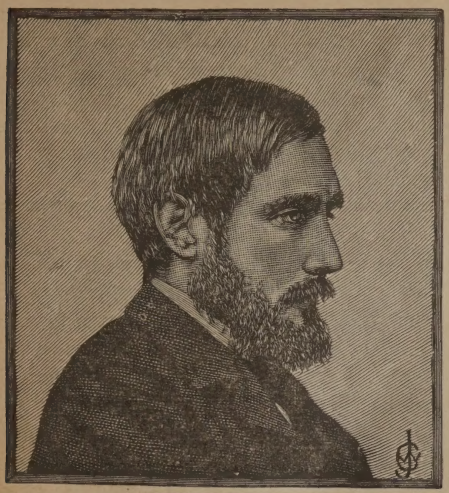
an aristocrat—he is connected through his relative, Lord Powerscourt, with the nobility of Ireland, and through his cousin, Lord Congleton, with the peerage of England—who stepped down from his high estate to enter the ranks of the people, is another circumstance appealing to the imagination of his poetic countrymen.

The mixture of the American and the Englishman in Mr. Parnell's character—but the American chiefly, for the Englishman is more a surface trait—makes it the complement of the mercurial and emotional temperament of the people whom he leads. He is practical and wide-awake, and under the most trying circumstances is able to keep his feelings well in hand. It is this great power of restraint which distinguishes him from almost all other Irishmen who have been in a similar prominent position. No characteristic has served him to better purpose in his career in the House. In the beginning of his campaign of obstruction, whenever he would rise to make a speech, it was his lot to be greeted with those demonstrations of disapproval for which the six hundred kings of England have earned such peculiar notoriety. With the howling, shrieking, groaning, cat-calling, ass-braying and other choice noises, the House at such times might be Bedlam let loose. Most men would be disconcerted by this demonstration or betrayed into losing temper. Mr. Parnell, amid such scenes, used to stand erect and calm. If the clamor subsided for a moment, he would interject a sentence. If it then began anew, he would become silent again and wait. At length, when through sheer weariness the faithful Commons would desist, he would deliver his speech in deliberate, metallic tones and with exasperating serenity of demeanor. Whether speaking thus, or seated amid the party of which he is the leader among the benches below the gangway, Mr. Parnell's appearance is striking. His face, when his mind is actively at work, and when all his attention is demanded by a debate in which there is friction of sentiment between men who hate each other, as many of the Irish members and many of the English members who glare at them from the opposite benches very cordially do, is as pale as if it were cut in marble, and its features are set as rigidly. It is hard to say which makes most impression on the hostile hundreds who make him their cynosure—the round, combative head, the high, white forehead, the eye, so steady and glittering,

> "of less expression
> Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of other men
> As steel, arrows——"

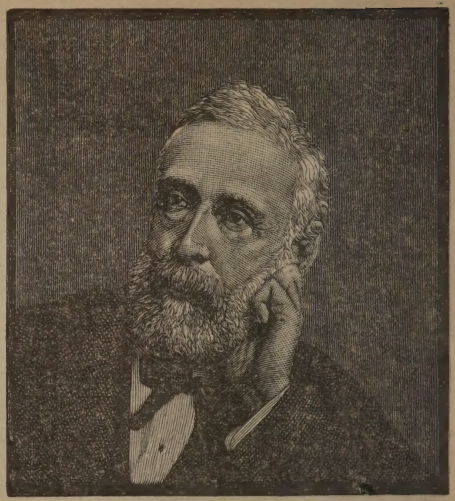
or the strong lower-face, the well-cut mouth that closes firmly after every phrase, or even the lithe, straight, haughty figure, which tells such a story of determination and power. The most critical and startling things Mr. Parnell does with equal coolness and decision. Yet that cold manner is not the reflex of a disposition as bloodless—as often as not it is the marble barrier which keeps a surging passion in check. Americans cannot be expected to understand the implacable hostility which is waked up so often in the far hours of the night in that parliament where the representatives of two races, who feel that there are seven centuries of blood and wrong between them, meet in antagonism—the arrogance of numbers on the one hand met by scorn and defiance from a consciousness of a certain power on the other. Sometimes this passion boils up in the breast of the Irish leader. It betrays itself in a sibilant tone added to the voice, and a certain light in the brown eye not noticeable there before. On rare occasions—and these are very rare indeed—Mr. Parnell permits his feelings to overmaster him. Then, indeed, he is a remarkable figure, his face white, even ghastly, and every sentence he utters falling like the lash of a whistling whip; as on that memorable night, for instance, not so long ago, when, with the House full, and in the presence of the Prince of Wales and ministers and plenipotentiaries of foreign states and princesses and peeresses of the realm of England, who had assembled in the galleries to hear him, he made Mr. Forster wince under his blows.

His manner and bearing are at all times the essence of calm dignity and that good-breeding which comes of being sure of one's position. He speaks with the accent of the English upper classes; and this accent and



JOHN DILLON.

From a photograph by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.



T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P. for Westmeath, Editor of the Dublin *Nation*.

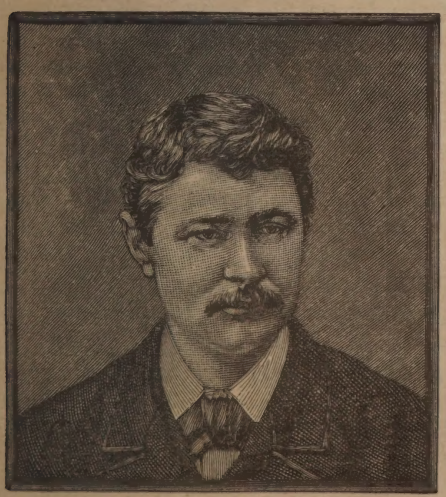
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

his manner, derived from his education in the University of Cambridge, are perhaps the attributes in which his Englishism mostly consists. The Irish leader's tact in handling the party of which he is chairman is one of the most remarkable of his qualities. Besides keeping them under restraint when they would be less continent than he, he has the gift of inspiring them with confidence and enthusiastic attachment. When work is to be done he sets the example by far outstripping them all in energy; for his energy—whether he is manœuvring an all-night fight in the House or traveling over Ireland at lightning speed, addressing a dozen meetings in a week—is as indomitable as his will. Mr. Parnell's genius is opportunism. He is admitted to be the greatest master of parliamentary tactics in the House of Commons. He has proved that beyond all question, by what he has effected with his handful of a party against the two great political parties of England. The late session of Parliament is his most striking record yet. It opened by Government announcing that the Irish question would be now shelved in order to give a chance to English and Scotch business with which the session would be entirely taken up. It ended by no English or Scotch business worth speaking of having been done, and by the Irish question having been, night and day, the first and the last topic with which the session was occupied. Mr. Parnell long ago reached the degree of respect in the House when members flock into the chamber to hear him whenever he begins to speak; and this not because of any gift of oratory, for he pretends to none, but on account of the almost oracular habit he has maintained of never speaking except when he has something significant to say. The growth of respect for him in England generally is as notable, in its way, as the wonderful popularity, with almost all classes, which he has now attained in Ireland. The respect is mingled with an odd sense of fear begot of a certain mystery and desperation with which the man and his designs are associated in the average English mind, and of the taste which he has given of his power, in the long run, to carry these designs into execution. His best mark is made among the educated and advanced liberal class, which will be the dominant class of the future in England; and he now can number among his staunchest admirers and believers in him Mr. Gladstone himself, to begin with, who, it is an open secret, is only restrained by the predominance of the Whig element in his cabinet from giving the Irish more readily what he intends to give in the future; Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain, both members of the present cabinet; and Mr. John Morley ed-

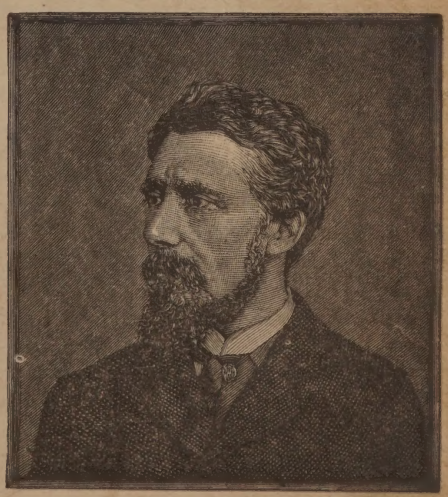
itor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Labouchere, editor of *Truth*, both certain to be members of the next cabinet; as well as the Passmore Edwards, the Arnolds, the Thompsons, the Cowens, and the Storeys of the Radical party.

The Irish Parliamentary party furnishes a singular testimony to Mr. Parnell's judgment of human character. Many of its members are Nationalists only in name—"nominal Home Rulers," Mr. Gladstone very aptly dubbed them; but these were in Parliament before Mr. Parnell was made leader of the party, and at the next election they will give place to Nationalists of a less equivocal stamp. But of the members who really represent the force of the Irish party, the majority are young men, whom Mr. Parnell selected himself, and who were unknown in politics before the general election of 1880. One of the phenomena of present Anglo-Irish politics is the growth of the reputation of these young men. It is no exaggeration to say—it has been said over and over again by the English press—that they form the brightest group of representatives in the House of Commons; "a formidable array of eloquent and forcible men," Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary, calls them when he dolefully complains of their assaults. They include better speakers, debaters, tacticians and legislators than any group of similar number which could be chosen from the six hundred. They are able, well-educated, clear-headed men, with all the Irish vivacity and versatility, and with the added seriousness of purpose by which the Irish national character since the famine-time has been strengthened. The amount of these qualities, which in America are expressively included under the term "grit," which they have displayed through many such fights as the English Parliament never witnessed in its history, have called forth nothing short of the amaze of the two nations that looked on at it. Ireland is teeming with young men of this class, and a new crop of such reputations may be looked for after the next general election.

The vice-chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party is Mr. Justin McCarthy, member for Longford. Mr. McCarthy is not unknown in the United States, where he spent nearly three years, during which he visited thirty-five of the thirty-seven States. He holds a distinguished place in the literary world as an historian, novelist, essayist and journalist. His "History of Our Own Times" has been the most popular narrative of contemporaneous events that has been published; while his novels, which are marked by grace of style and scholarly polish, have all been successful. Besides



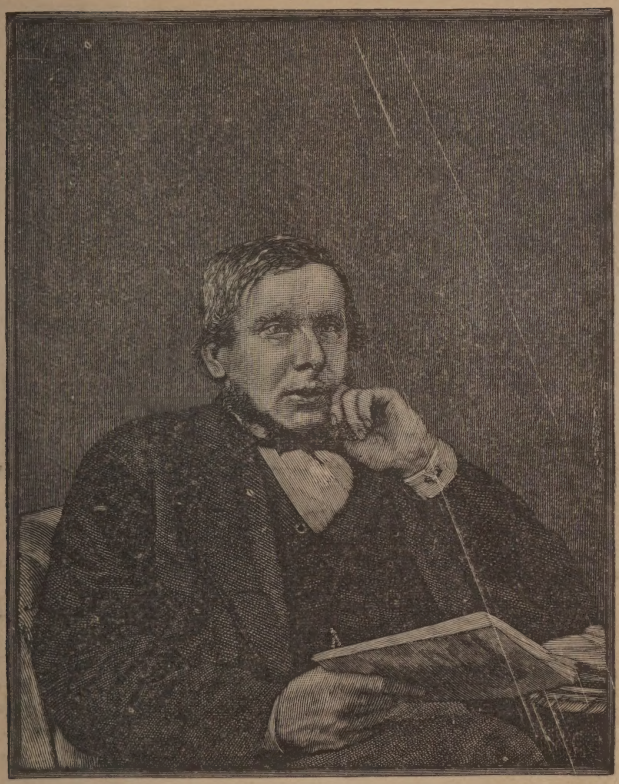
T. P. O'Connor,
M. P. for Galway.
From a photograph by A. Lesage, Dublin.



Edmund Dwyer Gray, M.P. for Carlow County,
Proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*.
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

the "History of Our Own Times," he is the author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," "My Enemy's Daughter," "Lady Judith," "A Fair Saxon," "Linely Rocheford," "Miss Misanthrope," "Donna Quixote;" of "Con Amore," a volume of critical essays, and "Prohibitory Legislation in the United States," an account of the working of the liquor laws in Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa and other States of the Union. He has contributed to the *London Review*, *Westminster Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Nineteenth Century* and several English magazines and some American periodicals. He is also a political writer for one of the London daily papers. Mr. McCarthy is a most useful and devoted member of the Irish National party. Among the society in which he moves in London, which comprises most of the leading thinkers, authors and statesmen of the day, he has done much toward advancing a proper understanding of the Irish cause. He is always listened to with respect in the House, where, though not an orator, he has delivered some remarkable speeches. Among these was his reply to Mr. Forster the night after the latter's attack on Mr. Parnell with reference to the supposed "revelations" of the informer Carey. Mr. Forster, who had delivered quite a homily on political assassination, was disgusted to find himself confronted with some of the sentiments he and his friends had uttered in their parliamentary speeches some twenty years before, when they were champions of Mazzini and the apostles of political assassination on the Continent. Mr. McCarthy's son, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, who recently published an "Outline of Irish History," will very likely be his father's colleague in the representation of Longford in the next Parliament, *vice* Mr. Errington, removed.

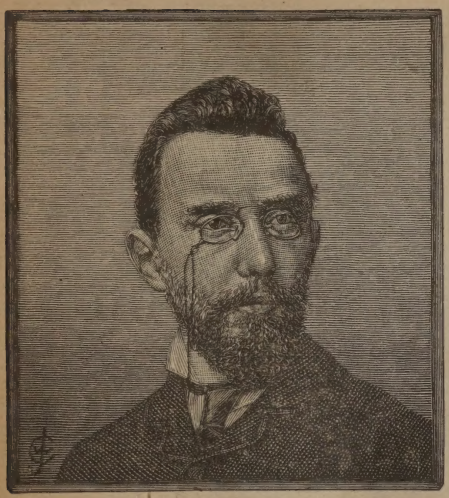
Long before many prominent members of the Irish party dreamed of entering Parliament—before even Mr. Parnell himself was a member of the House, Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, member for Cavan, had inaugurated the policy which first made the Irish party an effective force in the English legislature. Mr. Biggar is the father of "obstruction." In the American House of Representatives obstruction is a familiar tactic; there it is called "filibustering." But in the English Parliament, until that April night in 1875, when Mr. Biggar drove the Commons into consternation with his memorable five hours' speech, obstruction proper was unknown. Mr. Biggar had learned, during his parliamentary experience, that no attention was paid to what the Irish representatives had to say, whether they supported a bill or opposed one. He resolved to put an end to this neglect by using the forms of the House, to block English legislation until what he had to say was listened to. When Mr. Parnell entered Parliament in 1875 he became an ardent ally of Mr. Biggar's, and both began in concert that career of obstruction which culminated in the secession from the moderate leadership of Mr. Butt, and the formation of an active Irish party, with Mr. Parnell as leader and Mr. Biggar as its first-lieutenant. The policy of obstruction, in itself objectionable, is the right of small minorities, who have no other way of making themselves felt. It was quite effectual with the Irish party, and, if it is not oftener resorted to by them now, it is because the necessity has almost disappeared; the House is now willing to listen to men who, it knows, have the power to insist upon being heard, whether it likes or not. Joe Biggar, as he is familiarly called by his friends, is one of the "characters" of the House. In reality a man of great shrewdness and breadth of mind and of the warmest of honest Irish hearts, he adds to an intense hatred of England and all things English—which is his master-passion—a humor of a quaint and even elfin character. He is a hunchback, and his appearance adds to the effect of his style. To see Mr. Biggar in his glory it should be on one of those occasions when, entering with an armful of blue books, he makes the Commons of England flee before him like a panic-stricken enemy, or yell in their dismay. It is Mr. Biggar's delight to talk to empty benches or amid the bellowings of British rage. On Wednesday evenings, for instance, the debate must summarily close at six o'clock, and the member who has been speaking continues the debate next day. Mr. Biggar wants to obstruct a measure, and he enters smiling with his pile of



JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, M. P. for Cavan.

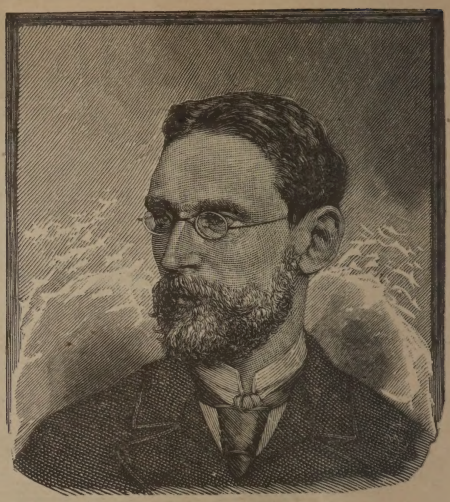
From a photograph by A. Lesage, Dublin.

blue books. The moment he rises there is consternation, for the faithful Commons know that Mr. Biggar, with one eye on the clock and another on the blue book, will go on eking out his speech with extracts, read in a grating and monotonous voice, until the minute-hand marks the hour of six. At first they howl and shriek, and then, turning round and talking in loud voices to each other, play the indifferent. But it is of no avail. Mr. Biggar reads on placidly, caring nothing whether they hear him or not; all he wants is to talk the House out. At such times homely Joe Biggar seems transfigured. A light o'erspreads his face; those quaint and elfin features look glorified. It is Mr. Biggar's hour of rapture—he is in possession of the supreme enjoyment of worrying the detested Briton. Mr. Biggar's happy hunting-ground is among the four or five hundred stolid mediocrities of the rank and file of the British representation. There he goes about seeking victims. There are certain English members over whom Mr. Biggar exercises a sort of mesmeric influence. These are country members who occasionally desire to get off a speech in order to make a show of doing something before their constituents. The member for Mudford-on-Podge rises with the carefully prepared copy of his oration, which he is going to mail to the Mudford weekly *Bulwark of the Constitution*, in his hand. He looks nervously round for Mr. Biggar. Happiness! The tormentor is not to be seen. He begins, but he has scarcely got through his opening sentences when Mr. Biggar pops up like an imp from a bench right opposite him, and, seating himself in a conspicuous place where all the House can see him, and curling up his legs till his chin rests between his knees, begins to leer and snigger at the honorable member, and to



T. M. HEALY,
M. P. for Monaghan.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.



WILLIAM O'BRIEN,
M. P. for Mallow and Editor of *United Ireland*.

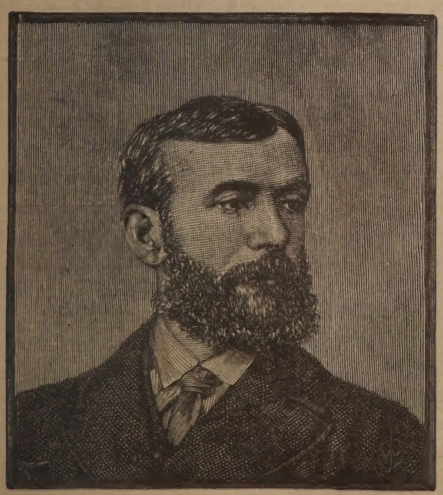
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

interject loud "hear-hears" at the most absurd points. Invariably this proves too much for the poor victim, who breaks down in his speech before the House has got to understand what he had been talking about. Whereupon Mr. Biggar retires to the lobby and treats himself to a teetotal drink. It would make quite an interesting volume to describe the thousand and one crafty ways in which Mr. Biggar "lays for" the little bills of such members as this. One has a bill with reference to a little water-works; another wants a new gas company chartered for some country town. Surely Mr. Biggar will let these alone, or cannot know of them even. After long waiting, the opportunity for introducing one of these bills at last arrives. The member produces it—and discovers that the little innocent is dead, with Mr. Biggar's knife stuck through its body. A "blocking motion" of the evil genius has caused it to be shelved "till that day six months;" and the member withdraws broken-hearted with a peal of uncanny laughter from somewhere on the Irish benches ringing in his ears.

Mr. Dillon—or John Dillon, without the "Mr.," as he is affectionately styled in Ireland—is one of the romantic figures of the Irish party. He is not now a member of Parliament, having resigned his seat for Tipperary some six months ago; but as his absence from politics is only temporary—while he is recouping his health by change of climate—and as his personality has been so marked a characteristic of the Nationalist party, it is necessary to mention him here. Mr. Dillon inherited from his father, the noble-souled and courtly John Blake Dillon, of Young Ireland memory, a claim on the love and admiration of his people. That claim Mr. Dillon has proved his right to on his own account. The pale, spiritual face, with the beautiful deep-brown eyes set in a frame of raven hair and beard, that might have been the original of some face of Fra Angelico's, is the reflex of a character as pure and spiritual and as mediæval in its sensitive chivalry. Mr. Dillon entered the present Irish movement because he took in the spirit of Irish nationalism with his blood, and because by his nature he was bound to be an enthusiast in some cause. The scenes of suffering from hunger and tyranny, which he witnessed in the famine period of 1879–80, had an intense effect upon him. He studied no art to conceal the emotion that these scenes aroused in his breast. He spoke the truth with terrible frankness both in the House of Commons and in Ireland; and the unreserve with which he mentioned the most desperate alternatives, and perhaps the re-

membrance of his pallid face and delicate frame, associated him in the English mind with the idea of a sort of misty, nebulous Robespierre. When addressing an Irish multitude during the land agitation, with uncovered head, he seemed to be inspired. A French journalist—the correspondent of *La France*—voiced an idea which was in the minds of many who often heard him, when he said that Dillon's face reminded him of the picture of the Messiah. He is loved in Ireland with a peculiar love; it is nearest to the sentiment of a mother for her favorite child. He, on the other hand, always speaks of the Irish as "my people," in a way which in his mouth gives the phrase a strange, patriarchal significance. Mr. Dillon, during Mr. Forster's refined *régime*, was twice thrust into prison as one "reasonably suspected of inciting to murder." Each time he was released after several months on the assurance of the prison doctor that the confinement was killing him—though Mr. Dillon himself disdained to make any complaint—and he is now endeavoring to repair the havoc then made on a very frail constitution. Apart from his political position, Mr. Dillon is a man of wide education. He is a doctor by profession, having been recently graduated out of the Catholic University, but a private fortune relieves him from the necessity of practicing. Previous to the land agitation he was Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Ledwich School of Medicine, Dublin, for a short time, and while there distinguished himself by making some discoveries which have proved of importance to science. His brother is Mr. William Dillon, who has written some works on political economy, and who is now practicing as counsel in the Colorado law courts.

No Irish movement would be complete without its poet, and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Member for Westmeath, is the poet of the Irish movement of the present day. Mr. Sullivan belongs to a family of distinguished patriots, his brother being Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who was recently in this country, and who, until he had to retire from politics in order to attend to his business at the English bar, was one of the Nationalist leaders and one of the most powerful orators in Parliament. Mr. T. D. Sullivan is now editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Nation*, which his brother edited for many years of the interval which elapsed between Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's—its original editor—departure from Ireland and the close of the Fenian period. In the *Nation* most of Mr. Sullivan's poetry was first published. It consisted mainly of lyrical pieces, which, set to popular airs, were a potent force both in keeping alive the National spirit before the land agitation and inspiriting the people to action during its progress. One of



THOMAS SEXTON, M. P. for Sligo.
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

THOMAS MAYNE, M. P. for Tipperary.
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

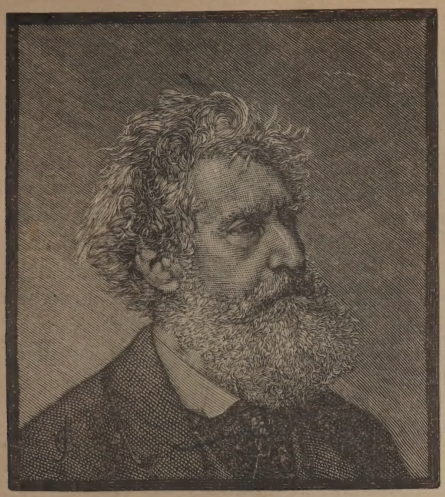
Mr. Sullivan's pieces, "God Save Ireland," has become, in a sense, the Irish National Anthem. Many historical and legendary poems of his and others not political have also been published; all of them breathe the spirit of true poetry and exalted patriotism. Besides editing the *Nation*, the *Weekly News* and *Young Ireland*, a literary periodical, Mr. Sullivan has written an "Irish History of England" and many historical prose sketches. There is no member of the Irish Nationalists more warmly regarded or highly esteemed by both his colleagues and the people than Mr. T. D. Sullivan,

Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, member for Carlow county, is a prominent member of the Irish party. He is proprietor of the leading daily paper of Ireland, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. His father was Sir John Gray, a leading citizen of Dublin, representative in Parliament for Kilkenny and a fellow state prisoner with O'Connell. The Irish public honored Sir John after his death by erecting a statue to him in Sackville street, Dublin's principal thoroughfare. Mr. Gray is a man of great practical ability as a legislator and debater. He is a fluent and argumentative speaker and wields a facile pen, contributing frequently to the editorial columns of his own paper. The citizens of Dublin testified their esteem for him by electing him to the position of Lord Mayor, an office which he filled with dignity and success. In presiding over the affairs of the city and in his management of his enterprising newspaper, he has shown great administrative capacity. The *Freeman's Journal*, as a medium for supplying Ireland with reliable political news —a matter of more difficulty in Ireland than might seem from an American point of view — is a host in itself in nationalist propagandism, though its proprietor is sometimes restrained by his position from taking the pronounced part in the National movement which he might in other circumstances.

One of the members recently named as about to accompany Mr. Parnell on his visit to America is Thomas Power O'Connor, representative of Galway borough. Mr. O'Connor was on a political mission to the United States before, when he made a very good impression on the American public, and especially on all with whom he came in contact personally. He is a young man of considerable capacity and education, being a graduate of the Queen's University, Galway, in which he ran a distinguished course. He is a pleasing orator and a journalist of high standing in London. The New York public have had a taste of his quality in the latter capacity through his weekly cable letters to a leading metropolitan daily, which are models of terseness and graphic force. His "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is the most popular book that has yet appeared about that eminent statesman. Personally he is the best of good fellows, and is a strong favorite with his colleagues, and, indeed, with all in the House, except his pronounced enemies.

Mr. Timothy M. Healy's name has been before the public somewhat of late in connection with the important election for Monaghan, at which he was returned triumphantly at the head of the poll over his Whig and Tory opponents. In some respects Mr. Healy is one of the most remarkable members of his party. He has unquestionably the keenest analytical brain among them. Mr. Gladstone paid him the high compliment of declaring that he was one of the very few men in the United Kingdom who had a perfect knowledge of that intricate measure, the Land Act of 1880, and with the only clause in that act of real benefit to the tenants—the efficacy of which, however, a curious decision of the Land Courts has for the present destroyed — his name is associated as its author.

It is to his record with reference to that Healy clause, as much almost as to the reaction in the North toward parliamentary nationalism, that he owes his election for Monaghan. He has a wide acquaintance with political economy and constitutional history, and, during his career in Parliament, has made himself familiar with the most knotty questions of procedure. His distinguishing quality as a speaker is his satire, and a caustic humor all his own, of which he is a consummate master. This serves him to splendid purpose both



THE O'GORMAN MAHON,
M. P. for Clare.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES DAWSON, M. P. for Carlow, and Lord Mayor of Dublin.

From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

in sustained speaking and debate. In debate he is without peer in the whole house. No one is more dreaded by the prominent English opponents of the Irish party, whom he never fails to silence with his quick stinging repartee. His manner toward his antagonists is truculent and scornful. Some of his forcible expressions are as savage as any uttered by Swift, with the difference that Mr. Healy is irresistibly humorous all the time. Many anecdotes are told of his encounters in the House. Among those whom he utterly discomfited, one is no less an adversary than Mr. John Bright. The manner in which he managed to give the lie direct to Sir William Harcourt, without using unparliamentary language, is worth recounting. Sir William is one of the best hated men among all parties in Parliament. It is related of him that, a set of gentlemen giving a dinner-party having agreed each to select as his guest the most disagreeable man they knew, all of them selected Sir William Harcourt. Sir William, who is a tall, blustering bully as well, was in a state of heroic disagreeableness when he was conducting the Crimes Bill through committee, and was particularly insolent to the Irish members who were opposing the measure. His method was, not to reply to their arguments, but to make a violent personal attack upon any member who spoke and to then call for a division. One night he made a more offensive speech than usual, which called the indignant blood to every Irish member's cheek. He was scarcely seated when Mr. Healy rose to reply: "The right honorable baronet who has just sat down," he began, "in the manner and the matter of the speech he has just delivered, forcibly reminds me of those lines of Pope with reference to London's monument, which,

'Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies!'"

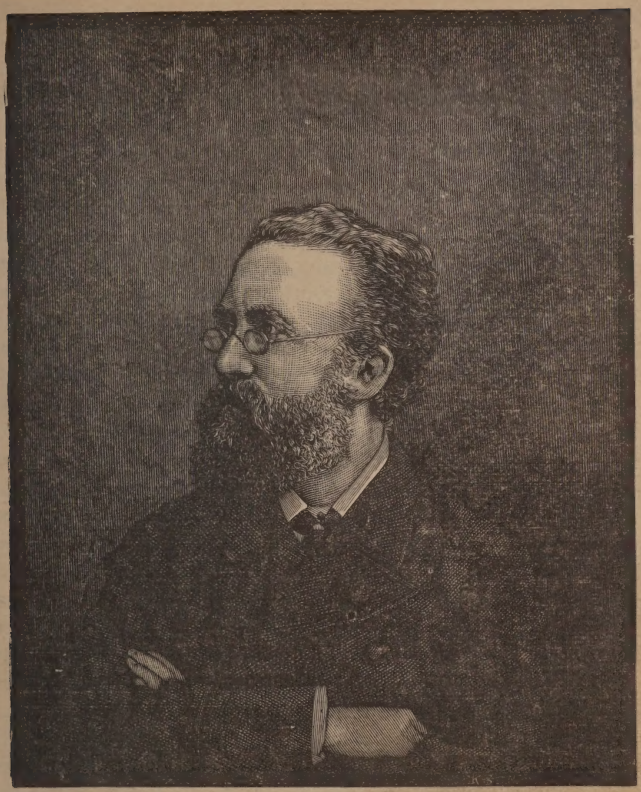
This stroke literally brought down the House; and Mr. Healey, after a few more stinging sentences, finished his speech, leaving the insolent minister biting his lips in anger and humiliation. One of the curious anomalies to be met with in English administration in Ireland was, that for several months before the Monaghan contest, the author of the Healy clause was in jail on an absurd charge brought under the obsolete statutes of the reigns of Edward III. and Charles II. Mr. Healy, who is quite a young man, was married recently to one of the daughters of Mr. T. D. Sullivan.

The opportunities of Mr. William O'Brien, member for Mallow and editor of *United Ireland*, are before him. He has not been long enough in the House to make his proper

mark there, and yet he has made a mark there. Those who know Mr. O'Brien best believe him to be, in certain respects, the superior of all the party. He has the largest intellect, the widest sympathies, and he approaches nearer to the qualities of genius than any man among them. He is a man of deep erudition; during his university career he performed that feat which is only told of Carlyle—he read every book in the college library and remembers the best of what he read. The fire of his oratory is no counterfeit; it is the real fire from Olympus. He can run the whole gamut of human emotion, and the diction of his speeches, which he never writes out, is marvelously perfect. The Mallow contest, in which he beat the Government attorney-general, was won by sheer dint of the personal charm of his manner and the power of his oratory. The first speech he delivered in the House created a profound impression, and had the distinction, for a maiden effort, of calling forth a violent reply from the Irish Chief Secretary. But it is as a journalist Mr. O'Brien has had until now most chance of making a record. His letters as special commissioner of the *Freeman's Journal* during and before the famine period of 1879–80, were really the pabulum on which the subsequent land agitation was fed. The phenomenal success of *United Ireland*, which he left the *Freeman* to start and edit, was entirely due to the charm and vigor of his writings. The paper went through the country like wildfire, for the words that it bore were the voice of what was echoing in the Irish National heart. Mr. Forster bore flattering testimony to its power by locking up its editor and fourteen members of its staff and seizing its every issue during the spell of Irish Russianism; and Lord Spencer subsequently showed how it made him wince by instituting a prosecution for seditious libel against Mr. O'Brien — a prosecution, however, that proved abortive, as the jury would not find a verdict. Mr. O'Brien is a master of literary style. His articles are singularly compact, containing more in half a column than the writing of another would in three times the space, and every sentence fitting into every other as perfectly as bricks in a wall. They bristle with epigram, and are scathing in their sarcasm, formidable in their logic, terrible in their denunciation, and are always rich and brilliant with allusion and illustration drawn from the stores of the writer's learned memory. In description Mr. O'Brien can be mellifluous, humorous and loftily poetic. Indeed, to those acquainted with his gifts it would seem as if he can be everything he likes by turns and each with the strength and wholeness which belong to his intense and earnest character. The only cause for regret is that in the turmoil of political life the opportunity of a writer of great works may be lost to him and to his country. But the future will tell the truth about that.

Mr. Thomas Sexton, member for Sligo, is the orator *par excellence* of the Irish party. That is to say, that when a case has to be stated, a debate to be opened, a policy to be defended, Mr. Sexton is always selected to do it. His oratory is of the easy, persuasive, explanatory style, and is very graceful in its diction. As an expounder of a case, or a wielder of a complicated argument, Mr. Sexton has been pronounced to be second only to Mr. Gladstone among the members of the House. He has rendered conspicuous service to the National cause, both in Parliament and outside it since the beginning of the land agitation, and is deservedly one of the most popular of the Irish representatives. He is an efficient journalist, and would be bound to make a mark in that capacity did not his Parliamentary duties absorb so much of his time.

Mr. James O'Kelly, member for Roscommon, will be remembered by Americans as the daring correspondent of the New York *Herald* who was arrested in Cuba and sent to Spain under sentence of death for being suspected by the Spanish authorities of having been a spy. He had gone into the lines of the Cuban patriots, and it took all the exertions of the American government and the *Herald* to save him from being executed. In Roscommon he defeated the former representative, the O'Conor Don, the conspicuous Catholic who was so badly beaten in Wexford recently in testing how far a Whig and Tory coalition, and a supposed anti-national reaction, would avail against Mr. Parnell's nominee. Mr. O'Kelly



JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. for Longford.
From a photograph by William Lawrence, Dublin.

is a speaker of considerable ability, and his acquaintance with the principal editors of the French press has been of good service in insuring that public opinion over there shall not be misinformed through the biased channels of the English news agencies. Mr. O'Kelly enjoys much of Mr. Parnell's personal confidence. Recently the honorable member distinguished himself by calling out one of the renegade representatives of the party who had given him personal offense. The latter would not fight, however, but sought the "protection of the House."

The Right Honorable Charles Dawson is Lord Mayor of Dublin and also member of Parliament for Carlow borough. He is a very active and staunch member of the National party. He has been made Lord Mayor of Dublin twice in succession, and had the honor during his term of office of opening the National exhibition and unveiling the O'Connell monument. He is quite a man of culture for a Lord Mayor, having published many poems and even an opera, besides essays and university addresses. He speaks with fluency in the House of Commons, and dispenses the hospitalities of his Mansion House with dignity and liberality. In this connection it may not be amiss to mention that the Lord Mayor-elect of Dublin for the coming year, Alderman Meagher, is likely to be a Nationalist member of Parliament at the earliest opportunity.

In the erect figure of an octogenarian colonel and descendant of an Irish royal house, who has seen service on many a foreign field, is the present Irish party connected not only with the generation of patriots of O'Connell's day, but with the dim past of Irish history. That fine old Irish gentleman, Colonel The O'Gorman Mahon, who stood on the hustings of the Clare election beside O'Connell, and sat in Parliament

before the Reform Bill, bridges over three generations of Irishmen to represent his native Clare among the patriot party in Parliament to-day. He is one of the oldest members of the House, and yet one of its most vivacious. If he were to sit down and write a book of his life, this veteran duellist and soldier and patriot, who is an honored guest of the principal courts of the Continent, and who knew personally most of the great men of Europe for half a century, what wonderful reminiscences could he not recount! His is one of those picturesque and venerable figures it does every one good to see. He is as eager for an angry tussle in which there is a prospect of worsting the English as the most ardent among his party; and on many a weary all-night debate that white-haired veteran, with the humorous twinkle undimmed in his eyes, and the everlasting flower jauntily stuck in his dress-coat button-hole, sitting there whispering droll anecdotes in his neighbor's ear, has been an inspiration to colleagues who might be his grandsons.

Besides the members of the Irish Parliamentary party above described, there are many more, some of them equally distinguished and all of them above the average in ability, whom it would be interesting to describe also, did the exigencies of space permit. But the above-mentioned comprise those who stamp its character on the party.

Among the others may be mentioned Mr. Leamy, one of the members for Waterford, a man valuable in council and whose modesty alone prevents him from making a brilliant reputation in the House; Mr. Richard Power, another of the members for Waterford, one of the whips of the party, and the gentleman whom the sporting men of the House unanimously select to make the annual "Derby speech;" Mr. Timothy Harrington, colleague of Mr. Sullivan in the representation of Westmeath, a young man whose letter to the London *Times*, exposing the circumstances of his brother's prosecution, Mr. Trevelyan in the House described as "the most scathing piece of satire since Junius;" Colonel Nolan, member for Galway county, one of the foremost artillerists of the English army and, until recently, chief whip of the Irish party; Mr. Arthur O'Connor, member for Queens county, unsurpassed as an organizer; Mr. Richard Lalor, his colleague in the representation of Queens county, another fine old heritage of the by-gone days, whose father, "Pat" Lalor, of Tinakill, represented the same county in Parliament before him; Mr. Thomas Mayne, new member for Tipperary, in room of Mr. Dillon; "Phil" Callan, the sturdy representative of Louth, whom the House flocks in to hear whenever he sets out to tomahawk a minister; the two bright young Redmonds, one member for New Ross, and the other the new member for Wexford, who had the honor of beating The O'Conor Don; and Mr. Shiel, member for Meath, and Mr. Kenny, member for Ennis.

Irishmen will miss from this list the names of three Irish representatives of almost transcendant abilities. One is Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, member for Dungarvan, who last month handed in his resignation as a member of the National party. The others are Mr. John O'Connor Power and The O'Donohue, members for Mayo and Kerry respectively, who have deserted the ranks of their countrymen, and who, after the next general election, will never represent an Irish constituency again.

THOMAS P. GILL.

New Year's Almanac.

FROM THE FRENCH.

You bid me cast the horoscope
Of the New Year about to dawn!
How can I with no telescope
To read the ages yet unborn?

I know the stream along the vale
Will run to ocean ceaselessly,
And that within its limpid wave
The sky shall ever mirrored be;
But still I cannot say if Youth
Shall tow'rd the Good pursue its way,
Or whither, letting go its hold
Of wisdom's hand, 'twill fare astray.

I know 'twill ever glad the eye
To see the red-breast in its nest,
That for each grain of wheat or rye
Its song will murmur: God be blest;
But who shall say that men of mind
Shall rest content with Providence,
Or with what insults they'll receive
The blessings which it will dispense?

I know the swallow will his nest
Build 'neath my roof's high dizzy edge,
And that the same bird to his mate
Will keep the faith he once did pledge.
But ah! the friendships of the past —
I look into their silent grave:
Of those to come I nothing say,
They will be steadfast — as the wave.

I know the sun will shed again
His honey-dew within the flower,
And oft with festal splendor crown
Of earth and sky the bridal hour.
But love and sympathy, will they
Reach forth a hand to ease distress,
To wipe away the orphan's tear,
And sooth the plaint of wretchedness?

I know that ocean will caress
With rippling smile its sands of gold,
And that its wave the mariner
Will rock to slumber as of old.
Many a gallant bark I've seen
Forth on their distant voyage sweep,
Safely at anchor do they lie?
Or do their fragments strew the deep?

You bid me cast the horoscope
Of the New Year about to dawn!
How can I with no telescope
To read the ages yet unborn?

Our Young Women.

A PRIMAL defect in our social life is the notion that girls have nothing to do. Boys are brought up to some employment, but girls to none, except where pecuniary want compels them. The family that is "well-off" has busy boys and idle girls. The young man, after eating his breakfast, starts out to his daily occupation, and returns at the close of the day. The young woman, after eating her breakfast (usually at a late hour), saunters about in quest of amusement. Novels, gossip, shopping (for unnecessary trifles), dressing in three or four different costumes, formal visiting, drawing (if able), and lounging, are the elements of the young woman's day. In the evening, by way of recreation (!), she goes to the theatre or ball.

This unequal discipline of the sexes is the basis of innumerable evils. It makes the girl careless and selfish; it turns her mind to personal adornment and other frivolous matters as the great concerns of life; it takes away the sense of responsibility, and produces feebleness and disease in her physical constitution. It also prevents her from asserting her true dignity in the eyes of man; for the life of utility is alone dignified. Women, thus brought up in indolence, are looked upon by men very much as were the women of the old dark times of the world, as mere playthings, expensive toys, not as counsellors and friends. Marriage in such circumstances belongs to a low, sensual plane, and the girl is prepared neither in body nor mind for the serious responsibilities and lofty duties which marriage implies. Her training, moreover, or lack of training, has made it necessary for a long purse to apply for her. Economy, helpfulness, co-operation — these are not coming to the new household from this vain source. Dresses, drives, entertainments — these will form the staple demands on the young husband. Accordingly in city life, where this class of young women is chiefly found, a young man is (greatly to his hurt often) kept from marrying by reason of its costliness, whereas society should be ordered, that marriage would help the larder and not beggar it. We want simplicity of life, frugality, modesty, industry and system. If we could introduce these virtues in our higher society, we should diminish the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation and suicides of the single, and the bickerings, wretchedness and divorces of the married.

Let our girls have as regular daily duties as our boys. Let idleness be forbidden them. Let recreation be indeed recreation, at proper times and in proper quantities. Let us open more numerous avenues of female industry, and let every woman be clothed with the dignity of a useful life. Can such a reformation be brought about? My dear Madam, begin it yourself. Rule your household on this principle. Have the courage to defy fashion where it opposes. Be a bold leader in this reform, and you will soon see a host of followers glad to escape from the old folly.

HOWARD CROSBY, in *Dio Lewis's Magazine.*

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

Preface.

THE object of this work is to give an account in full detail, as far as is possible, of Cromwell's Irish campaign, which began in August, 1649, and ended in May, 1650. It is a portion of history but little known. It lies for the most part in a few books, some of them difficult of access by reason of their scarcity, others written in a lnaguage not intelligible to the greater number of readers. Traditions, indeed, there are still surviving of the doings of Cromwell and his followers, many of them having, no doubt, a foundation of truth; but many, too, exaggerations at best, and not a few wholly unfounded and false. In truth, there is hardly a ruined church throughout the length and breadth of the land, the destruction of which is not attributed to Cromwell, or a crumbling castle of which it is not said that

"Oliver Cromwell
He did it pommel,
And made a breach
In its battlement."

Evil deeds are attributed to him as done where he never set foot, and names are given to places that would seem at first sight to record his presence there, but in reality have had their origin in the wish of his followers to perpetuate their leader's fame, or in the hatred of those among whom they dwelt, who would hand down the record of his cruelties by an appellation which in their minds summed up all manner of evil.

Many years ago Sir William Wilde expressed a wish that some one would write the history of "Cromwell's Irish campaign, one of the most defective portions of modern Irish history." He adds that Mr. Hardiman, whose services in the field of Irish research have been such as to make us regret that his works are so few, had made a collection of all the documents relating to Cromwell in Ireland. I have made inquiry for these wherever I hea part of his manuscripts were — at the British Museum, Markree Castle, the Royal Irish Academy, and the monastery of Errew — but in none of these places were there any tidings to be had of them.

So little has been done hitherto in monographs of even the most important facts of Irish history, and that little under such difficulties, that it is no wonder Cromwell's doings have not been written of. Mr. Prendergast's invaluable work, *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, has begun a new era of Irish history. It shows that materials are at hand in abundance, if only an enlightened industry will search for them and put them in order. State papers, hitherto accessible only to a few, are now within the reach of all. Collections of rare books, both public and private, are thrown open to the student more freely than formerly. A work on the history of Ireland, if it has merit, need not rely for its success on the comparatively few readers within the narrow limits of this country; it will readily reach to another Ireland beyond the sea, where the story of the old land is read, its traditions and legends repeated, the recollection of its sufferings and its wrongs treasured up with tender care: —

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own."

The plan pursued in this work is to follow Cromwell step by step in his progress through Ireland. Other matters treated of in the first chapters needed to be touched on, in order to show what the state of the great political parties both in England and Ireland was at the time. Cromwell's letters are so numerous and so full of details, that there is no difficulty in tracing out his line of march, hour by hour, from the first moment he landed in Dublin up to his setting sail from Youghal. The newspapers of the time, too, give day by day an account of the successes of the Parliamentary army. There are naratives of some of the more remarkable events, written by eye-witnesses, actors or sufferers in the scenes which they describe, some of these being Irish ecclesiastics who had escaped from the carnage or had been banished, and "from the place of their refuge," set down for perpetual remembrance, the record of what they and their countrymen endured. I have allowed each of the chief actors to tell the part which he took, and in his own words, too, when it was possible to do so. The extracts from contemporary writers have been set down just as they are given in the originals. Their very quaintness will often help to bring the scenes which they describe more vividly before the reader's eyes than a more elaborate, but perhaps less faithful, description. Each statement has its reference, not merely to enable the reader to test its truth, but still more to point out to him the works in which he will

find further details, which, though not admissible within the limits of a small work, may interest those who wish to study the subject more fully. I have confined myself to a simple narrative of the facts; for to use the words of Montaigne, which one of the most learned of Irish historians has taken for his motto: "J'aime les historiens ou fort simples ou excellents; les simples, qui n'ont poin de quoy mesler quelque chose du leur, et qui n'y apportent que le soing et la diligence de ramasser tout ce qui vient à leur notice et d'enregistrer à la bonne foy toutes choses, sans chois et sans triage, nous laissent le jugement entier pour la connaissance de la verité."

This is not the place to enter on any inquiry into the character, either military or political, of Cromwell. That he was a brave man, that he was far-seeing, that he knew how to choose his instruments and to use them, that he did his work in Ireland — from his standpoint — well, thoroughly, no one will deny. But that he was "a heaven-sent messenger," that his conduct, even as a public man, was not contrary to the first principles of morality, that another Cromwell would be the best panacea for Irish discontent, no one ever so little acquainted with the history of his doings will assert, unless his mind is wholly warped by prejudice of race or religious rancour. Whoever examines, even his brief career in Ireland, with impartiality, must admit the truth of Clarendon's saying, that he was a great, bad man.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Prendergast, for the great help which I have derived from his *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.* From Mr. Gilbert's edition of the *Aphorismal Discovery,* and from the valuable notes which he has appended to it, I have borrowed largely. The high character which both these writers bear for research and accuracy, is the best warrant for the truth of the many statements which I have made on their authority.

The dates throughout are given according to the New Style, which makes the year begin with January 1st, not March 25th, as was the custom formerly.

LIMERICK, Feast of St. Patrick, 1883.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PEACE OF 'FORTY-EIGHT.

Terms of the Peace — Execution of Charles I.— Ormonde's Authority — The Commissioners of Trust — Overtures to Jones and Coote — The Fleet under Prince Rupert — Owen Roe O'Neill — Treaty with Monk — Defeat of Ferrall — Seige of Derry raised — Monk and Coote censured by the Parliament.

On the 17th of January, 1649, a peace was concluded between the Marquis of Ormonde, acting on behalf of King Charles I. and the General Assembly of the Confederate Catholics. Substantially its terms were the same as those of the treaty which the Catholic party had refused the year before. But the position of the Confederates was much changed within the twelvemonth. The country, impoverished by the long continuence of the war, was no longer able to support a standing army. There was no further hope of aid from abroad. The ambassadors, sent by the Assembly to Rome, were told that the Papal exchequer was almost exhausted, and that the resources of the government were hardly sufficient to meet the dangers that threatened southern Italy. Most opportunely for the royal interests, the Remonstrance of the Puritan army in England was published while the negotiations for the treaty were on foot, "demanding that the parliament should proceed against the King in the way of justice, as the capital and grand author of all the troubles and woes which the kingdom hath endured, and that he should be brought to justice for the treason, blood and mischief he hath been therein guilty of."[1] No ground was left any longer for doubting about the intentions of the party. All who had any regard for the royal authority forgot for a time prejudice and resentment, to secure the King's safety. The Protestants became more tolerant; many Catholics, who had held aloof from Ormonde hitherto, were gained over by the concessions now made on behalf of their religion. The Assembly conceded some points still in dispute, and "in consideration of his Majesty's present condition and of their own hearty desires of spending their lives and fortunes in maintaining his rights and interests, they resolved unanimously to accept the Marquis of Ormonde's answer to their propositions for religion."[2]

[1] Lingard's *History of England*, vol. viii. p. 106; London, 1855. See "The Chief Heads of the Army's Remonstrance," presented to the House of Commons November 20th, 1648, in the Appendix to Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, p. 89; London, 1717.

[2] Carte's *History of James Duke of Ormonde*, vol. ii. p. 49; London, 1736. "That desperately wicked remonstrance, whatever mischief it may do, hath yet done this good, that it put us quite from all disputes upon the necessity of conditions, and was no small cause of the speedy, and, I hope, happy conclusion of the peace." — Letter of Ormonde to Lord Jermyn, Jan. 24th, 1649; *ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 602.

By the terms of the treaty it was agreed that the Irish people should be free to practice their religion, without prejudice to their persons or estates; that they should no longer be obliged to take the oath of supremacy — for this a new form of oath was substituted, professing allegiance to his Majesty — and that all acts and ordinances of parliament in dishonor of the Catholic faith, passed since August 7th, 1641, should be vacated. They were assured, moreover, that they should not be molested in the possession of the churches and church livings which they then held, or in the exercise of their jurisdiction, until such time as his Majesty, in a free parliament to be held in Ireland, should declare his further pleasure.[1] The peace was confirmed later by Charles II., who professed himself satisfied in every respect with its terms. Yet just eighteen months after he declared it null and void, adding, "that he was convinced in his conscience of the sinfulness and unlawfulness of it and of allowing the liberty of the Popish religion."[2] Ormond was no better than his master. The "Declaration" of Jamestown shows how shamelessly he violated it in its most important points.[3] After the Restoration he was accused of having been on too friendly terms, during the insurrection, with some of the Irish ecclesiastics; he exculpated himself by saying that his aim was to work disunion among the Romish clergy.

A few days after the signing of the treaty the news of the King's execution reached Ireland. By all parties it was received with horror and indignation.[4] Profiting by the feeling of sympathy shown everywhere for the royal family, Ormonde, who was then at Youghal, had the Prince of Wales proclaimed King, under the title of Charles II., with all solemnity, in every town in Ireland that owned subjection to his authority. His own position remained unchanged by the King's death. A fresh commission was issued to him by the new King, on the 17th of February, renewing his powers as Lord Lieutenant and

[1] This was called "The Peace of Forty-eight," old style. The Articles, thirty-five in number are given in Cox's *Hibernia Anglicana*, Appendix xliii.; London, 1690. Milton wrote, in opposition to it, *Observations on the Articles of the Peace.*

[2] Carte's *Collection of Original Papers*, vol. i. p. 400; Dublin, 1759. It is strange how long the Irish continued to show their affection to the Stuart dynasty, not one of whom displayed the least gratitude for the many sacrifices made on their behalf. "The ancient Irish," says M'Geoghegan, "revered the Milesian blood which ran in the veins of James I., and looked on him as a prince descended from themselves. They knew that Edward Bruce, brother of Robert Bruce, from whom James was descended, had been chosen by their ancestors to be their soverergn. It was well-known too, that Edward had been actually crowned King of Ireland."— *History of Ireland*, translated by O'Kelly, p. 552; Dublin, 1844. Roderick O'Flaherty, in the *Epistola Dedicatoria* prefixed to his *Ogygia*, addressing the Duke of York, calls Ireland "Antiquissima majorum tuorum incunabula.' The *Ogygia* was published in 1685. The demands of the Irish gentlemen, who had suffered for the royal cause, afforded to Charles II. and his profligate courtiers, after his Restoration, constant food for their indecent and heartless mirth.

[3] "See the Declaration of the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Dignitaries of the secular and regular clergy against the continuance of his Majesty's authority in the person of the Marquis of Ormonde," dated at Jamestown, August 12th, 1650 in Cox's *Hib. Angl.*, Appendix xlviii.

[4] "How gladly would I draw a curtain over that dismal and unhappy 30th of January, wherein the royal father of our country suffered martyrdom! Oh! that I could say, 'They were Irishmen that did that abominable fact,' or that I could justly lay it at the door of the Papists."— *Hib Angl.*, vol. ii. p. 206. "Resentment and spleen had a good share in forming that work (Cox's), for it carries too much the air and complexion of satire."— Introduction to *Clanricarde's Memoirs;* Dublin, 1744.

confirming all he had done, in virtue either of the commission of the late King or of his own confirmation of the powers or rights thereof.

Almost the whole of Ireland had now declared for Charles. Nearly all the leading men of the Catholic party were united with Ormonde, and threw themselves heart and soul into the defence of the royal cause. Preston, Taaffe, Clanricarde, Muskerry, and Castlehaven forgot their mutual jealousies for a while and thought only of the common interests. Once more Inchiquin changed sides,[1] now for the last time. He had not found among his Puritan friends the gratitude which he expected in return for his treachery and cruelty. Henceforth no one was more zealous than he in supporting the King and Ormonde.

The King had full confidence in the Lord Lieutenant, but even the moderate Catholics made no secret of their distrust in his promises. That this distrust was well founded is clear, from a letter of his to Prince Charles, in which he owns that "for want of force to keep any dependent on the King's authority only, and for obtaining such a peace as might reduce the army and the Confederates under the King's obedience, he had been constrained to subject his Majesty's power to compliances agreeable with neither." One of the charges brought against him in the "Declaration" of Jamestown was, "that his Excellency, when prospering, put no trust of places taken, into the hands of Catholics: by this his diffidence in Catholics, and by other his actions and expressions, the Catholic army had not heart to fight or be under his command; and feared greatly, if he mastered the enemy, and with them the Commissioners of Trust, or the greater part of them, and many thousands of the kingdom also feared he would have brought the Catholic subjects and their religion to their old slavery." According to the terms of the Peace, his powers as Lord Lieutenant should still continue, but he should be assisted in the government by a council of twelve members chosen from the Assembly of the Confederates, whose chief duty it was to look to the due performance of the Articles, "until they should be ratified in a full and peaceful convention of the parliament." These, styled "Commissioners of Trust," and sometimes "Interval Commissioners," were Lord Dillon of Costello, Lord Muskerry, Lord Athenry, Alexander M'Donnell, Sir Lucas Dillon, Sir Nicholas Plunkett, Sir Richard Barnwall, Geoffrey Browne, Donogh O'Callaghan, Turlogh O'Neill, Miles O'Reilly, and Gerald Fennell. They were, jointly with Ormonde, vested with power to levy soldiers, raise money, erect garrisons, and appoint governors; he could do nothing of importance without the consent of a majority of them. It was not without a struggle that he accepted such restraint and limitation to his power; but he felt that in the face of the present dangers union should be purchased at almost any price. Besides, most of the Commissioners were partisans of his own, and "their affections and abilities were so well known and approved by

[1] This poor wavering panther, Inchiquin, with so many jumps and leapings from King to Parliament, from Parliament to King, and now the fourth or fifth of his inconstant whirlings to Ormonde."—*Aphorismal Discovery of Treasonable Faction*, vol. i. p. 182; edited by J. T. Gilbert; Dublin, 1879. See Appendix ii.: "Morrough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin."

him that, having most of them inclined to the same good end with him, he presumed he should, with the less difficulty, be able to pursuade them which were the nearest and most natural ways that conduced thereunto."

Soon after the conclusion of the Peace, in order to gain over the Parliamentarians in Ireland, who still retained some respect for the oath of allegiance which they had taken to serve the Sovereign and the Parliament, Ormonde published a declaration, in which he reminded them of the regard he had at all times shown for the interests of the Protestant religion, in proof whereof he appealed to the Articles of the Peace, "the sum of which," he declared, "was the indulging of some moderate concessions to the Catholics, made until such time as the Act of Oblivion should be passed in Parliament; that he had specially excepted from the advantage of the Peace those who had any part in the crimes committed in the beginning or the course of the rebellion. The Articles were not agreed to until all hope of a treaty between the King and the Parliament was at an end, and the army had proclaimed their purpose to commit a horrid and execrable paracide in the sacred person of his Majesty. The blame thereof, if any, might be laid on those who made such a treaty necessary." He wrote conciliatory letters to Michael Jones,[1] governor of Dublin, and to Sir Charles Coote,[2] who was in command of the fortress of Derry, inviting them and the forces under their command to return to their allegiance and submit to the King's authority. Jones rejected his overtures, pretending that "he felt himself bound in honor to obey those who had entrusted him with the important office which he held." Coote had frequently professed "that if at any time he should discover the least purpose in the Parliament of England to change the government, or to wrong the King either in his person or posterity, he would sooner beg his bread than be a minister to their proceedings." In reply to Ormonde's letter, he renewed his profession of fidelity, and protested that "as soon as the King or his fleet, or any person lawfully authorized by him, should lay the command on him, and showed

[1] He was one of the four sons of Dr. Lewis Jones, a Welshman, Protestant bishop of Killaloe from 1633 to 1646. Another of his sons, Henry, was bishop of Clogher and scoutmaster general to Cromwell, "a post," says Ware, "not so decent for one of his function." *Works of Sir James Ware*, edited by Harris, vol. i. p. 160; Dublin, 1764. "In May, 1652, Dr. Henry Jones, then bishop of Clogher and scoutmaster general, appeared at the council of general and field officers of Ludlow's army, held at Kilkenny and made the officers protest, through a dread of the Lord they trusted, against their General's too great aptness to mercy, so they termed it, and sparing those whom the Lord was pursuing with his great severity."—Letter of the General and Field officers, &c., to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in *The Kilkenny Archæological Journal* for 1867, p. 62. Theophilus was a colonel in the Parliamentary army and governor of Leighlin in 1651.

[2] This was Sir Charles Coote the younger. The elder was killed at the siege of Trim in 1642, having been shot through the body by one of his own troopers, whether by design or accident was never known. "His body was brought to Dublin and there interred with great solemnity, floods of English tears accompanying him to the grave."—Borlase's *Rebellion*, p. 79. He was interred with the ensuing epitaph:

"England's honor, Scotland's wonder,
Ireland's terror, here lies under."

Aphor. Disc., vol. i. p. 32.

The same author says the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Trim was burned by his son, Richard Coote.—*Ibid.* The cruelties of both father and sons are still household words throughout Ireland.

a probable appearance of power and success to make him hope for security, nobody should more freely and fully evidence the sincerity of his affection to the King's service than himself."[1] But these protestations were only meant to gain time until succors were sent him from England. Two months later, a mutiny broke out among some of the regiments under his command, in consequence of the imprisonment of their officers, who were found to be in correspondence with Ormonde. The men ran to arms, rescued the prisoners, and took possession of the town and fortress of Enniskillen. Encouraged by the success of their comrades, several officers of the old Scotch regiments in the north, sent to assure the Lord Lieutenant of their readiness to serve the King with the forces under their command. They had opposed the royal authority, not with a view of extinguishing the monarchy, but for the purpose of restraining the prerogative within due limits. Now they loudly professed their abhorrence of those who had compassed the King's death. But unhappily their abhorrence of the Irish was equally violent; they would take no part with the Confederates. They asked that commissioners should be appointed to arrange the terms on which their services would be accepted, and that 1,000 horse should go to their aid. Ormonde sent the Commissioners, and promised that Inchiquin, with 4,000 foot, should be despatched immediately to Athlone, in order to support them. They, too, rose in arms and blocked up their commander, Sir Charles Coote, in Derry.

Towards the end of January the royal fleet, numbering sixteen frigates,[2] under the command of Prince Rupert,[3] arrived off the coast of Munster. A few days later it arrived in Kinsale Harbor. Owing partly to the Prince's jealousy of Ormond, partly to the intrigues of those about him, he remained almost wholly inactive. At rare intervals some of his ships put to sea, and cruising off the southern coasts, seized on English merchantmen. At first the prizes were abundant, but soon the traders learned to avoid the danger by choosing another route or by remaining safe within the English ports. Ormonde besought him "to remember that the ships could not be employed more

[1] Cox, in the preface of his *Hibernia Anglicana*, speaking of the different parties then in Ireland, says: "That these distinctions may appear to be neither trivial nor merely notional, it will be necessary to give instances of these several factions in the late Irish wars. First, there was an army of all mere Irish, not an English Papist among them, commanded by the Bishop of Clogher; and another of mere English, all Papists, under General Preston; and secondly, there was an army of old English and Irish under the Lords Mountgarrett, Taaffe, &c.; and an army of new English, commanded by the Earls of Ormonde, Inchiquin, &c.; and thirdly, there was an army of Papists under the Nuncio; and an army of Protestants, commanded by the Marquis of Ormonde." See also *Account of the Carte MSS.*, by Rev. C. W. Russell and J. P. Prendergast, p. 114; London, 1871.

[2] "In May 1648, the fleet, then stationed in the Downs, declared for the King, and without any leader above the degree of boatswain, sailed for Holland, where the Duke of York, and later the Prince of Wales, took command of them." Guizot's *History of the English Revolution*, p. 380; London, 1846.

[3] Rupert was the son of the Elector Palatine Frederick V. and Elizabeth, daughter of James I., King of England. At the beginning of the Civil War he got from his uncle, Charles I., the command of a regiment of horse. His dashing bravery, become a proverb ever since, was often marred by his rashness. In 1648 he was appointed to the command of the royal fleet. After the Restoration he devoted his time to physical and chemical researches. The glass toy, known as Prince Rupert's drop, has its name from him.

usefully than in helping to reduce Derry and the fort near it; the officers would thus become absolute masters of that side of the north, and be able to lend considerable assistance towards the reduction of any other part of the kingdom. He added that he was well assured all the shipping belonging to the rebels on the coast of England towards Ireland was no more than three frigates, which were appointed to convoy over some forces, designed and lying ready at the water-side, for the relief of Dublin; and of those three, there was only one of any considerable strength, and she carried but thirty guns. The interruption which might be given to that access of strength to Jones would, in all probability, render the work against him easy; whereas, on the contrary, if he was supplied, it would be almost a desperate undertaking, and himself should be forced to a defensive war. This being the state of affairs about Dublin and Derry, he humbly left it to his Highness to consider how these supplies, so much to be feared, might be easily prevented, the good success of the King's service in that kingdom chiefly depending thereon." But Rupert continued inactive at Kinsale, nor would he furnish Ormonde with the prize-money which the King had ordered him to pay over for the public service. Soon after he was blocked up in that port by the Parliamentary fleet under Blake and Deane, and prevented from rendering any assistance whatever to the land forces, during the whole summer.

Owen Roe O'Neill was almost the only person of importance among the Catholics who held aloof. He was essentially a representative man, the leader of the old Irish, and accepted by them as such. The prestige of that party and of their leader had been lessened by the departure of the legate Rinuccini, who, consistent to the last in upholding the rights, civil and religious, of the Irish people, had quitted Ireland only when he despaired of the successful issue of such a line of policy.[1] O'Neill was still supported by the townsmen of Limerick, Waterford and Galway. On his side, too, were his sturdy clansmen of the North. But a few years before, six of the northern counties had been seized on by the English government and planted with English and Scotch undertakers. The natives were driven from their homes; from the rich valleys and plains, and forced to seek shelter and support on the barren mountains and in the wild woods.[2] Many of the generation that had then been mercilessly plundered had passed away; they had perished of hunger and disease, or they had fallen in the unequal fight, while attempting to recover the homes which they had lost; but they left to their children the legacy of revenge. However much they loved their native land, they loved

[1] Rinuccini set sail from Galway February 23d, 1649. He had passed nearly three years and a half in Ireland, having landed at Kenmare October 22d, 1645. His letters from Ireland were published in Florence in 1844, under the title: *Nunziatura in Irlanda di Monsignor G. B. Rinuccini, negli anni* 1645 *a* 1649. A translation by Miss Hutton was issued in Dublin in 1873.

[2] The author of the *Aphorismal Discovery* describes them as "being hunted out by General Leslie like deer or savage beasts, and bleeding under the force of two warlike nations, the English and the Scotch."— *Aphor Disc.*, vol. i. p. 42. In the "Remonstrance of the Ulster Irish," presented to Charles I. in 1641, they say: "We may boldly affirm that we are the most miserable and most unhappy nation of the Christian world."—*Ibid.*, p. 455, Appendix li.

their faith still more. By them no settlement was reckoned satisfactory unless it secured absolute freedom for the exercise of the Catholic faith and the complete restoration of all its ancient rights and privileges. Hence, the war in which they were engaged was to them a holy war; a war waged in defence of religion against heresy and unbelief. O'Neill had at this time under his command an army more numerous and better disciplined than that of the Confederates. His forces amounted to 5,000 foot and 300 horse. At the head of such an army he hoped to be able to maintain his ground until a favorable opportunity offered of insisting on his own rights and those of his clansmen.

Ormonde strove to gain him over to his side; for he knew that if O'Neill stood out, the quarrel would be still kept up between the Nuncio's and the King's parties, the forces of the kingdom would be divided, and many of the cities would refuse to pay the taxes imposed on them. Two of the Commissioners of Trust were appointed to treat with him. His first demand was that the six counties of Ulster, lately confiscated, should be restored to the native Irish. But these and the other terms which he proposed were not found acceptable, and the conference came to nothing. Indeed the envoys made no secret of their enmity to him and their unwillingness to accept from him any terms short of an absolute and unconditional surrender. "Their aversion and malice to me and my party," he wrote to Ormonde, "are such as that they will study and devise all the ways they can invent to hinder any settlement or union between your Excellency and us."

O'Neill had been proclaimed "a traitor and rebel against the King and the fundamental laws of the land; a common disturber of the peace, tranquility and quiet of the kingdom, and a manifest opposer of the government of the Confederates, contrary to his oath."[1] Stung with honest indignation, he turned to the Parliamentary party and sought to make terms with them In truth there was little room for choice left him. From his camp, at Cavan, he wrote to Rinuccini on the 18th of May: "We are almost reduced to despair. On the one hand, Ormonde entreats us to join him; on the other, the Parliamentary party seeks our friendship. God knows we hate and detest both alike." And writing about the same time to Massari, Dean of Fermo, who had followed the Nuncio to Ireland, he says: "Either course is worse to me than death. . . . Yet so pressing are our wants, that we must unite with one or the other, unless we get help very soon."

While the preparations for the Irish campaign were making in England, it was found necessary to have recourse to various expedients for the preservation of the places which were still in the hands of the Parliament. One of these was to gain over to the cause of the party the Catholics of the two kingdoms. Conferences were held through the Spanish Ambassador with some Irish ecclesiastics, and with Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir John Winter, on behalf of the Eng-

[1] See the proclamation against Owen O'Neill by the General Assembly of the Confederate Catholics in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. i. p. 747; it was issued September 30th, 1648. Ormonde had landed the day before from France.

lish Catholics. It was proposed that toleration should be granted for the exercise of the Catholic religion, and that Catholics should in turn disclaim the temporal pretensions of the Pope, and maintain 10,000 men for the service of the Commonwealth. An order had been lately made by Parliament, admitting Catholics to compound for their estates on easy terms, and allowing them to take a form of oath confined solely to temporal matters. O'Neill did not trust this sudden show of friendship; at the head of his army he preferred to bide his time. One thing he needed very urgently — ammunition.[1] In the beginning of May he summoned a meeting of his followers at Belturbet. There it was agreed to accept Sir Charles Coote's proposal, made some time before, that commissioners should be appointed by both parties to confer together on the terms of a treaty. They met at Newtown, near Dromahaire, in the county of Leitrim. O'Neill demanded liberty of conscience for himself and all his followers; an act of oblivion for all done since 1641; restoration of all the confiscated lands in Ulster to their original owners, and the possession of a seaport in that province; for himself a competent command, and provision for his army as the rest of the forces. These terms were agreed upon. To meet O'Neill's present wants, it was further agreed that he should receive thirty barrels of powder, with ball and match in proportion, and 300 beeves or £400, on condition that he should march to the relief of Derry, then blockaded by the Scots, under Lord Montgomery of Ardes.[2] But Sir Charles Coote refused to abide by the articles agreed to by his Commissioners. O'Neill next addressed himself to Colonel Monk, and offered him the same terms. These Monk gladly accepted, and on the 8th of May he agreed to a cessation of hostilities for three months.[3] He was then at Dundalk; and hearing of Inchiquin's approach, after the taking of Drogheda, and of Lord Montgomery's advance from the north to join Ormonde, then investing Dublin, he sent word to O'Neill, in pursuance of the Articles made between them, to draw his forces together, and be in readiness for his relief, as soon as the enemy drew near. O'Neill replied that he was in want of ammunition; to obtain this he marched to Glasdroman, within seven miles of Dundalk. From that place he sent 1,200 of his best foot and 200 horse,[4] under the command of his Lieutenant General Ferrall.[5] They received from Monk thirty bar-

[1] "There was a mighty scarcity of powder and shot, and he was destitute of all human way to come by it." *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 41.

[2] Hugh, Viscount Montgomery of Ardes, had been appointed by the Parliament commander of the horse in Ulster. He was taken prisoner at Benburb, but released soon after, in exchange for the Earl of Westmeath. In the Carte MSS. there is a letter of Owen Roe to Charles I., declining to obey the order of his Majesty "for the enlargement of so notorious a rebel." See Rev. C. P. Meehan's *Flight of the Earls*, p. 499; Dublin, 1870.

[3] *The Perfect Diurnal* of August 15th, 1649, gives "The reasons reducing Colonel Monk to make a cessation with Owen Roe O'Neill, and the Articles agreed on between them."

[4] Cox says 500 foot and 300 horse; *Hib. Angl.*, Reign of Charles II., p. 4.

[5] Ferrall had come from Flanders in 1643; he and Henry O'Neill, Owen Roe's son, landed at Wexford with a few officers and arms for one troop of horse. He was the trusted friend of Owen Roe. See O'Connor's *History of the Irish Brigades*, p. 44; Dublin, 1855. The author of the *Aphor. Disc.* always speaks in the highest terms of O'Farrell's bravery and skill.

rels of powder, with match and bullets in proportion. Inchiquin had intelligence of the movements of the convoy, and sent six troops of horse, under Colonel Trevor, to intercept it. They met on an open road. The escort was totally routed. Farrall, with about thirty horse, escaped by flight; the infantry were nearly all cut to pieces, not above forty of them escaping. From some of the prisoners Inchiquin learned the weak condition of Dundalk. Two days late[3] he invested the town. The garrison forced Monk to surrender. The greater number of them joined Inchiquin; "the soldiers ran over the trenches to him, swearing deep oaths that they would not engage with Monk, who had entered into a confederacy with Owen Roe, the head of the native Irish." A few days after Trim surrendered, owing to the treachery of Captain Martain; the garrison here too joined Inchiquin.

O'Neill marched to Clones. There an express reached him from Sir Charles Coote, informing him that Derry was still closely besieged by the Scots, under Lord Montgomery, and the garrison reduced almost to extremities, and accepting his former proposals, on condition that he would raise the seige. O'Neill set off at the head of his army and came to Ballykelly. The Scots, hearing of his approach, retired from before the town, and posted away at full speed, by day and night, till they crossed the Bann and reached their own country. He encamped before the town, on the Tyrone side of the river. Coote came to return him thanks, and invited him and his chief officers into the town, and entertained them sumptuously.

Though the treaty saved Derry, it did not prevent a spirit of distrust from spreading throughout the Parliamentary army. By many it was pronounced an apostasy from the principles for which they had fought. The horrors of the massacre of 1641 were once more recalled to mind, and the resolution taken to avenge the blood shed by the Irish. To appease the growing discontent, the Parliament at first deferred the ratifying of the treaty; but the clamor growing louder, it feigned great indignation. O'Neill, finding the cessation would not be renewed, sent an agent to London, proposing to submit with his army to the Commonwealth, if they obtained indemnity for the past, and an assurance of their religion and estates for the future. His agent was asked by the "grandees" "why he applied to them and refused to treat with Ormonde." He replied, "because the late King had always made them fair promises; but when they had done him service, and he could make better terms with their enemies, he had always been ready to sacrifice them." "Why, then, did he not apply to the Parliament sooner?" "Because the men in power then had sworn to extirpate them; but those in power now professed toleration and liberty of conscience." His conditions were refused. Monk was recalled from Ireland, displaced, and for some time imprisoned. "He was brought before the House and asked several questions, which he answered at the bar of the House, touching that business; and though he gave good reasons for what he had done, and pointed out the advantages which the Parliament had gained thereby, yet he was told that if he escaped punishment, it was owing to his

good intentions. On the 10th of August, the House declared that it did disapprove of what Colonel Monk had done, in concluding a treaty with the grand and bloody Irish rebel, Owen Roe O'Neill, and did abhor the having anything to do with him therein. Three days later the House passed the following resolution :—

Resolved, &c. — That this House doth utterly disapprove of the proceedings of Colonel Monk, in the treaty and cessation made between him and Owen Roe O'Neill ; and that the innocent blood which had been shed in Ireland is so fresh in the memory of this House, that this House doth detest and abhor the thoughts of closing with any party of Popish rebels there who have had their hands in the shedding that blood. Nevertheless, the House being satisfied that what the said Colonel Monk did therein was, in his apprehension, necessary for the preservation of the Parliament of England's interest, the House is content that the further consideration thereof, as to him, be laid aside, and shall not at any time hereafter be called in question.

The Parliament also disapproved of Coote's treaty with O'Neill, though well satisfied of his diligence and integrity in preserving the garrison of Londonderry. He strove to soften their anger "by reminding them that it was no new thing with the most wise God to make use of wicked instruments to bring about a good design for the advancement of his glory. Yet, many were of opinion that all that was done both by Sir Charles Coote and by Monk, was transacted by the privity, if not consent, of the grandees in England ; but the grounds to fasten this upon them could never be found, though the business was narrowly searched into." The Council of State declared Sir Kenelm Digby "a dangerous person ;" he was ordered to depart the Commonwealth within twenty days, and not to return into any of the dominions of England without leave of the House, under pain of death and confiscation of estate. Three days later it declared that all persons who had served the Parliament of England in Ireland and had betrayed their trust, and had adhered, or should adhere to, or aid, or assist Charles Stuart, eldest son of the late King, were traitors and rebels, and ordered that their lands should be confiscated and their persons proceeded against by martial law.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF BAGGOTRATH.

Ormonde's army—Charles II. urged to come to Ireland—Muster of the Army—March through Carlow and Kildare—Encampment before Dublin—Inchiquin takes Drogheda and Trim—Dublin invested—Arrival of Reinforcements—Battle of Baggotrath—Cause of the Defeat—Ormonde's Movements—Jones' letter—Orders of the Council of State.

ORMONDE next set about putting an army on foot. It was no easy task to bring together men differing in nationality and religion; to unite those who for eight years had waged a bitter war against each other. The Commissioners of Trust were bound by the terms of the treaty to supply him with 15,000 foot and 2,500 horse. But the provinces, wasted by a long-continued war, plundered by friend and by foe alike, could not maintain such a number. A tax of £60,000 had been assessed on the kingdom; when the money was called for, it was found that none of it had been collected. Ormonde applied to several of the cities and towns for aid. These declined to obey any orders of the General Assembly, and granted or denied supplies as it suited them. At Waterford he raised £7,000 by mortgaging the King's rents and customs; £5,000 was promised by Limerick and Galway on the same terms. The securities were reluctantly accepted, and the money slowly paid in.

In his distress he turned to the King for help. He earnestly besought Charles to come to Ireland, assuring him that his presence there would unite the contending parties and bring the whole nation under his allegiance; it would encourage those who were loyal; it would draw to his standard most of the Parliamentary forces; Jones' men were deserting every day in considerable numbers; perhaps Jones himself would come over; even O'Neill would be reconciled, since he had already, by a private messenger, given the King the strongest assurances of his fidelity, and of his readiness to submit immediately on his arrival. But he suppressed very carefully the main reason why he wished the King to come. The chief power, civil and military, was in the hands of the Commissioners of Trust; they carried on the government of the country. The King's presence would, of course, cause all this power to be transferred to himself, or rather, seeing the yielding nature of Charles' character, to the hands of Ormonde—a consummation he anxiously wished for and strove to bring about by every means in his power. Charles seemed convinced that it was his duty to come and take up the defence of his own cause. When the Scotch commissioners attended him at the Hague, he deferred giving them an answer until his arrival in Ireland. His heavy baggage and his inferior servants were actually landed. But three months were wasted in the vain hope of getting assistance from

the States General of the United Provinces. When he reached Jersey, on his way to Ireland, the opportunity was lost, the time for action had gone by.

Ormonde, anxious to take the field early in spring, appointed the 4th of March for the muster of the forces in the county of Tipperary. By the beginning of May he had got together about 2,000 foot and 300 horse at Cashel. At their head he put Lord Castlehaven,[1] and bade him attempt the strong places still held by O'Neill in Leinster, which it would be dangerous to leave behind in the hands of the enemy when the army advanced on Dublin. He captured in quick succession the castles of Maryborough, Athy, and Rheban.[2] Inchiquin was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, and Lord Taaffe master of the ordnance. Meantime news reached him that the Laggan forces in the north had risen in mutiny and beseiged Sir Charles Coote in Derry, and that Sir George Munroe, who was at the head of the Royalist army in Ulster, having by the aid of the Marquis of Clanricarde reduced the Parliamentary garrisons, was on his way to join them; that Lord Montgomery and the Earl of Clanbrasil, with the officers and gentlemen of Down and Antrim, had taken up arms against Monk, and made themselves masters of Coleraine and all the fortresses in those counties, except Lisburn, which could not hold out much longer, since it was not provided with supplies for a seige.

The grand aim of Ormonde was to get hold of Dublin. The possession of the capital, he supposed, would not only secure the King's interest in Ireland, but also cause an extensive rising in his favor throughout England. He appointed a general rendezvous for the whole army at Clogrennan.[3] At the end of May he had under his command 14,500 foot and 3,700 horse; he had but four pieces of artillery. In the beginning of June he put himself at the head of this army and set out for Dublin. On the evening of the first day he appeared before

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[1] James Touchet, Earl of Castlehaven and Baron of Orier, in Ireland, Baron Audley of Hilleigh, in England. His grandfather had received extensive grants of forfeited lands, chiefly church property, from James I. in Wexford, Kildare, Tipperary, Carlow, and Cork; he took his title from a small village near Castletownsend, in the county of Cork. Soon after the surrender of Galway in April, 1652, he entered the service of the great Condé. He died at his sister's house at Kilcash, near Clonmel, in 1684. In 1680 he published his *Memoirs of the Engagement and Carriage of the Civil War of Ireland from* 1642 *to* 1651. He prepared a second edition of the work, with a dedication to James II., in which he says: "I lay these Memoirs at your Majesty's feet, and pass them on my word not to contain a lie or mistake to my knowledge." This was published in 1685. See Hill's *Plantation of Ulster*, pp. 135 and 335; Belfast, 1877; and Carte's *Life of Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 298.

[2] Rheban Castle, two miles north of Athy, was erected by Richard de St. Michel, who got a grant of lands here from William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of King John. This castle and Dunamaise were seized in 1325 by Lysagh O'More, and held by him and his descendants long after. In 1424 it passed to Thomas Fitzgerald, later 7th earl of Kildare, by his marriage with Dorothea, daughter of Anthony O'More. As it commanded a pass over the Barrow, it was reckoned of great importance in time of war. *Anthologia Hibernica*, vol. ii. p. 162; Dublin, 1793.

[3] On the western bank of the Barrow, two miles below Carlow. The fine old castle is still standing. It belonged to a junior branch of the Ormonde family. When the second duke was attainted, it passed into the hands of the Rochforts, in whose possession it is now.

Talbotstown,[1] which, together with Castletalbot,[2] was within three days surrendered to him. At Kildare he was forced to halt for three days for want of provisions. He hoped to meet Inchiquin there, who, with 2,000 Munster men, was marching to join him. He purposed falling on Jones, who was then with a foraging party at Johnstown. He crossed the Liffey and encamped at Naas; here he was joined by Inchiquin and his party. A council of war was held, at which it was debated whether he should first take Drogheda, Trim, and the other garrisons still in the hands of the Parliament, or march directly on Dublin and lay seige to it. The general officers were of opinion that Dublin should be attempted immediately. They had secret information that the city was at that moment in a very distressed state, that the stock of provisions would not last ten days, that a considerable part of the garrison was disaffected, and that whole companies with their officers impatiently awaited his approach to desert. If Dublin was taken, the other strong places would surrender immediately. If time was wasted in other lesser enterprises, supplies might meanwhile arrive from England, and the capture of Dublin would no longer be possible. Still a want of supplies hindered his advance. Most opportunely, however, Lord Taaffe arrived with a sum of £2,000, contributed by the province of Connaught towards the support of the army.

Crossing the Liffey at Lucan on the morning of June 19th, the army advanced to Castleknock. Jones, the governor of Dublin, had drawn his horse outside the walls. Some slight skirmishes took place between these and Ormonde's outposts. On the evening of the same day Ormonde drew off and encamped at Finglas, three miles to the north of the city. The next day he sent a detachment to show itself before the walls, in the hope that its presence might raise a tumult among those within who were not well affected towards the Parliament. Some of the garrison deserted to him. Having learned that Jones, distressed for want of forage for his horses, had detached a part of his cavalry to Drogheda, he sent Inchiquin in pursuit with a large body of horse; he surprised a whole troop, and defeated Colonel Coote at the head of three hundred of their number; the rest fled in great disorder to Drogheda. He sent news of his success to Ormonde, and expressed a hope that he might be allowed to follow up his advantage. A council of war was held. It was agreed that Dublin was so well fortified that an attempt to take it by assault would be hopeless, that the army under Ormonde's command was not sufficiently numerous to invest it wholly, especially as O'Neill and Monk, with the garrisons of Drogheda and Trim, threatened to fall on the lines of the besiegers; that Ormonde should continue encamped before Dublin with 5,000 foot and 1,500 horse, to prevent supplies from entering and to support any revolt within the city; that Inchiquin, with the same number of

[1] Talbotstown, two miles south of Baltinglass. There is no trace of the castle, but the site is still pointed out.

[2] Castletalbot, two miles from Talbotstown; so says Clarendon, *Hist. View*, p. 79. The site is not known. Robert Talbot of Castletalbot was one of the Commons' Representatives in the General Assembly of the Confederate Catholics which met at Kilkenny January 10th, 1647. Ledwich's *History of Irishtown and Kilkenny*, p. 471; Dublin, 1804.

horse and 2,000 foot, aided by Colonel Mark Trevor, who had lately declared for the King, should block up Drogheda. An attempt was made to surprise the latter town. Two of the gates were fired : about two hundred of the assailants succeeded in effecting an entrance ; but they were soon repulsed with considerable loss. Two pieces of cannon were sent from Dublin ; when these were planted in position, the town surrendered, the garrison being allowed to march out to Dublin. The greater number took service under Inchiquin. We have already spoken of his success in preventing the supplies sent by Monk from reaching O'Neill and of the capture of Dundalk. He then set out for Dublin and joined Ormonde while he lay at Finglas.

Ormonde now prepared to invest Dublin on all sides, though his army, consisting of 7,000 foot and 1,700 horse, was hardly sufficient to carry on the seige of so extensive a city with effect.[1] He left Lord Dillon[2] with 2,500 men to press the seige on the north side ; with the remainder he crossed the Liffey and encamped at Rathmines, intending to extend his works to the east, so as to command the entrance to the river and prevent any supplies coming in by that way. His confidence in the loyalty of his men was unbounded. "That which only threatens any rule to our success," he wrote, "is our wants, which have been and are such that soldiers have actually starved by their arms, and many of less constancy have gone home ; many of the foot are weak ; yet I despair not to be able to keep them together, and to reduce Dublin if good supplies of all sorts come not speedily to relieve it. I am confident I can persuade one half of our army to starve outright, and I shall venture upon it rather than give up a game so fair on our side and so hard to be recovered if given over."

Before he could carry out his plans, the garrison was strengthened by the arrival of Colonel Venables from England, on the 22d of July, with a strong body of foot ; three days later, Colonel Reynolds[3] came with a regiment of horse ; the next day, Colonel Huncks,[4] with a still larger body of horse and foot ; these reinforcements amounted to 1,600 foot and 600 horse. They brought word that the Parliament, considering the capital sufficiently protected and aware of the disaffection of the southern towns, had sent orders to Cromwell to proceed with his

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[1] "This was," Ormonde says, "the largest list given by the officers. Of these I am sure there were 2,000 sick and over-reckoned by the officers for gain and fear of reforming. Besides the two regiments sent to Drogheda and Trim, the army was not I am sure 8,000 effective men." Carte's *Collection*, &c., vol. ii. p. 396.

[2] Lord Dillon, a favorite of Ormonde's was made commander of the Leinster horse in 1647, though he had never seen a sword drawn in a field before, and though Colonel Pierce Fitzgerald MacThomas had been appointed to that post by the Assembly. *Aphor. Disc.* vol. i. p. 155. In the *Nunziatura*, p. 176, an account is given of his conversion and reception into the church by Rinuccini in 1646.

[3] Reynolds was brother-in-law of Lord Henry Cromwell. After the Irish campaign, he had the command of the forces sent to Dunkirk to aid Turenne and the French to take Mardyke from the Spaniards. On his return, in December 1657, he was lost on the Goodwin Sands.

[4] The King's death-warrant was addressed to Colonels Hacker, Huncks, and Phayre, "willing and requiring them to see the sentence of death executed on him the following day." It was dated Jan. 29th, 1649 ; D'Aubigné's *The Protector*, p. 49 ; Edinburgh, 1849.

army to Munster,[1] and that he waited only for a favorable wind to set sail. The following detailed account of the events that followed was sent by Ormonde to the King.

"Some two or three days before the defeat at Rathmines, we had it from many good hands out of England and from Dublin that Cromwell was at the sea-side, ready to embark for this kingdom with a great army, and that his design was for Munster, where we were sure he had intelligence, and which, if lost, not only the best ports of the kingdom would fall into his hands, but his Majesty's fleet riding in them, blocked up with a mastering number of the rebels' ships, would doubtless be lost. So that if we had taken Dublin, which was very doubtful, and lost those parts, which it was very evident we should if he landed there, as they were then guarded, it was but an ill exchange; but if these places were lost and Dublin not gained, our army must inevitably have come to nothing, and the kingdom fallen to the rebels without resistence. These considerations at a council of war produced these results: first, that the Lord Inchiquin, with two regiments of horse,[2] should then immediately march to secure the province of Munster; that the army should lie still where it was till Rathfarnham[3] should be taken in; and that done, we should remove to a securer quarter at a place called Drimnagh,[4] not far from Rathfarnham, if after the taking of Rathfarnham we found not cause to change that part of our determination. The next day, or the next day but one, Rathfarnham was taken by storm; all that were there were made prisoners; and though five hundred soldiers had entered the castle before any officers of note, yet not one creature was killed, which I tell you by the way, to observe the difference between our and the rebels making use of a victory."

Inchiquin's departure at such a critical moment was a severe loss. Ormonde now gave up all hope of carrying on the siege. He summoned a council of war, at which he proposed to raise the siege and retire to Drogheda, Trim, and the other garrisons still in the possession of the Royalists, and from thence endeavor to distress Dublin, and make an offensive or defensive war, as occasion should offer. His army was not numerous enough, and his present position was too open to an attack. The Irish officers were wholly opposed to such a movement; they contended that it would be little better than a disgraceful retreat; that the reduction of the city was not a difficult task; they need but possess themselves of the old castle of Baggotrath;[5] this they could fortify sufficiently in a few hours, so as to resist any attack from the city; and from it they might advance their works eastwards towards the River Liffey, without hindrance, and seize on the meadows near it, which was the sole pasturage left for the horses of the garrison.

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[1] One of Ormonde's spies wrote to him: "I find Cromwell hath some friends in Munster, and more he hopes to make with his money, which may work much, when it is known he has it, among needy men." *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 223, appendix xvi.

[2] In all about 1,100 horse, according to Castlehaven, *Memoirs*, p. 114.

[3] Rathfarnham Castle was built by Adam Loftus, one of the favorites of Queen Elizabeth, who came to Ireland in 1559. He became successively archbishop of Armagh, archbishop of Dublin, and lord chancellor. He died in 1605. See *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland*, by J. R. O'Flanagan, vol. i. p. 263; London, 1870; and *The Lord Chancellors of Ireland*, by O. J. Burke, B. L., p. 65; Dublin, 1879.

[4] This castle, still standing, is between Crumlin and Clondalkin, about three miles from Dublin, close to the Grand Canal. Probably it was built by Hugh de Bernivale, who got a grant of the lands of Drimnagh and Terenure from King John. In the reign of James I., the property passed, after much litigation, into the hands of Sir Adam Loftus. *Irish Penny Journal*, No. 43; Dublin, 1841.

[5] Baggotrath castle stood close to the place now occupied by Begger's-Bush barracks. In 1280 Robert Bagot obtained a grant of the manor of Rath, near Dublin; a castle was soon after erected there, which was called Baggotrath. Dalton's *King James' Army List*, vol. ii. p. 570; Dublin, n. d.

"It was then taken into consideration," continues Ormonde, "what was to be done, and it was held necessary that we should possess a place called Baggotrath and fortify it; which, if effected, must necessarily have starved all their horses within, which, by access of new forces whilst we lay at Finglass, were 1,200; and besides, that place being well fortified, it was easy then to have approached to the river side, that a work being cast up there, it would be impossible for any further succour of men to have got into them. I should have told you that we had a strong party of horse and foot left on the other side of the river, which hindered their grazing that way, and hay they had none in the town. Thereupon it was ordered that my Lord of Castlehaven, General Preston, and Major-General Purcell,[1] should view the place; and if they found it capable of strengthening in one night's work, then to cause men with materials to be sent as soon as it was dark. Accordingly, the Major-General conducted thither 1,500 foot; but he met with so ill guides that, though it was within half a mile of our leaguer, he got not thither till a full hour before day.[2] I sat up myself all that night, as well to be ready to answer any falling out of the enemy as to finish my despatches then ready for France. But as soon as day broke, I rode down to Baggotrath, where I found the place itself not so strong as I expected, nor the work at all advanced, and strong parties of the enemy drawn out under their works; yet they hid themselves the best they could behind some houses at Lowsy Hill, and in a hollow betwixt us and the strand. Hereupon I considered whether I had best go on with the work or draw off my men; draw them off I could not without great danger, but by drawing near them the whole army, and doing that, their work might be as well countenanced as their retreat. Then I called to me the Major-Generals of the horse and foot, Purcell and Sir W. Vaughan,[3] and showed them where I would have the horse and foot drawn, desiring them accordingly to see it done, telling them and all the officers there that I was confident Jones would hazard all to interrupt our work, which effected would so much annoy him. With these orders I left them, determining to refresh myself with a little sleep for the action I expected, and in my way to my tent I caused all the regiments to stand to their arms.

"It was by this time about nine of the clock, and I had not slept above an hour, when I was awakened by volleys of shot, which I took to be much nearer me than Baggotrath. However, before I got an hundred yards from my tent, all those I left working were beaten out, and the enemy had routed and killed Sir W. Vaughan, and after him divers parties of horse drawn up in closes, into which the enemy could not come to them but through gaps and in files. This was the right wing of our army; and it was not long before I saw it wholly defeated, and many of them running away towards the hills of Wicklow, where some of them were bred and whither they knew the way but too well. Hereupon I went to the battalia,[4] consisting of my Lord Inchiquin's foot, commanded by Colonel Giffard, with whose

[1] "The illustrious Sir Patrick Purcell. Vice-General of all Munster, noble-hearted, and a most accomplished warrior, renowned for his services in Germany against Sweden and France under Ferdinand III. of august memory, after the capture of Limerick, was hanged, his head cut off and fixed on a stake over the southern or St. John's gate of the city." Morison, *Threnodia Hiberno-Catholica*, p. 68; Innsbruck, 1659. "It has pleased God to deliver into our hands two persons of principal activity and influence in the late obstinate holding out, the Bishop of Emly and General Purcell, whom we presently hanged, and have set up their heads on the gates." Letter of Ireton to Lenthall, in Rev. C. P. Meehan's *Rise and Fall of the Franciscan Monasteries*, p. 362; Dublin, 1877.

[2] It was said that this mishap was owing to the treachery of the guides. According to Taylor, *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 11; Edinburgh, 1831; and Borlase, *Rebellion*, p. 315, when Dr. Edmond O'Reilly, the primate, was tried some years after for burning the castle of Wicklow and murdering the garrison during a cessation of arms, he pleaded in his defence that the guide had led the detachment astray by his directions, and his life was spared in consequence. See also Warner's *History of the Rebellion*, &c., p. 467. But this statement is refuted by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Carthy in his *Collections of Irish Church History*, vol. i. p. 51; Dublin, 1861. It was one of the many calumnies published by Fr. P. Walsh against those who opposed him. See his *History of the Remonstrance*, pp. 583 and 689.

[3] Ormonde had given him the command that same morning in his displeasure against Purcell. One of the charges brought against Ormonde in the "Declaration" of Jamestown, August 12th, 1650, was "that Catholic commanders, instanced by the Commissioners of Trust, and therefore by his Excellency's commission receiving their command in their army, as Colonel Patrick Purcell of Major-General in the army, and Colonel Pierce Fitzgerald, alias MacThomas, Commissary of the Horse, were removed without the consent of the said Commissioners and by no demerit of the gentlemen, and the said places given to Daniel O'Neill, Esq., Protestant, and to Sir William Vaughan, knight, and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Armstrong, both Protestants." *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 101.

[4] Battalia, i.e. the main body of an army in array.

assistance I put them into the best position I could; and desired my brother[1] and Colonel Reilly to stand in a field next these foot, where I left them till I should either come or send them orders. How they were forced thence, or upon what occasion they charged. I know not; but I soon after perceived the enemy's horse had gotten round and was going through a lane, close by Giffard's foot, where I stood, to meet a party of foot of their own that were coming up in front of us. Giffard's foot gave good fire at them and so disordered them, that had not the two regiments, which for that purpose I left there, been forced, or by some appearing advantage drawn off, but had charged those disordered horse in the rear, it is probable they had been driven over their foot; to which when they had come, they rallied by them, and with them advanced against us, who by this time were environed; another party of theirs of horse and foot being then coming behind us into the field we stood in, and giving fire both ways at us. At this and at the running away of Reilly's regiment, our foot were so discouraged that they fought no more. On the contrary, I heard the enemy offer them quarter and observed them inclined to hearken to it. Then, leaping over a ditch, I endeavored to get to our left wing, hoping to find it form; but they had no sooner apprehended and too well seen how the world went with the right wing and battalia, and had most of them, horse and foot, provided for themselves. It is true that a great reserve of the enemy stood all this while facing them; which was the reason why I drew not to the assistance of the rest of the army, and that made them think themselves desperate. Yet some of them I rallied; but as I advanced a step towards the enemy, they broke away behind me, even upon the sight of their own men running away, taking them for the enemy."[2]

The victors were prevented from pursuing the fugitives by the sudden appearance of Sir Thomas Armstrong, at the head of 1,000 fresh horse, who had just come to Ormonde's aid. The battle lasted but two hours; yet 600 of Ormonde's men were slain.[3] Most of them were butchered after they had laid down their arms on promise of quarter, and been for nearly an hour prisoners. Some Walloons, who were taken for Irishmen, were also put to the sword. Many, too, were murdered after they had been brought within the walls of the city. Among those who were taken prisoners were Ormonde's brother, Colonel Richard Butler, his half-brother, George Mathew, and Christopher, second earl of Fingal; the last died a fortnight after in the castle of Dublin, where he was confined.[4]

Lord Taaffe escaped across the river, and besought Lord Dillon to attempt the recovery of the field with the 2,500 men under his command; but "so great was their consternation, that they could not be prevailed upon to try their fortune, or hardly to provide for their own safety without confusion; though at length they did observe the Lord Lieutenant's orders, of going half to Drogheda and half to Trim, to secure these garrisons."

Ormonde lost his baggage, arms, ammunition, and money-chest containing £4,000. He narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Colonel Reynolds, who had taken the Marquis' brother, threatened

[1] Richard Butler, of Kilcash, made governor of the county of Waterford by the Confederates. In the army he held the rank of lieutenant-general.

[2] The spot where this battle was fought is said to be the same where some three hundred of the citizens of Dublin, besides women and children, were slaughtered by the "mountaineers," the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, on Easter Monday, in the year 1209, since called for that reason Black Monday. For an account of this massacre see Hanmer's *Chronicle of Ireland*, p. 370; Dublin, 1809.

[3] Ormonde admitted this number to have been slain on his side. See his letter to the King in Carte's *Collection*, &c., vol. ii. p. 396. According to Bate, 3,000 were slain, and 2,100 common soldiers and 150 officers taken prisoners; 8,000 stand of arms, with the tents, provisions, guns, and baggage, fell into the hands of the enemy. See *Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Anglia*, vol. ii. p. 22; London, 1663.

[4] The *Aphor. Disc.* says he died of mere melancholy and grief that he was ever of Ormonde's party; vol. ii. p. 46.

to pistol him if he did not point out to him the Marquis; he was then quite near, with only a few horse. Reynolds and Captain Otway charged them; but Ormonde set spurs to his horse and escaped.

Jones' utmost design was to make a sortie, to beat up the enemy's quarters, and to drive them from Baggotrath. But he was led on by his success step by step; and what he intended to be merely a sortie resulted in the total rout and destruction of the Royalist army.[1] The capital was relieved from further apprehension. By some the defeat was atributed to Ormonde's incapacity, by others to his neglect. In the "Declaration" of the Prelates at Jamestown, a year later, it was said that "the conduct of the army was improvident and unfortunate; that nothing happened in Christianity more shameful than the disaster at Rathmines, where his Excellency, as it seemed to ancient travellers and men of experience who viewed all, kept rather a mart of wares, a tribunal of pleadings, or a great inn of play, drinking and pleasure, than a well-ordered camp of soldiers. Some even ventured to hint that treason was at work. To silence these murmurs, the King sent him the garter.[2] In truth the defeat did not prove that the troops were deficient in courage or the commander in ability: it only showed how little reliance can be placed upon a mob, no matter how eager to fight, when opposed to a well-disciplined army.[3] It was the close of Ormonde's military career; for his power was so broken that he never after ventured to meet the Parliamentary army in the field.

Immediately after the battle he set off for Kilkenny. The next day he came with a few horse to Ballysonan,[4] a strong castle in the county of Kildare, and summoned it to surrender. The governor, thinking that Dublin was in the hands of the Royalists, and that their army was approaching, gave up that important place without hesitation. As soon as he reached Kilkenny, he strove to bring together the shattered remnant of his army. A week after, he went to Trim at the head of 300 men, all that he could rally. He summoned troops from every quarter, thinking to make another attempt at the capital. Few responded to his call. Hearing that Jones was besieging Drogheda, he set off to relieve it. Lord Moore had defended it ably; the besiegers, hearing of Ormonde's approach, raised the siege and returned to Dublin.

Soon after Ormonde wrote to Jones, asking for a list of his pris-

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[1] Colonel Jones hath found out a fine way of gaining intelligence by sending cunning beggars into Ormonde's camp, who bring him notice of what he can observe there also. Some soldiers that seem to run thither, are of purpose employed to gain intelligence. *Cromwell's Embarcation* in *Aphor. Disc.*, p. 224, appendix xvi.; from the Carte MSS., vol. xxv. p. 25.

[2] "We, weighing the eminence of your brother and family, and, above all, the great and extraordinary services done by you for many years past and still continued in the condition of Lord Lieutenant in that our kingdom, together with your singular courage and idelity, &c." King's warrant to make Ormonde a Knight of the Garter, in Carte's *Collection*, &c., vol. ii. p. 394.

[3] According to Clarendon, Jones' army consisted of 6,000 foot and 1,900 horse, a greater force than Ormonde had under his command. *Hist. View*, &c., p. 91.

[4] Five miles south-west of Kilcullen Bridge.

oners. Jones replied: "Since I routed your army, I cannot have the happiness to know where you are, that I may wait on you."

On receipt of the news the Council of State ordered, "That Colonel Jones' letter relating to the victory of August 6th, of the forces of the city of Dublin against Ormonde's army, with the list of prisoners and ammunition taken, and Captain Otway's narrative be printed and published; and that it be sent to the Lord Mayor of London, and to all the ministers within his jurisdiction, who are to publish the same to-morrow in their congregations; so that there may be an acknowledgement of God's goodness to the Commonwealth in so seasonable a victory." For never was a day in Ireland like this, to the confusion of the Irish and raising up of the spirits of the English and restoring their interest, which, from their first footing in Ireland, was never in so low a condition as at that time, there not being one considerable landing-place left for them but Dublin only, and that almost lost. The Parliament, for their high and extraordinary sense of so signal and seasonable a mercy, thought it fit and their duty to set apart a time for public and solemn thanksgiving, to be rendered to the Lord, the author of that mercy. And they did therefore enact and ordain that Wednesday, the 29th of August, be observed and kept as a day of public and holy rejoicing and thankfulness to the Lord in all churches and chapels within the Commonwealth.

Jones received the thanks of Parliament. A former vote, settling on him lands to the value of £500 for his success at Dungan's Hill,[1] two years before, was revived. Another vote, granting him and his heirs for ever lands to the value of £1,000 for his service, was now passed. Six of the best horses in Tilbury Race were ordered to be chosen by the trustees for the sale of the late King's goods for General Jones, as a gratuity from the House. It was ordered that £200 be given to Captain Otway who brought the news.

Yet in spite of Jones' success at Rathmines, he was still in great straits. His funds were quite exhausted; to pay his men he was forced to levy a weekly tax off the city of Dublin. The harbor had only two frigates left to protect it. Throughout the rest of Ireland there were only two fortresses, Derry and Culmore, in the hands of the Parliament.

[1] Near Summerhill, in the county of Meath, where he defeated the Confederate army under the command of Preston. 3,000 foot, being deserted by their own cavalry, retreated to a bog, and threw down their arms. They were surrounded and cruelly put to death to a man. See *The Exact Relation of the great victory obtained against the rebels at Dungan's Hill*, by H. M.'s forces under the command of Colonel Michael Jones, August 8th, 1647, in Rev. C. P. Meehan's *Confederation of Kilkenny*, appendix, p. 308; Dublin, 1882.

The Bible Before Luther.

BEFORE Protestantism existed there were more than twenty translations of the Bible in most of the modern languages. Here is the enumeration of some old Catholic translations:

Bible of Just, Mayence, 1467.
Bible of Bender, Augsburg, 1467.
Ma'ermi's Italian Bible, 1471.
The four Gospels in Flemish (Belgian), 1472.
The entire Bible in Belgian, Cologne, 1475.
Bible of Julien, 1477.
Edition of Delft, 1477.
Bible of Ferrier, Spanish, 1478.
Edition of Gonda, 1479.
Edition of Des Moulins, French, 1490.

Four translations mentioned by Bausobre (Histoire de la Reforme, livere iv.) printed before 1522.

To this enumeration it is as well to add the following list of old manuscript translations:

Of the Bible into English, 1290.
Of the Bible into Anglo-Saxon verse, 1300.
Of the Bible into German languages, 800.
Of the Bible into Italian, 1270.
Of the Bible into Spanish, 1280.
Of the Bible into French, 1294.

Before Luther's time three translations of the Bible appeared in Italy, four translations and a multitude of editions were published in the Gothic language and in French; two Belgian translations, which passed through several editions. A translation at Prague in 1488; at Putna, in 1493; at Venice, in 1506 and 1511. Many other Catholic translations into almost all the languages of the world were published at Rome, the sanctuary of "Popery." The anti-Catholic prejudices of certain writers are so deeply rooted that it is with the greatest difficulty we succeed in making them believe that Luther was not the first translator of the Bible in the vulgar German tongue. Before the apostasy of the two famous Augustinian monks, there existed twenty one German translations (fifteen in *Hochdeutsch* and six in *Niedersaechsisch*) in Germany. Luther himself made use of the translation of Nicholas of Lyra, which appeared in 1473, and passed through several editions before the Reformation. Luther made such good use of the translation of Lyra, that a comic poet has rendered this proverbial. Pius VI., writing to Martini, Archbishop of Florence, regarding his translation of the Scriptures, congratulates him on his zeal in publishing this translation, and exhorts the faithful to read it. This letter dated April, 1778, is placed at the beginning of all English Catholic Bibles. In regard to the second question, we would like to learn the name of any Pope who opposed the translation of the Bible; on the contrary we find that if Lyra had not piped, Luther had not danced.

Courage.

If we were to say that the men of Merry England are courageous, would not all nations say the same of themselves? But if the men of Merry England were not courageous, England would have ceased to be merry long ago. Herodotus tells us that the Mysians were not courageous; and that to be conquered by Mysians was the lot only of cowards. The "prey of the Mysian's" was a proverb and a reproach. It may be doubted whether the Mysians were a merry people. If they were unwarlike through luxury, softness, and effeminacy, they certainly were not merry, for mirth is the joyousness of high and manly natures; and such natures only are courageous. Let any man travel through Midland England full of waving cornfields, pastures watered by brimming streams, where cattle are grazing, and sheep feeding; with its green woodlands, its bright and busy towns, its peaceful and sheltered homesteads; and after filling his eye and his thoughts with these visions of fruitfulness, quiet, and security, let him call to mind Landseer's two pictures in the National Gallery, of "Peace" and "War." Our chalk cliffs looking down calmly on the blue sea, and the groups of children and lambs, with flowers, and the rusty dismounted carronade, tell the secret of Merry England. The cottage in flames, its casements shattered, the vine, and the honeysuckle, and the roses torn from the walls, the dying horse, and the dead soldier in the beauty and power of youthful manhood, all grouped and crushed into one gaze of horror, tell what Midland England might be to-morrow if Englishmen were not courageous. It is not easy to say when England became merry, or why it got the name. There were certainly periods of its history, and long tracts of time, when there could have been but little mirth in England. There was little mirth when, as Carlyle says, our Saxon forefathers of the Heptarchy were cutting each other into meat for crows and kites, nor when the Danes ravaged the Thames and the Humber, nor in the reign of the Red King, nor of King John, nor in the Wars of the Roses, nor when Henry the Eighth was King; when, then, did its merriness begin, and why was it merry? It is not easy to say.

But it is not hard to say what would damp our mirth and quench our merriment. We are told that there are cities and plains in Germany which have never revived since the Thirty Years' War. The cities have not been rebuilt, and the battlefields bear no corn to this day. No foreign foot has trodden down England for ages. Nor can it, if we be true to God and to ourselves. If we fail in either of these fidelities, nothing, however unimaginable to our boastfulness and self-confidence, may not come upon us in an hour. Our fidelity to God consists in acknowledging Him as our Lawgiver and our Supreme Judge: our fidelity to ourselves will consist in the courage of our people. What, then, is courage? The Greeks had two names for it; the one signifying the completeness of all virtues, and yet signifying also

the one virtue of courage; the other signifying exclusively specific quality of courage. Both these words were derived from roots which signify the masculine character or manhood. The Romans called it virtue, which also has two senses: the one describes the completeness of personal excellence, the other expresses the special excellence of boldness and fortitude. Here again the root is the conception of man and manhood. But none of these are equivalent with courage. They signify chiefly bravery and boldness in encountering danger as in war, or fortitude in bearing pain and suffering. This is rather a physical quality of fearlessness and endurance, such as the ages of rude conflict and constant warfare elicited and trained in chiefs and warriors. The root of courage gives to it a deeper and higher sense. It is a word of later origin and seems to belong to the Latin race.

The Italians called it *Coraggio*, or greatness of heart; the Spaniards, *Corage*; the French, *Courage*, from whom we have borrowed it. And we understand it to mean manliness, bravery, boldness, fearlessness, springing not from a sense of physical power, or from insensibility to danger or pain, but from the moral habit of self-command, with deliberation, fully weighing present dangers, and clearly foreseeing future consequences, and yet in the path of duty advancing unmoved to its execution.

In the Greek and Latin worlds the idea of power and force predominated; in the modern, the moral greatness of passive immobility and inflexible constancy prevails over the lower conceptions of force and fortitude. The highest conception of fortitude is weakness conquering by suffering, and power conquered by inflexible endurance of pain and wrong. And this can never be achieved by the strength of the arm, or by the insensibility of the brain, but by the greatness of the heart. Courage is not a muscular but a moral virtue. The great Exemplar is divine: this has changed the ideas and the language of mankind.

Courage, then, is a quality of the heart. We say, Be of good heart, to those who are down-hearted, or faint-hearted. It is a matter of self-command. It may be acquired by discipline, and it must be sustained by the will. This is not so with physical courage. They who have it have no need of encouragement, and they who have it not by no encouragement, as we say, can be made courageous. A strong body is sometimes united to a weak mind, and nothing can cast out its fear. But a weak body united to a strong mind may carry all before it. The coward in the Clan Quhele was beyond all reasoning. Fear reigned over him. This panic fear is involuntary. The will cannot control it. It is a disease of the moral and physical nature. The word "apprehensive" is often used as equivalent to fearful, because the mind is quick to apprehend or to perceive all the dangers of the present, and to foresee all the dangers of the future. Courage does not consist in ignorance of danger, nor in undervaluing the risks before us, and the power of our antagonists. It carefully measures all dangers and calculates all risks, and is inclined even to suppose them greater than they seem to be, and yet, after all, it calmly gathers itself up to await the shock, or even to go onward to meet it.

The noblest examples of this which the world has ever seen, were those who in every age have laid down their lives for their faith. They were not only men hardened in warfare or in public life, but the gentlest and meekest and most yielding in all other things. They were also women of every condition, simple and refined; or they were boys manly in faith, or girls with a martyr's constancy. In all these it was the fortitude of the heart, calm, collected, and inflexible. The martyrdom of St. Peter, St. Lawrence, St. Sebastian, have been reproduced in St. Thomas of Canterbury, Cardinal Fisher, and the martyred Bishops of Japan. The martyrdom of women and of children, as St. Catherine, St. Agnes, St. Pancratius, have been renewed in the poor missionary sisters and their catechumens, who died for the Christian faith in Corea and in China. This is the courage not only of heroes but of saints, and we look at it afar off. Yet its elements are the same in every age — that is to say, a clear conscience, a sense of duty, and self-command. A clear conscience, or a conscience that has no blot to hide, is the first condition of courage.

"Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa."

"Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infested minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets."

Men may have the desperation of Macbeth; but desperation is not courage, for courage is full of hope and conscious rectitude. Even physical courage fails when moral courage is palsied; for physical courage is only a weapon which moral courage wields. There must be a sense of duty, the mission of an apostle, the fidelity of a Christian, the loyalty of a subject, the chivalry of a soldier — all these and the duty of each in the manifold lot and conditions of life, create an end for which to live and die.

Add to these the habit of self-command. Courage does not consist in the absence of fear, but in the subjugation of fear. Some of the bravest of men have had the most intense perception of danger, and the most sensible apprehension of its fatal consequences. But fear has not swayed them to the right or to the left. They have not swerved from the direct path into the dangers which they both foresaw and feared. The agitation of the nerves, and the beating of the heart, and the trembling of the frame, are no signs of cowardice. The brave man and the coward are alike in this, that both feel this passive physical emotion. But the brave and the coward differ in the result. The brave man conquers his fears, and the coward is conquered by them. A Spanish King was reproached for trembling before a battle. He said, "My body trembles at the dangers into which my spirit will carry it." The highest courage in a soldier is said to be the standing still under fire without returning it. It is the self-command of duty in obedience to authority. In a forlorn hope, there is the excitement of action and the forgetfulness of self which comes from it. But to stand under fire, still and motionless, is a supreme act of the will. Such also was the wonderful obedience of the men who, on deck of the ill-fated *Birkenhead*, stood shoulder to shoulder in line while the ship was sinking.

All was over, effort was useless, disorder would only hasten the end. To submit in the perfection of order and obedience was the highest moral act, implying submission and the supremacy of duty. Such is the courage of soldiers and seamen. It is a military courage in war with armies or with storms.

Courage is also signally shown in the exposure of life for the saving of life from danger of fire or of water. Every fire brigade has its roll of heroes and of deeds well done in daring the violence of fire. And no nobler record of human courage the world has ever known than is written down every year upon our shores in the life-boat service. In both these kinds of courage, the physical and the moral courage are united and sustained in the highest degree. It seems invidious to compare when such heroic bravery reaches the highest point; but, if possible, the prolonged resolution of buffeting for hours to and fro on a tempestuous sea, demands a self-command not for a single act of daring, but for a continuous energy of fearless self-sacrifice which can hardly be equalled by any transient actions howsoever heroic. In heroism both are equal: in continuance they must be unequal.

Another form of courage is political — that is, to withstand public opinion, and the *civium ardor prava jubentium*. There are men brave in war who shrink from popular animosity. Some statesmen go down the stream; others are always breasting it, and going up against the tide.

The greatest moral cowards are demagogues. They flatter the people and float along upon the prejudice or ignorance of the majority. They are afraid of going against it, for fear of losing its favor or its good-will. Their whole career is a *simonia linguæ*, a courting of popularity, and a purchasing applause by words of adulation, and by the suppression of unpopular truths which they ought to declare and to defend.

There is also a special courage needed for defence of moral and religious truth in these latter days. The world does not rack the body. But it has moral racks and Little-ease in refined perfection. Some men in these matters are always on the unpopular side, always in opposition to popular prejudice; not from crotchets or perversity, but because they see beyond their day, or discern dangers not as yet perceived, or have inherited truth of which others have been robbed. They cannot be silent for the truth's sake. The love of their country compels them to bear their witness. The blandest treatment they receive is to be treated as dreamers, enthusiasts, or soft-heads. They are told that they have no logic, and that their arguments are beneath contempt. This is the talk of the wiseacres who are always many and always infallible. But there is no great trial of courage here. There are heavier and sharper in store for every man who opposes popular opinion in defence of unpopular truth. It is a light kind of courage that fails before ridicule, and yet some men otherwise strong are weak enough to desert both truth and justice for fear of ridicule. Every witness for truth must expect St. Stephen's lot. He will be pelted with stones by offended pride, arrogant prejudice, disappointed ambi-

tion, defeated scheming. If a man can stand under this fire without returning it, he is a good soldier of Truth; and Truth is a good captain, who always wins at last.

Are we then a courageous people? What form of courage for the faith, or for the battle-field, is wanting in Ireland? What self command and inflexible persistence in duty can surpass the courage of the people of Scotland? What shall an Englishman say of the people of England? We may leave it to our enemies to answer for us. We are well abused and criticised and railed at by foreign nations, but no one has ever said that Englishmen are cowards. They tell us that we are slow and never ready, over-confident, and, wanting in the sharp look-out which prepares for danger; that we continually pay dear for our dullness and want of foresight; but that after disasters, and in spite of an almost stupid improvidence, we pull ourselves together, and break through the grsatest straits and losses. This is not the bearing of the Mysians. It will be enough for us to make another answer, and that answer shall be a question. What has built up the British Empire? In one word, the courage of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, the inheritance of the courage of Britons and Celts, and Saxons and Scandinavians, and Danes and Normans. These races have left their mark upon the world. Of our British forefathers, Shakespeare says:—

> "Our countrymen
> Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
> Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
> Worthy his frowning at."

So much for the Britons. Aristotle says of the Celts, that they feared neither "earthquakes nor waves." We have been lately told that the British Navy is the heirloom of Scandinavian sea-kings, that Nelson was a Viking with a Scandinavian patronymic. The Saxons, a conquering race on land, were not seafaring, and it needed three sea voyages to gain an earldom. Of Danish hardihood and Norman conquest we have had proof enough. From such a confluence of courages, as Shakespeare would say, we might well look for an Imperial race. The conflicts which have made England, Ireland, and Scotland one, are a long record of courage in all its kinds and degrees. It is energy and hardihood of heart and will that has added the plantations of America, the Islands of the West Indies, the Dominion of Canada, the Colonies of South Africa, the Continent of Australia, the Islands of New Zealand and of Ceylon, and the vast Empire of India, stretching east, west, and north over two hundred and fifty millions of men. This structure is not the work of weak hearts or feeble hands. The Egyptians boasted that no free-born Egyptian labored to rear the Pyramids; we may boast, if boasting were not a sign of folly, that none but free-born men have reared the British Empire. It is a great edifice, built up by centuries of manhood and intelligence, and force of will and sustained energy. It must be acknowledged with shame that fraud and cruelty and injustice have tarnished its beginnings. But as it now subsists it is a reign of law and of justice. Individuals in civil or military authority may abuse their power, and have abused it, but the Empire is a work not of

the will of man, but of a Will that overrules all human wills, and binds them in the path of His Supreme Wisdom. It is not only the massiveness of the world-wide structure which is full of wonder, but this Imperial power has perched itself, as it were, on crags, on coigns of vantage, which by their smaliness show the greatness of the power they represent — Heligoland off the coast of Germany, Jersey off the coast of France, Gibraltar on the very soil of Spain, Malta in the straits of Italy and of the East, the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, Borneo in Polynesia, Hong Kong in the Chinese Empire, what are all these but tokens of the self-reliance of a great and courageous people?

> "No jutting frieze
> Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendant bed."

Take once more the Indian Empire. We came as deliverers of the millions of Hindoos from the Mahomedan yoke. We have a hundred and fifty sovereign princes under our Imperial sway. They were in old times in perpetual and internecine war. We have imposed the Pax Britannica. They were in constant civil wars of succession, in which every one of royal blood, with true Oriental policy, was in turn destroyed by the pretenders and usurpers of the sovereign name. We have reduced the succession to a judicial award. We found the reign of arbitrary will; we have imposed the reign of law. The natives acknowledge that our sway is at least even and just. We do not as an Empire inflict domestic wrongs, which is more than Englishmen can say of their foreign or even of their English Kings. If we have not done more, we have at least established a sway and rule of the natural law of justice and mercy. If this were withdrawn for a moment the old anarchy would rush in upon the old chaos, with all the multiplied powers of destruction with which we have armed it. We have not made India Christian; but we have lifted it in the scale of human civilization. Empires do not convert men to Christianity; but under the material structure of the Imperial power of Rome, the Apostles and their successors created a Christian world, and under the world-wide Empire of Britain a new Christain world is rising to repair the ruin of the old. This is not the work of a race without a courage, which is masculine, grave, and fearless in its effort, but calm and bright, and merciful and merry, like the song of its legions and its sailors, its reapers and its little children, in the green hamlets of the heart of England.

This great Empire is one link in the chain which draws out the history of the world. It is our responsibility and our day of visitation. If we have not the courage to keep it up, we shall deserve the shame of cowardice, if we give it up. And in the day in which we betray our trust to the millions under our sway, the energy which goes out of England, and Ireland, and Scotland, will find no training-ground for high and just deeds in civilization, and, if the stern necessity arise, in warfare. Our expansive powers, if checked, will fall in upon themselves, and become turbulent and insular and selfish. Empires spring from an Imperial race, and generate an Imperial mind. England will

cease to be merry, if it ever be shut up in its own four seas, as Holland is ditched in by its dykes. Even the click of the spinning jenny will slowly die, and the voice of England will be saddened. A clear conscience, and a sense of duty and self-command make a great and Imperial people, and in the homesteads of such a people there will be no fear, but peace and justice, confidence, courage, and mirth.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP, in *Merry England*.

Luther: A Nutshell History.

1. IN common with all those who have revolted against the "Faith once delivered to the saints," Martin Luther is a heretic. In this he is one with Arius, Nestorius, Eutychius, and a host of others who have chosen or selected what they considered to be gospel truth. He differs from them in this: They revolted against doctrines — he against the principle on which the doctrines are intelligibly received by the mind. The Catholic church asserts that, inasmuch as revelation is apart from and beyond the use of reason, reason has every right to claim that some unerring or infallible messenger shall be the teacher of revelation, so as to make it revelation to the individual. Luther on the contrary asserts: It is true revelation is beyond the ken of reason, nevertheless reason or private judgment is the final court for deciding the acceptation and the signification of revelation. Common sense rejects Luther's claim; for if reason is unable to attain to the new field of knowledge presented by revelation, how can reason be its judge? Or how can such a process secure that unerring certainty excluding all doubt which is necessary if man is to be held responsible for the teachings of the gospel? Or how can liberty of intellect be saved in receiving revelation under a system which puts the mind at the mercy of translators and interpretors of such revelation. To say the least, if there be such a revelation, then to assert reason is its judge, is a contradiction in terms, and is a cloak for covering the most abject servitude of mind. Reason has a right to examine the credentials of the messenger of revelation; and, being secured as to their authenticity and having accepted revelation, then may it create theology, the science of religion.

2. The fruit of such an illogical position has been too easily produced. Though Luther's system has received the sympathy of many and the support of the richest and most powerful countries, Protestantism has never been able to convert a single nation. It was

A Violent Shock,

in the sixteenth century, and before fifty years were gone its entire force was spent. I cite three well known and distinguished Protestant historians as witnesses to this statement. "The prodigious in-

crease of the Protestant party in Europe, after the middle of the century (the sixteenth), did not continue more than a few years. It was checked and fell back, not quite so rapidly and completely as it came on, but so as to leave the antagonist church in perfect security." And Macaulay, in his limpid style attests: "We think it a most remarkable fact that no Christain nation which did not adopt the principles of the reformation before the end of the sixteenth century should ever have adopted them. Catholic communities have since that time, become infidel and become Catholic again, but none has become Protestant." And the living author of "Rationalism," Mr. Lecky, says, without hesitation, that the commanding and controlling influences exercised by Protestantism during the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth century completely changed in the next century. He adds, "Of the many hundreds of great thinkers and writers in every department who have separated from the teachings and practices of Catholicism it would be difficult to name three men of real eminence and unquestionable sincerity, who have attached themselves permanently to any of the more conservative forms of Protestantism. Amid all those semi-religious revolutions which have unhinged the faith of thousands, and have so profoundly altered the relations of Catholicism and society, Protestant churches have made no advance and have exercised no perceptible influence.

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Of all the innumerable forms into which the spirit of dogmatism crystallized after the reformation, not one seems to have retained the power of attracting those beyond its borders. Whatever is lost by Catholicism is gained by rationalism; whenever the spirit of rationalism recedes the spirit of Catholicism then advances." Please remember these authors are Protestants, distinguished among their fellows for literary power and historical acumen. I may add that the

Output of Luther's System,

has been the creation of innumerable sects and of many self-made infallible Popes, who agree in one thing — hatred of the true church and of the one Pope. This private judgment has led men to reject, one by one, the doctrines of Christianity when they seemed to be in opposition to popular views or popular governments, and so thoughtful men are working out the problem to its sad end and landing irrationalism or agnosticism.

3. An attempt is made to justify Luther's position by reference to the corruption of Catholics at the time. The disciplinary decrees of the council of Trent show too sadly how fearfully reformation of manners was needed among large numbers of the clergy and laity. But let it be remembered the commandments are none the less of binding force though we break them. So was it in the sixteenth century. Men were taught truth and justice, but many followed it not. But the very fact that works like the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Spiritual Combat" were published about the period, is proof that the teaching was holy. Nay, the fruit of such teaching is manifested

in a very galaxy of saints of the same period. There are St. Ignatius, the founder of the glorious order of the Jesuits; St. Theresa, reformer of the Carmelites; St. Francis Xavier, the great converter of pagans; St. Joseph Calasanctius, the founder of the congregation of pious schools for elementary education; St. Frances Borgia, St. Thomas of Villanova; St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, and several other well known and distinguished heroes of sanctity and workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

4. Of Luther's own character and conduct I say nothing. Sufficient to recall that he of his own free will, at an age when he was quite competent to act with full knowledge of the cause, vowed himself to God, to follow the Gospel counsels of poverty, chastity, obedience. These he as deliberately broke. Had such a contract been made with man, and then broken, Luther would have been condemned as dishonorable and dishonest. But as it was with God, man forgives and would fain exalt the violator to a hero.

To the Catholic

Luther is a defaulter to God by the breach of solemn vows. The coarse scurrility, oftentimes blasphemous utterances which appear in his writings, are directed against the most sacred of Catholic truths, and bear evidence to the absence of everything to be expected in a messenger of truth and charity.

5. To attribute to Luther the intellectual movement of his time and its consequent development is as intelligent as it would be to attribute to the gentle hand which touches the spring when launching a mighty ironclad the invention of the machinery or the force producing the motion. Deep and bold thought had been actively growing in Europe. A mighty impulse had been given to the mind by the revival of the study of pagan classics and by the exciting interest of the great geographical discoveries. The very objections raised and answered by the theologians of the middle ages, too plainly show that rationalism was germinating. Those were the forces at work. Luther did but strike the spark and the conflagration rapidly spread, aided as it was by the general diffusion of printing. The doctrines of the church were the same then as now, but the conduct of many had grown lax and scandalous under the wealth acquired in the lapse of time. A false issue was raised, and Luther, instead of striving to reform manners, strove to deform doctrine. Nor can the oft-claimed honor of having put the Bible within the reach of the people be given to Luther. During the middle ages Latin was the mother tongue for all who were studying. Into Latin was the scripture translated in the fourth century, mainly by St. Jerome. When learning began to spread and the several countries of Europe were developing their national literature, the Bible, under the influence of the church, was published in Bohemian, Spanish, Italian, French and no less than five translations in German, before Luther was born, and twelve others before his own appeared. To construct, manifests power: to destroy, weakness; Luther destroyed, but did not construct.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8, 1883. T. J. CAPEL.

Effects of the "Lost Cause."

DEMORALIZATION is an appendix to all wars. For wars are abnormal, and abnormal effects must follow them. In the order and sequence of facts there is a stern logic. Wars have their origins in some real, or assumed political reasons; and as a rule the victors become more demoralized than the vanquished. War over, the social order is disturbed. A storm never begins suddenly, nor suddenly ceases. Agitations of men, of wars, of winds, are alike. They begin far away, and they end far away. They have no sudden stops. So, on both sides of the battle line, the social order became disorder. The emancipation of the slaves (a very Providence), the ravages of the war (sometimes necessary and just and fair, sometimes neither, and the effects of hate or malice), the destruction of property, the lack of money, and other causes flowing from these causes, destroyed all *caste* based on wealth in the South. It was a merciful destruction. Money lost its lofty meaning. Poverty lost its proscriptive meaning. The planter and the peasant become of one station,—save this,—that the planter had family traditions and memories of leisure and honor, but the peasant had also traditions of toil and honesty. Furthermore in the days of the Confederacy the richest and the poorest, clothed in the same gray, met together as equals. Their common cause equalized them, and made them brothers. Their defeat rivitted the bonds of their battle-brotherhood. Now, what was destroyed in the South, began to manifest itself in the North, — that is, *caste* based on wealth. What began then has continued since. Few men, and fewer nations, can stand the test of great prosperity. For, somehow, great wealth breeds great corruption. It is so striking a fact in history, that either in wealth itself, or in human nature, it must have its cause. This we tarry not to discuss. We see the fact. That is sufficient. Corruption, of course, has a moral meaning. For political and social corruption is both cause and effect of moral corruption. Mammon rules. The material predominates, religion decays, spirituality becomes a mere name, crimes increase, conscience decreases, and all along the reach and range of vices, from petty theft up, or down to murder, there is a marked augmentation of cases and criminals. The press becomes a teacher of evil. Crimes of all kinds are published in all their hideous details for the entertainment and amusement of countless readers. Sensationalism takes the place of common sense. Truthfulness yields to exaggeration; and honesty and honor become things that were. This condition of things

reaches down to even little children. Precocity usurps the place of simplicity. And twelve years of age possess the brains of an adult. Reverence for the ministry of each and every church declines. For religion, as a truth, is in eclipse. And religion, as a law of life, is practically ignored. Every care is taken of the body. None, of the soul. This life is everything. The next life, next to nothing. Hence church attendance, especially of men, diminishes. To be smart, shrewd, to make money in ways fair or foul, to eat, drink and make merry, to ridicule the serious; to sneer at the grave and solemn in life, to laugh at unseen things, become, almost, national characteristic traits. The picture is under-drawn. All knew it by observation. The very journals of the country paint these, the moral lineaments of the nation.

Meanwhile, as re-actionary movements against monopolies, we have strife and hate between capital and labor. Poverty curses wealth, and affluence despises poverty. Rich men form associations, practically to make the poor, poorer. For self-protection, laborers enter societies, some open, and other some oath-bound, all over the country, a resisting force to associated wealth. And so, the strife goes on, and the hatred deepens. Socialistic and communistic principles, or rather fallacies,—become the fashion of the passing hours. And they may become a fear or a force in the near future. The rich grow richer, the poor, poorer. It is abnormal and unnatural. When you set the oppressed poor to thinking, there is, and ought to be, danger. That thinking, at times, becomes lightning. Lightning scathes and destroys.

Twenty-four years ago there were fewer votes, but more virtue in this country. There was more high honor and integrity in the higher places, and more patriotism, North and South, in the lower places, than you find to-day. Moral decay, in the North, has followed its triumph over the South. Political decay, first; social decay, next, and moral decay last.

In the South, you find the contrary. Humiliation exalted them morally. It always does. It is a treasure of scripture. In the island of Goa there is a tree called "the tree of sorrow." Just after sunset, when the gray gathering shadows precede the deeper darkness, the tree begins to bloom; and far in the night it is covered with white, bright blossoms, which fade and fall to the ground at sun-down. So in the South, in the sunset of their cause, and in the dark of their defeat, began to bloom and blossom bright and beautiful natural virtues. For their souls are like their soil, rich, generous and fruitful. They became more religious. In their great resignations they leaned on God. Religion and only religion was their stay and comfort. It has

been so, ever since. Their religion is positive. They go to their respective churches; and while church attendance, since the war, has decreased in the North, it has increased in the South. This we know from many ministers of many denominations. For in the South, priests and ministers, are often on terms of intimate friendship. Hence, in the South, save in out-of-the-way country-places, there is no bigotry, and hence no prejudice. And it is quite remarkable how many onfederate officers and soldiers became ministers and Catholic priests.

As far as the Catholic church is concerned, while we lost a great many of the colored people and perhaps through our own fault, we gained to the church thousands of Southerners from every class, creed, and condition of society.

A. J. R.

The Modern Babylon.

THE *Liverpool Catholic Times* gives a fearful picture of the condition of the poor in London. It says:

"Poverty may be Christian; but the condition of the outcasts of great towns comes from the growth of artificial civilization. It has been said that civilization is the art of indulging selfishness by the aid of the best invention for personal ease; and, if this be true, it is obvious that civilization must be the opposite of the Christian ideal. Certain it is, that civilization has tended to the enrichment of the few who are fortunate, or who are "sharp"; while it has tended to the increased misery of those sections of the working classes who are dependent on the selfishness of employers. London, at the present day, presents the most superlative contrast of the rich and the poor classes of human beings which is to be found in the four quarters of the globe. It is not simply that there are more rich, more poor, in London than in any other great city, but that the rich are more rich, and the poor are more poor, than in Paris, Berlin, or New York. A pamphlet has been recently issued, by an anonymous writer — but at the suggestion of the "London Congregational Union" — which sets forth some of the aspects of this "most revolting fact in civilization," in colors which are the more striking because they are *not* painted. The colors are simply those of naked facts. The object of the pamphlet is not in the least degree sectarian, but is solely Christian, generous, and sympathetic. We notice the pamphlet because it is well to draw attention to what may be called the philosophy of civilization — a philosophy which, while boasting to be enlightened and even religious, has really produced a state of misery which is unpardonable.

"It would be revolting to reproduce the statistics which are given in the pamphlet we are noticing, and which is entitled "The Bitter

Cry of Outcast London;" it will be enough that we glance generally at a few of the worst evils that are enumerated with obvious exactness. First, it is shown that the very worst slums of London, the "homes" of the inexpressibly desolate poor, are about the best paying property in London; and for this reason, that certain speculators have bought up this class of property — which has been condemned as unfit for habitation — and let out tenements to the very poorest of the poor, at a profit of fifty or sixty per cent. Four, five, or six shillings a week are demanded for one room; because scores of "rookeries" having been pulled down as disgraceful, those that remain become more valuable to the speculators. To picture the results of such cruel selfishness — the results, moral, physical and sanitary — would be to describe a Purgatorio, which, if it could be seen at one glance, would probably drive a "civilized" person out of his mind. Incessant labor, for a rate of pay which is infinitesimal, is carried on in filthy hovels, amid such demoralizing surroundings that it is inconceivable how such unhappy people can work at all. Five persons have been known to sleep in one bed, in a room which was too small for even two persons. Disease, immorality, degradation, are the inevitable concomitants of such existence. Starvation, with all its consequent incitements, leads necessarily to the inception of crime. As the author of the pamphlet truly observes, a young thief can make more money in one day than an honest workman can earn in a fortnight. This is specially true in regard to women. Before a woman can earn ten shillings a week she must make more than a thousand matchboxes in a day; must provide her own fire for drying the boxes and the paste; or she must "finish" trousers at twopence-halfpenny per pair, to the number of about four dozen pairs. Such efforts are impracticable. So the young boys prefer thieving; and the young girls fall, in crowds, into a state of living which is degrading; but for which their landlords and their employers provide apology. The misery of the young children is past description. The desolation of the aged is not to be pictured. The young men and the young women, drunk with misery or despair, give their last penny for a glass of poisonous spirit, that they may at least enjoy one moment's sweet escape from the pangs of desolation or of hunger. There are ninety gin palaces immediately around one poor street, where the inhabitants are of the class of whom we speak. These glittering "homes," these satanical paradises, with their bright lamps and their invitations to oblivion, are simply irresistible to the victims of a misfortune which is created for them by landlords and employers.

"Born in wretchedness, cradled in immorality, with no playground but the gutter of a dark alley, tens of thousands of children are brought up to be outcasts, to profess the trade of mortal enmity to society. Their numbers increase every year. Within two minutes' walk of their Purgatorio are streets of stately houses or flourishing shops; while handsome churches and costly buildings for the "respectable" seem to mock them on the right hand and on the left. Meanwhile Parliament meets. Twenty nights are spent on discussing "foreign relations"; twenty more are spent on discussing public grants. Grave assemblages are held in the mansions of the West End, and a

good deal of fine talking is hazarded. Yet, not one gentleman in a thousand gives his mind to working practically for the wretched victims of want and of exaction. Some painful heading to an article in one of the London morning papers may attract the same sort of attention as a sensational novel; but for practical interest in such subjects, there is not enough to cause the nobleman to order his carriage and go and see for himself. The Nonconformist bodies probably interest themselves more earnestly than do the "respectable" church-going members of the Establishment. The Ritualist clergy, we know, are very diligent, and the Catholic clergy do their utmost. But no amount of individual or even collective intensity can suffice to master the tremendous difficulty of the question, "How is it possible to annihilate outcast misery?" The question must be national, must be Parliamentary. It must be argued without regard to national cost. If Parliament can make grants of many thousands of pounds for what are called public improvements, no improvement can be so urgent as the obliterating that huge class which fills the prisons when it cannot endure its home torture. The "Artisans' Dwellings Act" only supplied a few dwellings for such poor as are in a position to pay for them; it left the whole question of grinding landlords and grinding employers to the arena of debates on "rights of property." Have not the very poor their rights? Ought they not to be protected against exaction? The evil which is adding daily to the criminal classes, as well as demoralising the lower strata of society, is one which lies at the very roots of "civilization," in its natural as well as Christian senses. All countries must be interested in such disaster. The pulses of such a dreadful fever in London must be felt in many towns outside London. It is an atmosphere of corruption that degrades "society." Looking at the thing solely from even the London point of view, it is an instance, an example, of much worse than pagan selfishness; and a proof of the utter feebleness of the Executive. It is a proof also of the moral feebleness of the upper classes. It even shows their intellectual decadence. We read a great deal about the evils of drunkenness, but we read nothing of the best way to remove the incitements. We are told of the national expense for punishing crime, but are not told of the horrible cruelties and exactions which create more than half of the criminals. Few men become criminals without *some* excuse. In the poorest parts of London crime is the natural product of the bruta heedlessness of the classes who are in power, and of a system o torturing on the part of small speculators, who fatten on the agonie of outcasts."

LIFE is like a house, where in youth we may view a beautiful and ever-changing scene from every window on the basement story; gradually, however, time blocks up these windows, and in old age we are driven for the only light obtainable to the skylight, a little window that looks heavenward from the upper rooms. Alas! if the accumulated dust of years cannot be removed by enfeebled age, which is thus doomed to expire in gloom and sadness.

Father Tom Burke.

"*Defunctus adhuc loquitur.*" Ep. ad Heb. xi. 4.

ALAS! the magic tongue that moved and thrill'd
The souls of multitudes by the rhetor's art,
Is cold in death! No more the human heart
Shall by great Father Tom with love be filled
Of Ireland's Faith, — of Ireland's freedom too,
Of Stainless Mary's dignity and grace,
Of him who holds St. Peter's lofty place
To faith and sound traditions ever true.
But while the mourner sheds the bitter tear,
And while the pious prayer ascends on high
For Father Tom, shall all his labors die
From off the surface of this earthly sphere?
Oh! is it not our Mighty Father's will,
That dead, he speaks by faith and good works still.

OXFORD, N. J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

A True Ghost Story.

IN the year ——, a gentleman, apparently of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Dominick street. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Rathmines, and who on his death-bed particularly desired to be interred in the family vault at Westland-row.

The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord without hesitation signified his compliance.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity.

He stayed out late, but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual about twelve o'clock.

One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her!

The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unex-

pected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress.

Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre enveloped in a shroud, and with a face of death-like paleness made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bedroom without their having observed how it entered!

The worst of all was that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sank insensible by the side of the bed!

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar, for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror!

At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head and to steal a glance at the chair by the door, but behold, the ghost was gone!

Sober reason began to resume its power. The girl was brought back to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bedroom and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder.

Nor were their anticipations unfounded; the whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than a notorious rogue, who was taken and executed in Dublin afterwards.

The supposed corpse was this arch rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin and appeared to the maid in the kitchen.

When she flew upstairs he softly followed her, and, seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

SWITZERLAND can boast of giving birth not only to the future General of the Jesuits, Father Anderledy, but also to the actual General of the Redemptorists. The Catholic canton of Wallis, in which Father Anderledy was born (at Bergenberg, near Schlucht), is also proud of having given to Switzerland her only Cardinal, Cardinal Schinner. We believe that Father Anderledy, among his other varied acquirements, is a perfect master of some five or six European languages.

Our Young Folks.

CHARLEY'S VICTORY.

One bright Sunday morning, towards the beginning of winter, a goodly number of college boarders were assembled in the chapel to hold their monthly meeting in honor of the Sacred Heart. Among the members, on this day, was one whose name had but recently been entered on the list of candidates. Charley Adams was just turned fifteen; and any one who has had dealings with students knows that it is between the fourteenth and eighteenth years that a boy makes or unmakes his character. Many a little lad, whose waywardness had cost his professor countless acts of patience, suddenly turns about at this period, and takes the path that leads to noble manhood; and — alas that it should be so! — many a child, whose face had been the mirror of angelic innocence, finds himself, at the age of fifteen, turning aside into that "broad way that leadeth unto perdition."

And which path had Charley chosen? Neither, as yet. He was standing almost irresolute at the crossroad, urged, on the one hand, by God's grace, and on the other, rudely impelled by the forces of developing passions. Charley was of a high temper, and many a bright day had been clouded to him by some strong ebullition of passion, produced by a real or fancied insult. If it be true, as spiritual writers tell us, that great sensitiveness characterizes the saints, then, surely, had Charley Adams the making of a great servant of God.

But now he was sitting in the chapel, feeling almost unconsciously that the grand light of a new life was shining upon his soul It was the light of meekness, the light of love; that light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world, — the burning Heart of Jesus. He listened with intense interest to the words of the eloquent priest, who spoke of the unalterable meekness of the Divine Heart. But he was especially impressed when the Father spoke of the blow Jesus had received from the servant of the high-priest. So feelingly did the speaker express himself, that Charley seemed to behold Jesus turning His mild but saddened eye, and requesting the servant to give testimony of the evil, if evil He had spoken.

The services were concluded with Benediction. Charley left the chapel with a new and noble purpose in his breast. Oftentimes he had bewailed his sensitiveness; but now he looked upon it as a precious gift. And Charley was determined to imitate the meekness of our Lord. That day (though he little knew it) was to afford his resolve a terrible test.

At six o'clock of that evening all the boys were assembled in studies. Charley passed the hour in hard work, and when the bell rang for recess he hurried to the yard, and made straight for the gymnasium. The twilight was fast merging into darkness, and it was difficult to make out the faces of his companions at any distance. He had begun swinging up and down on the parallel bars, when another student,

Mason by name, came up and began exercising at the other end. This boy had lately come to the school, and was of a surly, disagreeable temper. He and Charley had passed many a bitter word, and Mason, who was slow to forgive, was anxious, as boys say, "to have it out." Unconscious that any one was behind him, Charley made a long jump backward, alighting on the muscles of his arm. Unfortunately, in so doing, he gave Mason a sharp kick on the shin.

"You done that a-purpose," sputtered out Mason, with more force than grammer. "I'll teach you something;" saying which he advanced upon Charley and dealt him a sharp blow in the face. In a moment, Charley, his countenance flushed with anger, rushed at his opponent, caught him by the throat, and was about to inflict summary vengeance, when the memory of our Lord struck by the servant flashed before him. Almost involuntarily he relaxed his grasp, and immediately his released aggressor began an impromptu war-dance about his person, inviting him to "come on." By this time quite a number of boys had gathered around, and were not a little surprised to find Charley, the pluckiest boy in the school, defied by a mere "new comer."

"Mason," said Charley, mastering himself with an effort, "I kicked you by accident; I didn't mean it. Will that satisfy you?"

"Then, you don't want to fight?"

"No; I'll not fight now, nor at any other time."

"Then, just let me tell you this — you're a low coward!"

"Go for him, Charley," whispered a pugilistic youth; you can get away with him easily."

Charley's lips trembled. To be called a coward and in public! But grace was strong in him, and, in a voice trembling with agitation, he answered: "In good time, Mason, I hope you may find that I am *not* a coward." Saying this he walked away, and hastened to the chapel. Here in the dim light that the lamp of the sanctuary cast, he prayed long and fervently. Tears of bitterness rushed from his eyes; for his struggle had been no ordinary one. But the Heart that beat so lovingly in the tabernacle went out to him; a holy peace took possession of his soul, and he felt, at length, that joy of the heart which not all the riches of the world can give or take.

In the mean time, there was great excitement in the yard. Knots of boys were scattered here and there, reviewing the situation. Some of the smaller and wilder students dubbed Adams as a coward. Others were unable to account for his conduct. But those who had seen him at the instruction of the morning fully understood and appreciated his position. Norton, the oldest of the students, on seeing Charley come out of the chapel, advanced and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Good for you, old fellow!" he said. "If some of the boys call you coward, don't mind. You showed more heroism to-day in withholding your arm, than ever you did in using it."

The next day Charley had to put up with an amount of disagreeable innuendoes. But he bore them bravely. Mason, the while, went around among his "set," and described in glowing terms how he had "taken down that Adams."

That night there was a hard frost. On the following morning the ice was thick, and the President of the College kindly gave the boys a holiday for skating. About three miles from the school building there were several large ponds connected together, and called by common consent "The Lakes." Thither the boys repaired early in the morning, each one carrying a basket that contained his dinner. The general rendezvous was established at the lake nearest the College; but many skated to the furthest, which was about a mile higher up.

After dinner, Charley, who was an excellent skater, resolved to make a tour of discovery. The air was cool and bracing, and he set out alone at the top of his speed. He soon arrived at the highest lake, and, finding the ice there much smoother than any he had yet found, spent some hours on the glassy surface. The time seemed to keep speed with himself, so that on taking out his watch he found that the hour for returning to College had already expired. He was just starting to regain his companions, when he thought he heard a smothered cry as of some one in distress. He turned round quickly and hallooed with all his strength. Listening intently, he seemed to hear a still fainter cry borne upon the cold air. He made for the spot, which was near a thick grove of trees on the farther bank. Arriving there, he spied a small creek thoroughly frozen. He again shouted, and his doubts were cleared by hearing a feeble call for help, which seemed to proceed from some one farther up the creek. "It must be one of the boys in trouble," he thought, and immediately he glided along the crystal surface. On turning a bend, he perceived a boy lying flat on the bank, apparently helpless.

"Holloa! What's the trouble?" he exclaimed.

The reclining figure rose partially, and revealed the face of George Mason. A deep flush of shame tinged Mason's cheek as he saw his injured schoolmate at his side. Charley, breathing a prayer of thanks to the Sacred Heart that he now had an opportunity of returning good for evil, smiled kindly, and said: "What's the trouble, George?"

That word "*George*" was a speech in itself. Hitherto Charley had known him as Mason, and the poor fellow felt the sweetness of a kind word thrilling him.

"O Charley!" he cried, "God be thanked that you have come! I sprained my ankle, aad had just strength enough to get off the ice and throw myself on the cold ground. I have been lying here for two hours, and am almost frozen."

"Poor fellow!" said Charley, in a tone of such feeling that George never forgot it; "I'll build a fire immediately, and when you are well warmed up, we'll start for home. In the mean time you must wrap yourself well. I am warm, and don't need my overcoat."

Saying this, he took it off.

"Oh, don't, Charley," said George; "you are too good to me. So kind to *me!*"

"Yes, but I will, George. I'm your doctor now and you must obey." And Charley, with the tender hand of a mother, gently wrapped up the poor, benumbed boy in his coat. "Now for a fire!" And, suiting the action to the word, he quickly gathered some dead

leaves and dry fagots. George gazed at him with intense shame, wonder, and gratitude, and, as Charley applied a match to the leaves began to sob convulsively, "Why, what's the matter, George? Are you in pain?"

"O Charley, I have been so unkind to you! Will you forgive me?

"With all my heart, George. I have forgiven you long ago. You have, instead of hurting me, done me a great benefit."

"How so?" asked George, as our young disciple of the Sacred Heart kindly drew him nearer the fire. Charley related, in a few simple words, why he had refused to fight. George listened with growing astonishment and admiration. "Ah!" he exclaimed at the conclusion, "*you* were the hero: *I* was the coward. But you must forgive me, Charley, and I will turn over a new leaf. I have been brought up among rude boys, and"—here his voice faltered—"I never knew what it was to have a mother."

It was now Charley's turn to be astonished. Never had a mother! Oh, what depths of sorrow are in these words! Think, dear boys, what you might have been, if there were no good, loving mother at your side to help you up the rugged steeps of life. "What should I have been!" thought Charley; and his heart warmed towards the poor orphan.

An hour passed on, and with it a conversation that will be sacred. Then thoroughly warmed, George essayed to walk; but it was a difficult task. His former enemy, now his fast friend, was obliged to support him on one side. In this manner they slowly made their way, in the gathering darkness, towards the College. And what a change had come over George! The rough, rude boy had become a simple, heartfelt penitent. And the change was permanent. A few days later, George and Charley were known as Damon and Pythias.

Every vacation, George goes home with his friend Charley, and Mrs. Adams, who knows the whole story, is a mother to a reclaimed boy. It may be added, in conclusion, that among the many students whose names are inscribed on the roll of the members of the Sacred Heart Association, none are more devout, none more amiable, than George Mason and Charley Adams.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

COULDN'T BE BOUGHT.

JOHN BAILY was hurrying home from school when Mr. Giles hailed him. Mr. Giles was the proprietor of a sort of a store and saloon combined. He kept a stock of groceries and flour and a few other articles, and besides he kept beer on draught; and this last was of course the most profitable part of his business.

John stopped and turned back at Mr. Giles' call, and stood waiting.

"How would you like a chance to earn some money nights and mornings?"

"First-rate."

"I thought so. Well, I need a boy to help me in the store, especially evenings, and I thought I'd give you the chance. You see,

there are a good many coming in after working-hours for their beer, and serving them with weighing up the groceries is most too much for one to do, as I thought if we could agree on a price I'd like you to come in and help. You are a likely sort of a boy, I guess."

John's thoughts had gone speedily forward, and taken in a new coat for himself, a dress for mother, and no end of books and papers to be bought with money he should earn; but his hopes sank as rapidly as they had risen. He had not thought of the beer.

"I don't think that I could come," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Giles in surprise. "I thought you would jump at the chance."

"So I did, at first; but come to think of it, I couldn't."

"But why?" and as Mr. Giles insisted upon an answer, John said: "I can't help you because I don't want to betray the cause which I am pledged to fight for."

"Cause? Pledged to fight for? What do you mean?"

"I mean the temperance cause. I can't sell beer, Mr. Giles."

"Oh, that is it. Well, John, I won't ask you to sell beer; you may confine your work to the grocery department."

"I don't think that would do either," replied John. "It would look bad, anyway, and hurt the cause. I guess I can't come at all."

But Mr. Giles persisted. "I will pay you well," he said; and finally as John became more decided in his refusal to entertain his proposal he offered him large wages, and John growing desperate, said, "Mr. Giles, I am not worth much, but I am not for sale, what there is of me," and with that he said good afternoon and hurried home to tell his mother the story of his interview, and get her approval; for he was sure she would approve.

When he had told her, she said, "John, you make me think of General Reed."

"Who was General Reed," asked John, who was not very well up in history.

"He was an officer in the American army during the Revolutionary War. It was during the winter of 1777–78, the very gloomiest period of the war. The soldiers were suffering great privations and many were getting discouraged. The English people were proposing measures of settlement of the difficulties; but the brave general who was at the head of the army had faith in the success of the cause, and would listen to no terms of peace which did not include an acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies. Then bribery was tried, and General Reed was offered a large sum of money if he would use his influence to bring about an adjustment of matters between the two countries. His reply to the proposition was: 'I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the king of England has not money enough to buy me.'" And Mrs. Baily smiled encouragingly upon her earnest-faced boy whose dark eyes kindled with true patriot fervor, as she added: "I hope, John, you will always be loyal to the cause, and that there will never be money enough in all the world to buy you. Your name may not go into history alongside the patriot of 1777, but truth and loyalty are worth more than a name in history."

FAYE HUNTINGTON, IN *The Pansy*.

RICHER THAN THE RICHEST.

"I WISH, mamma," said Ella Harrison, "that we were rich, like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it. If we were only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet-looking, middle-aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room with her youngest child, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little fellow of four years asleep upon her lap, looked up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said, "are at this very moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their desires cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have! Don't you think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume that you are about to point out to me the Smiths, who are the wealthiest, and still the most miserable of all our acquaintances. But, really, my dear mother, if we were rich, don't you think that we should be happy?"

"I am very rich and very happy, too," said Mrs. H. with a self satisfied air. "I know of none in this world with whom I would exchange places"

Ella dropped her crochet work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"We rich;" she exclaimed. "Why, how do you make that out? Wouldn't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?"

"No: I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. Harrison. "If I did I should have to resign you and Nelly and your dear father and my brave little Tommy, who is sleeping so sweetly here in my lap."

"Oh, I did not mean that at all," said Ella; "I did not mean that you, individually, should make the exchange. I mean that the whole family should share it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs. H. "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich. I am rich in my health, rich in my husband, rich in my children, and rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable; I am rich in mental wealth, for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder, and peep with breaths of incense through the windows rich in the golden sunshine, rich in nature, rich in the calm thoughts which

visit all, who with thankful, contented hearts look upwards and say with the poet:

"Praise to our Father God.
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand doth give,
And what it takes away."

"But, if we had more," said Ella, "you would have more to be thankful for."

"I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the backwoods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's valuable work — those who have little or nothing which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters."

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

WOMEN who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor — very few people like the taste of liquor, they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with the public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Believe, if possible, that with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

"AUNTIE, have you seen the money-box George gave me last Christmas?" "No, Willie; but I suppose it's one of those you can't get the money out of." "I don't know, auntie, because you see I haven't been able to get any money into it," was the suggestive reply.

Useful Knowledge.

PAINS in the side are most promptly relieved by the application of mustard.

TO cure sneezing, plug the nostrils with cotton or wool. The effect is instantaneous.

STOVES may be kept looking nice for some time by rubbing them thoroughly with a newspaper every morning.

OLD boots may be nicely cleaned with a mixture of oil and ink; the oil softens the leather, and the ink blackens it.

A LITTLE glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore the stiffness and lustre to crape, and make it look like new.

TO wipe the dust from papered walls, take a clean, soft piece of flannel. Of course, it must not be damp, but the dry flannel will remove the dust.

IF an artery is severed, tie a small cord or handkerchief tightly about it until a physician arrives. Broken limbs should be placed in a natural position and the patient kept quiet until help arrives.

SIXTY public men and several doctors in St. Louis have been questioned by a reporter as to the benefits of hot water as a morning drink before breakfast. All agree that, as a rule, it is excellent for a disordered stomach resulting from excess in eating or drinking.

HOW TO KEEP THE BABY NEAT.—Children who are learning to creep may be improved in appearance if over the white dress is put a little colored skirt, with straps for the arms to be slipped through; make these of the prettiest pink or blue ginghams—not the checked goods, but plain.

TRY this for some Friday dinner: Pick one teacupful of codfish, let it soak in luke-warm water while you mix two cups of cold mashed potatoes with one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a good-sized lump of butter, and pepper and salt, if it is necessary; then add the codfish, mix all well; then bake in a buttered pudding dish, for twenty-five minutes or half an hour; serve hot.

OFTEN from the slices of mutton chop a good deal of fat is cut off and is thrown away; this should never be done. Put it in a frying pan and "try it out"; pour off the clear fat, and put in a tin cup or basin, and you have a nice little cake of mutton tallow that can be used for most of the bruises and hurts of the children. There is nothing more healing for chapped lips and hands.

LAYING THE TABLE.—A tastefully laid table, whether it be for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, enhances the enjoyment of the meal about to be partaken of. Spotless table linen, shining glass and china, and gleaming silver, every little requisite in its proper place, lend an air of grace and refinement to the humblest board.

TREAT flesh wounds in the following manner: Close the lips of the wound with the hand; hold them firmly together to cheek the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken, and bandages applied; then bathe the wound a loug time in cold water. Should it be painful, take a panful of burning coals, and sprinkle upon them a handful of brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke.

WARM BATHS FOR CHILDREN.—A physician, in a very sensible article upon bathing, says, "For the wind in the stomach children are thought to have, for their tiresome crying and for the restlessness and worrying at night with which they are afflicted, if the warm bath were resorted to oftener, and the dosing of soothing sirups and worse nostrums less, it would be better for the children."

HOW TO SERVE POTATOES.—a great deal of ignorance is often shown by excellent housekeepers in putting potatoes on the table. The usual practice of bringing them up in a porcelain or deep dish, with a close-fitting cover, would utterly destroy the best potatoes in ten minutes, however carefully cooked. They should be placed in a wooden dish, or served in a porcelain dish with towels above and below to absorb the moisture.

MOTHERS of growing girls cannot be too stringent in their adherence to simplicity of dress for their daughters. Besides, the advantages to the children, the mothers need the time for their own development. One ruffle is enough on a dress. Let the tucks and furbelows go. Put a clean gingham apron on "Annie" or "Nellie," with, perhaps, a white dress for Sundays. Read a good book. Grow and improve, and thank the good God for His gifts. "Man was not made the slave of man to toil," and neither were women made to be slaves to fancy cooking and overtucked finery.

GRAFTING is done in the following manner: for instance, we will take a "blue" and an "early rose." Supposing we want a potato from the two, we cut all eyes out of the "blue," then we cut an eye out of the "early rose" and insert it in one of the eye holes of the "blue." We then go over it with grafting wax (same as in tree grafting), the "blue" is planted whole, and as described, the potatoes produced will be half "blue" and half "early rose." The grafted potato, when planted, produces itself.

The Humorist.

LONGFELLOW said: "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.

A YOUNG lady, on leaving a concert recently, expressed her delight with the excellent music, and said she was particularly pleased with "that piece from the Twelfth Mass chusetts," meaning Mozart's "Twelfth Mass."

A YOUNG lady in a Philadelphia seminary was heard to say that the hot weather made her "sweat." On of he teachers, a lady of the old school, reproved her in these words: "My dear, bear in mind that horses sweat, men perspire, and young ladies get in a glow."

A GENTLEMAN, for what he called a lark, advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *carte de visite*.

A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms :—

"SIR—I d not enclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

SOME gentlemen dining at a *table d'hote*, the conversation turned upon oysters, which several of the company contended showed a sagacity that argued that they must have brains. A man who had taken an unduly prominent part in the conversation, to the annoyance of an elder y gentleman, his neighbor, turned to the latter and said :—

"Do you believe that oysters have brains?"

"Certainly I do, sir," was the prompt and pointed reply, "since they know when to shut up."

ONCE upon a time a woman died, and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave they tripped against the stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been in a deep trance.

Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road, and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed—

"Steady, boys, steady; be very careful."

RUSKIN ON LOVE.—Mr. Ruskin says modern courtship consists in "a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, limelight—and anything but daylight—indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses [when] in snatched moments, in hidden corners, and in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances ung people smirk, and ogle and whisper, imper and sneak, and stumble and fumble, and blunder into what ve."

author has translated Shake- "Out, brief candle!" into French, thus: "Get out, short candle!" That is not as bad as the translation of Milton's by a Frenchman, who rendered "Hail, Horrors, hail!" thus: "How d'ye do, Horrors, how d'ye do?"

A CELEBRATED comedian arranged with his greengrocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the greengrocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the greengrocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said, "I ay, 'here's a pretty *mul*, Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry, but you needn't look so *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw* Berry, and shan't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry."

As an example of meaningless phraseology, take the following anecdote of O'Connell. In addressing a jury, and having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, he stopped for a word, and then added, "This aufrageous ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he "thought it sounded well." By this admission we are reminded of a certain critic who charged a flowery orator with using "mixed metamorphosis"; and of an afflicted widower who recorded on the tombstone of his deceased wife that here lay the "meretricious mother of fourteen children."

"I KNOW it's pretty hot here," said a Milton storekeeper. "But I am going down to the beach where my wife is, to stay over Sunday, and it's scold enough there."

HOW he got his title. "Has the Colonel been around this morning?" inquired a guest at a summer hotel. "Colonel—what colonel?" asked the porter. "Why, the boss—the man who runs the hotel." "That's nonsense; he had so many corns one year that some one called him "kernel" in fun; but he ain't no colonel."

A MOUSE ranging about a brewery, happening to fall in a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and applied to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, "it is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse piteously replied that it would be far better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out. "Did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah," replied the mouse, "I did, but I *was in liquor at the time*."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, president of the Board of Trade, in a speech at Wolverhampton, England, said: "The members of the government are firmly united. All are pursuing the same general object, and all are animated with equal loyalty to the great chief. It is the bounden duty of the Liberal party to do its utmost to remove just causes of discontent and disaffection in Ireland. It must no longer tolerate such a shame, fraud and transparent imposture as the present Irish parliamentary representation system, where one in twenty-five has a vote. The perpetuation of this injustice would justify disaffection, give the leaders of the Irish party the strongest arguments for a separation, as showing that it was impossible to obtain justice from the British Parliament, and give fresh vigor to the agitation which it is our intention to allay."

THE PARLIAMENTARY PARTY. — The extremely interesting article in our Magazine of this month appeared originally in the *Manhattan Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, published in New York.

GOETHE AND LUTHER. — A correspondent of the *London Weekly Register* writes to that paper: Sir, *Apropos* of the couplet—

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long,"

attributed to Luther by Herr Meyer, and the many other things now being published which show the great heresiarch in his true character, may I quote four lines from Goethe's *Faust?* Written by a German Protestant, and put upon the lips of Protestant Germans, they show the tradition which has come down among Luther's co-religionists; and that those of them who "live hard" look upon him as one of themselves. Brander, one of the "set of merry companions" who are fuddling themselves in a cellar at Leipzig, and to whom Mephistopheles introduces Faust, thus begins a song (I quote from Dr. Anster's translation): —

"Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smoother;
He dined on butter, supped on fat,
And looked like Dr. Luther."

THE WAY TO PREVENT DIVORCES — Convert the people to Catholicity.

THE CATHOLIC HERALD, published at Lawrence, Mass., for some years past, has been removed to Boston, the great center of Catholic thought and progress. This makes the third paper devoted to the Irish people in this city — *The Pilot*, *The Republic*, and *The Herald*. *The Herald* has been typographically improved and the paper and make-up generally is excellent. Our old friend, Peter McCorry, Esq., is still at the helm. We notice he is paying his respects to some of our city daily papers who plunge into deep waters, and publish statements about the Church that a school-boy would be ashamed of. D. O'Loughlin, 628 and 630 Washington Street, is the publisher.

WE wish all our patrons a joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year. "May they live long and die happy."

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES assembled at Washington on the 4th of December.

O'DONNELL, the slayer of Carey, has been convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. An effort is being made, through the intervention of the United States Government, to grant a reprieve.

THE PRESS. — At the beginning of the new year, we would be wanting in gratitude did we not return our sincere thanks to the Catholic press of the country and in Europe, for the uniform kindness extended to our Magazine. We had no experience as a magazine editor when we commenced our publication, but our faults have been overlooked by our contemporaries. May prosperity attend all of them the coming year.

The daily press of the country have been no less kind in their criticisms, for which we return our sincere thanks.

AT THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION in Dublin the Parnellites gained eight seats.

PARNELL TESTIMONIAL.

REV. THOMAS J. CONATY, Treasurer of the Parnell Testimonial Fund of America, has closed his account, and has cabled to Dublin that the steamer Britannica, from New York on the 1st of December, would carry a draft for £3,609 8s. 8d., or $17,517.38, the total amount received. There was no expense for clerical labor, Father Conaty doing all that himself, and the other expenses were covered by the private subscriptions of a few individuals and the interest of the money as it was received. The full report has been issued in pamphlet form.

Father Conaty says: — "The National League of America, springing into existence at the Philadelphia Convention, as the successor of the Land League, whose noble mission was gloriously ended, proudly proclaimed itself the echo and auxiliary of the people at home, participating in their struggles and sharing in their triumphs. When, therefore, Ireland in a moment of intense gratitude proposed a national tribute to the great leader, as an answer to the calumnies grossly heaped upon him, Ireland in America felt her heart throb with the same generous impulse. Accordingly, a "testimonial fund" was originated, and June 5, 1883, an appeal signed by all the officers of the National League and some of the prominent Irish-American citizens of the country was issued, and Rev. Thomas J. Conaty of Worcester, Mass., was selected as treasurer.

"Contributions have poured in from league branches and from individuals until the roll of honor bears the name of nearly every State of our vast Union, and the fund comprises the grateful mite of thousands.

"Ireland has closed her lists, and America obeys the same order. Side by side they have struggled, and when the day of gratitude dawns, December 10, side by side they will be found, doing honor to the second liberator, who in the face of calumny and hatred has never failed to stand for the people's rights; ever demanding deliverance from all forms of tyranny. With a united race, battling for liberty by legal measures, may he see the day when in their own Parliament, on College Green, Irishmen may legislate for Ireland; and our motherland, out of the night of oppression may rise into freedom, so that America may hail her as sisterland of the free."

Total amount received from all sources, and transmitted to A. Webb, treasurer, Dublin, Ireland, $17,517.38. In pounds sterling, £3,609 10*s.* 8*d.* Massachusetts stands fourth on the list.

The bill of exchange was drawn by PATRICK DONAHOE, upon the National Bank of Ireland, of which he is the Boston Agent.

We congratulate Rev. Father Conaty upon the success of the collection. We are sure the reception of the munificent sum in Ireland will stimulate the friends of the cause at home and abroad to greater efforts to achieve the rights of down-trodden Ireland.

SOME thirty thousand children are living on canal boats in England.

TRIED a second time in Dublin for the murder of John Kenny, the jury on the first occasion having disagreed, Joseph Poole was found guilty, and sentenced to death. The prisoner, in the course of a singular speech, protested that he was entirely innocent of complicity in the crime imputed to him.

INDIAN GIRLS.—We learn from the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee, Wis., that twenty-five Indian girls are to be placed by the government at the industrial school of the House of the Good Shepherd in that city.

For a few weeks past negotiations have been going on between the Government authorities of the Indian Bureau at Washington and Mother St. Bernard, of the House of the Good Shepherd, for the purpose of taking twenty-five Indian girls and giving them an industrial education. The matter has been settled, and Mother St. Bernard will start in a few days for the White Earth Indian Reservation, at Minnesota, and select the girls, whose ages will range from 14 to 20 years. Should she fail to get the twenty-five there, she has the privilege to fill the number from the Bayfield reservation in Wisconsin. The arrangements with the Government are, that the girls will be placed at the school and their support paid for by it at the rate of $167 each per year, for three years. They are to receive an English education, besides being instructed in cooking, sewing and other domestic arts. We have no doubt but the Sisters of the House will so thoroughly look after their education, in every particular, that each and every one of them will graduate a "Model Woman"—fully up to Mgr. Capel's ideal.—*Milwaukee Citizen.*

THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION, says a Paris correspondent, has not attracted much attention in France, for the Reformed Church here looks up to Calvin as its founder. The "Confession of Augsburg" is but a fragment since the severance of Alsace, and only one or two of the Republican newspapers comment on the German celebration. The Catholic papers have, of course, a few words to say on the subject, and the *Univers* remarks that Germany is celebrating her own shame by honoring the direct or indirect author of numberless massacres, and that could she exhume the bones of those who have lost their lives through this pernicious man and his doctrines, they would cover her entire surface. It reproaches Luther with denying free will, and the efficacy of good works, and holds him responsible for the Thirty Years' War.

LONDON AND MELBOURNE are not very far off when the telegraphic cable is in order and promptly used. The Agent General of Victoria, in London, received a telegram from his Government, the other day, which had been dispatched from Melbourne at six o'clock in the evening. By nine the next morning his reply had reached the capital of Victoria, the time occupied in transmitting the two messages having been just fifteen hours. Thirty years ago the average time for a dispatch reaching Australia and getting a reply back was eight months, and this was considered quick work.

A JUST PUNISHMENT.—The following incident is related in the *Provincia di Forli.* Signor Bondi, a member of the Mazzini Circle, to demonstrate his disrespect for religion, fired a rifle at San Martino, against one of these votive images of Our Lady which are frequently seen in Italian towns, placed in a niche in the walls of the houses. The rifle burst and wounded his arm so badly that he was obliged to have it amputated. The journal adds that "the misfortune which has happened to Signor Bondi has grieved all men of heart."

JAPAN.—According to the census taken on January 1st, 1883, it appears that the total population of the country at the date was 36,700,100, which is somewhat in excess of that of the British Isles. The men, who are reckoned at 18,598,998, slightly outnumber the women, of whom there are 18,101,112. The number of inhabited houses is 7,611,750, so that there is an average of five dwellers in each house. From the following list it will be seen that in point of large cities, Japan is far beyond our European countries; the inhabitants of the five largest being returned as follows:

Osaka	1,772,333
Hiogo	1,418,521
Nagasaki	1,204,629
Tokio (the capital)	987,887
Kioto	835,215

In comparison with the population, the army is not large according to modern European ideas, as it numbers but 120,000 men.

THE American Minister, General Foote, furnishes the authorities at Washington with some interesting facts concerning the "hermit nation" of Corea. This curious land has 11,000,000 inhabitants and 1,700,000 houses. Since 1836 the country has been tributary to China. Education is well developed in private schools, though there is no public system of instruction, but all the inhabitants can read and write well. The holding of land which is under the control of the Government, is dependent upon the payment of the land tax. The only coin is a copper one, of which coins no less than 525 are required to make up the value of one dollar. Yet there are abundant mines of gold, silver, copper and iron. Corn grows abundantly in the north; and in the south, rice, cotton, tobacco, hemp and the silk-worm are cultivated. The army is set down at the extraordinary figure of 1,300,000 men!

THERE was a mistake made in our last in saying that the article on "Miracles" would be concluded in our next (this) issue.

GODLESS SCHOOLS. — What the future generation may come to be, when the name of God is removed from the school and from the mind of the child, has been shown at a banquet given a few nights ago in Reggio d'Emilia. There the name of Satan was cheered as the worthy inspirer of the deeds which these Radicals gloried in. The occasion was used as a protest on the part of the Radicals, against the sentence by which the correctional tribunal of Reggio had condemned the disturbers of a procession in honor of Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary. During this banquet of protestation, the speakers delivered the most virulent invectives against the "clericals," and at the conclusion of the banquet, the feasters arose to do honor to the toast of Satan, proposed by the chairman of the meeting. The removal of the name of God from the school-books, and the idea of God from the minds of the children, is likely to aid in a worship of Satan.

HE CAME FROM THE NORTH OF IRELAND.— During the late heavy gale, a carpenter employed on a house was blown off the staging and alighted on his feet on the sidewalk in close proximity to a merchant who was going home to his supper. The merchant was considerably agitated on account of the sudden appearance of what he took to be a visitor from another world, and, turning to Patrick, he said: "Where in the name of all that is blank and dashed did you come from?" Straightening himself up and doffing his hat with the true Celtic politeness, Patrick replied: "From the north of Ireland, sir."

A MOVEMENT WORTHY OF IMITATION.— The *Catholic Columbian* speaks of a movement lately inaugurated in Germany that will, if carried out, prove one of the most potent auxillaries in advancing the cause of religion, and removing the stigma of ignorance from the masses. It is proposed to form in every town and district of the empire an association for the encouragement of Catholic literature, and for the purpose of sustaining the Catholic press by such substantial assistance as will enable it to fight against error and promulgate the saving truths of religion more effectually by bringing them home to the individual. The means by which all this is to be effected are exceedingly simple, and cannot but work advantageously to the accomplishment of the end in view. They are substantially as follows: The members of the association pledge themselves individually to subscribe for at least one Catholic paper, and to use their personal influence to induce others to do the same. Furthermore, they bind themselves to patronize only such hotels when travelling as have Catholic papers on file in their reading rooms. The effect of this movement will certainly prove highly advantageous to the Catholic press of the country, and will tend mightily to the advancement of the Catholic cause by arousing apathetic members to a sense of self respect and devotion to the church that will redound to their glory and standing. We hope to see the undertaking prosper. It is badly needed, for if Catholic Germans ever stood in need of a representative press, it is at this present moment, when, deprived of pastors, they are exposed to the manifold and destructive influences of indifference and neglect. A similar movement in this country would be well in place. Let the ball be started and kept rolling until indifference is crushed out of existence, and conscience takes the place of worldly interest in every Catholic family in the land.

THE CHURCH.— The *N. Y. Herald*, in an elaborate and thoughtful article on Luther, thus sums up the bill of damages done to the Church by the great "reformer:" "That his work was wholly injurious to the parent Church, cannot be claimed by any fair minded and intelligent Protestant. Divine though the origin of churches may be, the agencies employed are all human, and humanity never does so well as when subjected continually to competition and criticism. The splendid vitality of the Catholic Church has been demonstrated nowhere else as significantly as in Germany, where in spite of the teachings and traditions of Luther and the political policy of Bismarck, the Church against which Luther strove, to-day challenges competition with itself in any other land in point of energy, spirituality, intelligence and the high average character of the individuals and communities which it controls."

ONE TWELFTH of the inhabitants of Berlin are Catholics — in round numbers 100,000 — and the ten churches are filled every Sunday for the different services. Of more than 1,000,000 Protestant inhabitants only 4,000 are church-goers.

LOOMING UP!— Here is another Irishman turning up in a most unlooked-for quarter. We have recently had O'Donnell in Spain, McMahon in France, Lynch commanding the fleets of Chili, Morosi (Morrissey) leading the Basutos against the English troops, Edmond O'Donovan created a general by the Khan of Mery, one McNamara at present the chief of a remnant of the Sioux Indians, and a whisper that a deserter named Redmond O'Daly is lording it as the possessor of a Hindoo Belgum and her countless millions. But what will Denis Kearney say when he hears that the chief officer of the Chinese forces on the frontier of Tonquin is Major-General Meany?

The *London Times* claims him as an Englishman. Who ever heard of a Saxon named Meany?

GATHERING THEM IN.—They had a peculiar Luther celebration at Vail, Iowa. Father Linehan received a Protestant minister and two other followers of Luther into the church. The minister is widely and favorably known throughout Iowa as Parson Adams. For many years he had charge of a church at Boston and other eastern cities. Until two months ago he was pastor of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Fort Dodge. This makes twelve converts the same priest has received into the Church during the last month.

THE LIMERICK ELECTION was a grand triumph for the National party. The Troy vote (473) was less than it has been at any previous contest since the commencement of the Home Rule movement, while the vote for Mr. McMahon (922) may well encourage the Nationalists, showing that they outnumber their opponents by nearly the ratio of two to one.

AT the close of the fifteenth century, there were sixty-five magnificent Catholic Universities in Europe; and yet some anti-Catholic writers still exist who persist in the assertion that the Catholic Church was and is the enemy of education.

THE LATE GIFTED WRITER, Dr. J. G. Holland, once stated in *Scribner's Monthly* that schools without religious instruction furnished "an education in stealing, in the betrayal of trusts, watering of stock, grain gambling, stock gambling, in the use of power without heart, without conscience, honor or patriotism."

IT is asserted that there is living at Soraci, in Bessarabia, a man named Savchook, who is more than 130 years old. A native of little Russia, he settled in Bessarabia at the time when that country was still under the Turks. His great grandson drew in the conscription of 1882; whilst his eldest son is eighty-seven years old, and appears more decrepit than his father, who is very hale and active.

ALTHOUGH LORD COLERIDGE did not extend his visit to Canada, he seems to have acquired a pretty accurate idea of our situation, according to the following extract from one of his many speeches, which we find in the Troy *Times*, N. Y It reads:—"Lord Coleridge, England's chief justice, says the Canadians are more American than English, and he looks for the day when they will be united to our country. England would be glad to get rid of them. They charge her a protective tariff, pay no taxes to her, and if she had a war it would be a long time before they would aid her. Canada is a load upon the British Empire, and the sooner she is thrown off the better for the kingdom."

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, in his message, disagrees with the postmaster-general on the subject of the drop-letter rate, and thinks this should be reduced to one cent.

RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, Master of the Rolls of Ireland, has been appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to fill the vacancy existing in that office since the death of Right Hon. Sir Hugh Law, in September. This promotion involves the elevation of the Attorney-General of Ireland to be master of the rolls, and of the solicitor-general to be attorney-general. Mr. Walker, Q. C., has been appointed solicitor-general.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE, in receiving addresses of welcome at Waterford, Ireland, said that, after what had been achieved during the last few years by the Irish party in Parliament, under their great leader, he had no doubt that, if the people persevered in their course, avoided crime and refused to allow themselves to be transported to Canada, a good deal would be achieved within a measurable period of time. The present generation, the Archbishop said, might yet live to see the old land clothed in the garb of freedom under the Irish flag.

LORD ROSSMORE'S commission as justice of the peace in county Monaghan has been suspended, owing to his action on the occasion of the Orange and League meeting at Rosslea, county Fermanagh, on October 16. He was charged with endangering the public peace by leading a procession of Orangemen in close proximity to the League meeting, despite the remonstrances of the magistrate and the police.

THE CELTIC RACE.—In the United States Senate this year there are two Irishmen—Senator Jones of Florida, and Fair, of Nevada. In the House of Representatives there are over thirty men actually born in Ireland, besides many more of Irish descent. Among

those born in Ireland are Foran, of Ohio; Kean, Ferrell and McAdoo, of New Jersey; Burns, Cosgrove, and O'Neill, of Missouri; Tully and Hanley, of California; Campbell, of Brooklyn; Murphy of Iowa; Collins and Davis, of Massachusetts; Lowery and Lamb, of Indiana; Connolly, Boyle, O'Neill, Kelley and Barr, of Pennsylvania; Finnerty and Cullen, of Illinois; McCormick, of Ohio; Cassidy, of Nevada; Clurdy of Missouri; Ryan, of Kansas, and Robinson of New York.

A PUBLIC DINNER and a cheque for some £30,000 is to be given to Mr. Parnell, in Dublin, on the 10th December, and his able young lieutenant, Mr. Healy, who successfully stormed the North, received at Wexford, on Sunday evening, the handsome gift of £600 from his former constituents. The Parnell testimonial amounts to $190.000.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS is divided into five great provinces. Italy and her islands contain 1,558 Jesuit fathers; Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium and the Netherlands have 2,165. France (including the French possessions) has the highest number, 2,798 Jesuits. Spain and Mexico have 1,933; England and the United States 1,895 disciples of Loyola. In 1882 there were in all 11,058 Jesuits—priests, professors and coadjutors. In 1770 the order counted 10,529 members; in 1880, 10,494, and in 1881, 10,798.

A VERMONT COLLEGE has introduced a novel idea. A set of weighing scales has been placed in the college boarding hall, and the student-boarders are to be weighed monthly. A record of their weight each month will be kept, in order to determine what effect the college diet has upon them. If this monthly weighing could be made to take the place of examinations, the students would probably be entirely happy.

SWAYNE'S PILLS — COMFORTING TO THE SICK. — Thousands die from neglect to properly treat impure blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart Disease, Dropsy, and Rhumatism. But to the debilitated, burdened with such serious sickness, we conscientiously recommend 'SWAYNE'S PILLS,' which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy. Sent by mail for 25 cents, box of 30 pills; 5 boxes, $1 (in stamps). Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists.

THE BETTER ELEMENT.— In one of his forcible speeches attacking the high-toned hypocrisy of the so-called "better element" in Massachusetts, Gov. Butler said: "I have obtained as many divorces as any man in Massachusetts, and while there are ninety laboring men and women out of every hundred to every ten of the better element, yet I have obtained ten divorces, for the better element, where I have obtained one for the dirty Irishman." [Applause.]

THE NAPOLEONS. — It is worth the while of the Catholic Christian to reflect upon the solemn declaration of the Almighty, propounded upon Mount Sinai: "I am the Lord, thy God, mighty and jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Behold a remarkable verification: Napoleon I. dead at St. Helena; Napoleon II. dead in youth at Schonbrunn; Napoleon III. dead at Chiselhurst; Napoleon IV. dead at Zululand; not one upon the throne, not one dying upon the soil of France.

THE IRISH LACE EXHIBITION. — We are not in a position to state to what extent exactly the manufacture of Irish lace has been promoted by the recent Exhibition of that material in London. At all events it may be assumed that some impetus has been given to that important industry, and, therefore, we may share in the congratulations which have been offered to the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress for the interest they took in the Exhibition, and the substantial support it received from them. The Executive Committee put their thanks to the Lady Mayoress in a very pretty and appropriate form. They asked her acceptance of a suite of Irish lace comprising two distinct specimens of the work of Irish peasantry. To the Lord Mayor they presented an album containing an illuminated address and the portraits and autographs of the Committee. The Lord Mayor in thanking the Committee for their handsome souvenir, said the result of their zeal and energy had been the holding of one of the prettiest exhibitions the public had ever witnessed, and he was pleased to find that after the payment of expenses there would be but a trifling call on the Gaurantee Fund.

THE ANGELUS BIRD. — In the forests of Guiana and Paraguay it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an *Angelus* bell when heard from a distance, The Spaniards call this singular bird the bellringer, though it might be still more appropriately designated as the *Angelus* bird, for, like the *Angelus* bell, it is heard three times a day — morning, noon, and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner that

the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be in the vicinity of a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird. The beauty of the *Angelus* bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the *Angelus* bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on his beautiful head; it is of conical shape and about four inches in length. Whenever the *Angelus* bird begins to discourse his sweet music, the monkeys protest like evil spirits, and rend the air with their shrill chattering as they scamper up the trees to escape from the unwelcome sound.— *Ave Marie.*

MGR. CAPEL was asked what struck him most forcibly in this country, and he replied, "the precociousness of children." He says that while in Baltimore the Archbishop took him to call on a lady. While making the visit a boy aged four years came in the room, and his mother said: "My son, speak to the Archbishop." He obeyed readily, and, holding out his hand, said: "How do, Arch?"

ORIGIN OF THE CORNET. — Those who have seen the Sisters of Charity in France and other foreign countries, must have noticed their wonderful headgear, respecting which a curious anecdote is told. The French King was sitting with Vincent de Paul near a window in Paris, when one of the sisters, bareheaded, passed along the street. "Vincent," said the King, "why not give your sisters a bonnet of some kind?" at the same time throwing towards her a napkin which happened to be in his hand. The napkin spread in falling and alighted on the lady's head, causing her to appear not unlike an animated caduceus. Such is said to be the origin of this strange looking cap.

THE PRINTED BOOKS of the Vatican Library number thirty thousand, and its manuscripts are considered the most valuable in the world. Among the treasures of the wonderful collection, is an exquisite, illuminated Hebrew Bible, for which the Jews of Venice offered its weight in gold.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.— In July, 1847, five Sisters of Notre Dame were sent over to this country. They established their first house in Baltimore. At the present time the Sisters have in America 153 mission houses and 1,431 members. The Sisters devote themselves entirely to the education of youth, conducting academies, parochial schools and orphan asylums. They have at present under their care 39,456 children in parochial schools, 3,142 pupils in academies, and 1,482 orphans. The well-known institution, Notre Dame of Maryland, is one of the principal academies of the order in America, and has a wide patronage throughout the States.

NOT only is Prussia arranging terms of peace with the Holy Father, but Portugal likewise is anxious to come once more into full obedience to the Vicar of Christ. Mgr. Vaunutelli, the new Nuncio to Lisbon, has the fullest powers to bring about this important result.

IMPERIAL FAMILY OF CHINA.—The young Emperor Kwang Sü has lately accomplished his fifteenth year. He is at present still engaged in his studies. An hour and a half a day are given to the Chinese language, and the same amount to Mandarian; whilst two hours are given to archery, riding, and in winter to skating. His masters on entering his presence have to kneel, but afterwards are allowed to rise. The same absurd ceremonial is observed, not only by his attendants, but even by his father and mother, when they visit him once a month. However, we are told that his eight personal attendants watch over him carefully at his solitary meals, and see that he does not commit gluttony. It is well for him that he was vaccinated when a baby and before his high destiny to the throne was known; for no iron or steel is allowed to touch the sacred person of a Celestial Emperor.

DEATH OF JAMES CHAMBERS. — In the death of James Chambers, which occurred in Liverpool on Oct. 19, an ardent member of the rank-and-file of Irish Nationalists has disappeared. Chambers, who was forty-four years of age, was a native of Thomastown, County Kilkenny, and a brother of Corporal Thomas Chambers, who is now a resident of St. Louis. The interment which took place on Sunday, Oct. 21st, in the Catholic Cemetery at Ford, brought together a large number of the deceased brother Nationalists.

THE Church of St. Joseph, Geneva, has been restored to Catholic worship, after having been in the hands of the Alt-Katholik Schismatics for seven years.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.— A shocking accident, causing the death of Brother O'Connell, of Loyola College, Baltimore, occurred at that institution on Nov. 17th. Brother O'Connell, who had been a lay member of the Society of Jesus for forty-eight years, was by trade a carpenter, and occasionally did some trifling

jobs of repairing around the college. A short time before the accident he ascended to the second story and began putting in a pane of of glass which had been broken. He leaned over the window sill, and, losing his balance fell to the court-yard below. A physician was summoned, but before his arrival Brother O'Connell was dead. He was seventy-five years of age, a native of Ireland, and had been an inmate of Loyola College over twenty years. He formerly resided at St. John's College, Philadelphia.

FOXHUNTING.— The palmy days of foxhunting in Ireland have passed away, with little hope, apparently, of their ever returning until such time as the landlord class and its followers learn to support the popular demand for the concession of the people's rights. The public spirit which has met the hunting fraternity in pursuit of their favorite sport during the past few years, is still vigorous in every part of the country. In our last issue we instanced a notice, signed by over 170 farmers of Kilkenny, which had been served on the master of the Currughmore hunt, informing him that no hunting over the lands of those who signed the notice wonld be permitted. At the Cork meetings which have been dispersed by the police, a number of banners bore inscriptions condemning foxhunters, and at the large demonstration held on Sunday, November 4, at Killimore-Daly, in the county Galway, a resolution was passed unanimously pledging those present, and calling on every farmer who was absent, to prevent the Galway landlords from hunting over any of the farms of the country.

PINS.—It is estimated that no less than 50,000,000 pins are daily manufactured in England and Dublin, and out of this number 37,000,000 are produced in Birmingham alone, thus leaving 13,000,000 for the production of Dublin, Stroud and London. The weight of wire, both iron and brass, consumed for this purpose is 1,275½ tons every year.

MGR. CAPEL said on a recent occasion: "To me, as a stranger, it has appeared that the *one element lacking in the Catholic Church in America is social strength.*

WEDDING BELLS.— Mr. David A. Ring and Miss Helen Moore were recently married, at the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, in presence of a large number of spectators, Rev. John Mulcahy officiated, assisted by Rev. John O'Connor. Miss Annie Moore was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. Stuart MacCorry best man. A reception was subsequently held at the residence of the bride's parents, after which the newly married couple started on an extended wedding tour.

BISMARCK AND POLAND.— It is reported that Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, Prime Minister of Austria, are favorable to the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, and will, if possible, devise means to bring about this result. It is further stated that Prince Bismarck entertains strong hopes that the project will find favor with Russia.

FRENCH AND GERMAN ARMIES.— France at present possesses nominally more soldiers on active service than Germany. She reckons twenty-three Army Corps, 620,000 infantry, 42,500 cavalry, 79,600 artillery with 2,622 guns, 6,700 engineers, and 5,800 pontoon men. The German army, on the other hand, has only 675,000 men in actual service, with 2,040 pieces of artillery. The German cavalry is, however, more numerous than the French; and what is more important, the Germans have a far stronger reserve, numbering 246,000 men, with 444 guns and ninety-three squadrons of cavalry, as against the 96,000 men of the French reserve. The Germans have a much more rapid system of mobilisation; the railway system is far more complete; their horses are better; and, above all, the Minister of War is not perpetually being changed, as in France.

THE COLOSSAL "Germania" on the Niederwald is one of the triumphs of modern metallic art. The Emperor contributed 550 cwt. of metal, all taken from Prussian cannon, and none, as was reported, from the French guns captured in battle. The great figure was cast in only five horizontal parts, of which the lowest alone consumed 325 cwt. of metal. The first casting took place in February 1st, 1881, when, after twenty hours' heating up, the whole mass of molten bronze rushed forth amid the breathless anxiety of the operators. No single mishap occurred at any of the castings. The statistics of material used in forming the mould of the "Germania" show a grand total of 1,460 baskets of charcoal, 540 cwt. of coal, 200 cwt. of coke, 4,592 of plaster of Paris and brick-dust, 34,000 bricks, over 220 cwt. of iron, and 13 cwt. of iron-wire. In the smelting, 1,500 cwt. of bronze were used, and 125 cubic métres (or 4,375 cubic feet) of pine wood consumed in smelting them.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS who did not celebrate the Luther anniversary: The Dean of York, England, being invited to take part in the celebration, wrote to one of its chief promoters two letters, in one of which he says: "Very few of us would be prepared to endorse all that Luther said or did;" and, again: "I mistrust the expediency of such a proceeding when its tendency must be to fan the mouldering embers of past struggles and per-

secutions, and to give pain to many of our fellow Christians." In his second letter the Dean declines to have anything to do with the glorification of Luther, as it will injure Christianity.

OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.— The movement in Germany for the better observance of Sunday is assuming very considerable proportions. Since the beginning of the year, 172 centres of population have declared in favor of the closing of shops and the cessation of all work on Sunday. In Berlin itself 12,000 tradesmen have resolved upon a petition to the Government for the abolition of work on Sundays. The movement has been chiefly directed by a number of Catholic priests, with the approval of their Bishops; and the exiled Archbishop Melchers, of Cologne, has addressed a circular to his clergy urging them to throw themselves with all their hearts into this crusade. The Empress of Germany, always foremost in every good work, has contributed a sum of 10,000 francs to the support of the movement.

DESTROYED BY WILD ANIMALS.— From a report published in the Calcutta *Official Gazette*, it appears that the total number of persons killed by wild animals and snakes in India last year was 22,125, against 21,427 in the previous year; and of cattle 46,707, against 44,669. Of the human beings destroyed, 2,606 were killed by wild animals and 19,519 by snakes. Of the deaths occasioned by the attacks of wild animals; 895 were caused by tigers, 278 by wolves, 207 by leopards, 359 by jackals, and 202 by alligators; 18,591 wild animals, and 322.421 snakes were destroyed, for which the Government paid rewards amounting to 141,653 rupees.

THE NUTSHELL HISTORY of Ireland by A. M. Sullivan, has been published in book form by Donahoe's Magazine. It is a neat little work of 62 pages, in paper cover. It is, as its name indicates, a condensed history of Ireland, from the earliest ages to the present time. The dates and accounts of the principal events in Ireland's checkered career are given, and so arranged that the most superficial reader will derive valuable information. The price does not appear, but it cannot be much, and every Irishman and every one desirous of knowing the history of the Emerald Isle should secure a copy at once. Mr. Patrick Donahoe presents a copy to every purchaser of his Magazine. — *Connecticut Catholic.*

ITALIAN CONGRESS.— According to the *Riforma*, the Italian Catholic Congress has already organised fourteen provincial, fifty-three diocesan, and 3,000 parochial Catholic unions, counting over 60,000 members, and spread over the whole of Italy. The Liberal paper is naturally much alarmed at the remarkable success of this organization, and foresees a serious danger for the cause of the Revolution in the great efforts made by these associations to win over the working classes to the cause of the Church. Commenting on this, the Catholic *Osservatore Romano* writes: "Granted that the situation is thus correctly described, the logical consequence must be deduced that the hurricane of atheism and unbelief which broke over Italy in consequence of the efforts of its regenerators, with the infernal plan of tearing the Catholic religion out of the heart of the people has been a failure; that the deeds of violence and injuries of every kind, with which the government has endeavored to exhaust the courage and patience of Catholics, have only strengthened their firmness and their zeal; that the religious feeling, notwithstanding all the inventions which have been made to weaken it, is daily gaining the upper hand in Italy; that the numberless efforts made to rob the Italian people of Catholicity and to drive them to apostacy, have only had the effect of increasing the number and activity of the Catholic unions. All this ought to teach the present rulers of Italy, worthy but prejudiced, that they have hitherto been following the wrong path, and that their conduct has brought them into discord with the feelings of the real Italian people. But true love of country is not in them, and even the most evident facts do not bring them to their senses; and, in their annoyance, they demand fresh arbitrary and vexatious measures against the majority of the people."

THE REV. CHARLES B. LANGDON, of University College, Oxford, and recently a Protestant curate in Plymouth, has entered the Church.

AT the Catholic Congress which has just been held at Naples, the Cavalier Corsanego Merli expressed the hope, that all Catholics will solemnly celebrate the approaching fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

MR. LABOUCHERE AND MR. PARNELL.— Mr. H. Labouchere, M. P., writing in *Truth* says: Those who predicate respecting Mr. Parnell seemed doomed to error. It was boldly asserted when it was announced that a national testimonial was to be given to him, that the Irish would not subscribe to it. They have done so handsomely. I am not surprised. The relation between landlord and tenant in Ireland was a disgrace to civilization. Fair rents and fixity of tenure would never have been wrung from the British Parliament, where landlordism is so fully represented, had

it not been for the skill and ability of Mr. Parnell in keeping up an agitation which, as Mr. Bright said, made the landlords run for their lives, and which forced them and their English allies to surrender for fear of worse befalling them. If ever a man deserved the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, that man is Mr. Parnell. Persistently his actions and his motives have been misrepresented. It really seems to me that, when the majority of my countrymen discuss the affairs of Ireland, their ordinary common-sense deserts them.

Subsidized Emigration.—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, Nov. 7, publishes the resolutions recently adopted by the Archbishop of Tuam and the priests of that diocese against subsidized emigration. This is the circular: "That we, the Archbishop and priests of the Deanery of Tuam, in conference assembled, do pledge ourselves to make every legal and constitutional effort to resist the latest desperate attempt (as reported in the public press) on the part of the Government to depopulate the country by a system of subsidized emigration, which finds no parallel in any civilized country; that we deprecate in the strongest manner the attempt as unworthy of any Government having the interest of the people and the prosperity of the country at heart; and that we hereby call upon the representatives of the Irish nation to raise their voices in emphatic protest against such conduct in their places in the House of Commons, and give every constitutional opposition to such an anti-national and impolitic movement."

Parnell's New Ally.—Sir Hardinge Gifford, M.P., in a speech made at Alnwick, severely condemned the policy of the Government toward the Home Rulers. Hundreds of men, he said, had been imprisoned at the caprice of the Ministry upon the most vague suspicion of complicity in seditious acts, only to be discharged at the will of these same Ministers, without trial or explanation, and with no hope of redress or remuneration for their treatment. "If Mr. Parnell is guilty," said he, "he should be properly tried for the acts and utterances charged against him. If he is not guilty, no time should be lost in offering ample apology to the man who has been so unwarrantly traduced."

The National Steamship Line has at last entered the lists among its competitors in the transatlantic trade, by resolving to add a new and fast steamer to its powerful fleet of vessels. The management, who were the first to give us what in their day were mammoth steamers, as exemplified in the *Spain* and *Egypt*, after having waited for some time, to note the developments and progress made by other lines, concluded at last to show their hand, and, as a result of long study, are having constructed a modern steamer, whose beautiful model is now on exhibition at the Company's offices, Nos. 69 and 71 Broadway, N. Y. The builders selected are J. & G. Thomson, of Glasgow, and the principal dimensions of the *America*, as she is to be called, in honor of this Continent, are: length, 450 feet; beam, 51 feet; depth of hold, 38 feet 6 in.; with a gross tonnage of about 6,000 tons. She is to be constructed of steel, and all that the latest skill that talent in naval architecture has evolved in the matter of practical improvements, will be introduced into her. During the twenty years of its existence, the National Line fleets have safely transported nearly a million passengers — not a single loss of life occurring throughout that time — a record to be proud of, and one that is excelled by none. Its motto has always been, "Be sure you are safe, then go ahead." The *America* is to be the flagship of the Line.

Protestant Ministers and the Sick.—The St. Louis *Western Watchman* gives this statement: "The Health commissioner of St. Louis complains, in a card published in the daily papers, that he cannot induce Protestant preachers to attend Quarantine. Patients in that institution frequently desire to see clergymen before dying, and in all cases, where the patient is a Catholic, a priest can be had at once. But frequently the patient is a Protestant, and desires a clergyman of his own denomination. The Commissioner says he has done all that man could do to procure the services of a minister in such cases, but has generally failed. Last week he succeeded in coaxing a minister into his buggy; but on the journey to Quarantine the minister's courage failed him. In another case the minister was willing to communicate the consolations of his faith by telephone. Another was willing to go, but he had a class-meeting. Still another consented to go, but his wife would not let him. Father O'Reilly, who attends Quarantine regularly, chidingly informed a presiding elder lately that he was receiving many of his fold into the Church at that institution. 'God bless you,' was the reply, 'take them all.' Well, the truth is, what can a minister do for the living or dying?"

Love for Souls.—The many journeyings of Father Burke, and the extraordinary ovations of public applause and private homage he received, never tarnished the humble simplicity of his character, nor diminished the true spirit of the religious life. He had a shrinking horror of the dangers to which a popular preacher is exposed, and valued in proportion the peace and security of his beloved convent home. The secret of Father Burke's power lay in his extraordinary love for souls. On his voyage to America, he

chose, not the line of steamers which afforded most comforts, but that which carried many steerage-passengers. He exhorted, instructed, and cheered them through the voyage. When they approached the shores of the new country, they assembled on deck for his last address, and with many tears, all knelt for his blessing. One who knew him well, writes: "The only thing he valued was a 'beautiful soul'— no matter where he found it, in a duchess or a beggar, it won his friendship and appreciation. I have seen many instances of it. As usual, he was, of course, most attracted by the poor. He considered the highest piety was found amongst them. I remember his standing before a large crucifix in San Clemente, in Rome, and telling me with tears in his eyes, of the beautiful sight that often met his eyes, when he came out to say Mass— in an old woman, or oftener many a young one — groups of them — kneeling in prayer before it, and kissing it; and the earlier, the greater the numbers."

Infamous Picture Papers. — The New York *Tablet* observes: In the window of the newsdealers' stores, and in other public places, vile and filthy picture papers are on exhibition every day, and the authorities have not a word to say on the matter. The grossest immorality is "written" up in their columns, and the illustrations of semi-nude figures of girls of easy virtue, that appear in those journals, are simply revolting. Yet, we know Catholic newsdealers who will place Catholic weeklies behind the counter, while they will expose these to full view, giving them a most prominent position, thus scandalizing the boys and girls who happen to pass by. We even know Catholic parents to purchase these shameless prints rather than Catholic papers, thus sowing the seeds of immorality right in the centre of their own families. Such parents should remember the curse that Jesus Christ hurls at the heads of all scandal-givers: "Woe to him by whom scandal cometh; for it were better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were thrown into the depths of the sea, than that he had ever been born!" It is a serious matter, then, to scandalize others, especially children; and there is hardly any worse way to scandalize them than by introducing those filthy picture-papers to their notice.

Sufferings of Missionaries. — The German Foreign Missionary College, located at Steyl, in Holland — an institution which has many points of analogy with our own college at Mill-hill — has lately been honored by the blood of its first confessor. Advices have been received giving a full and graphic account of the terrible sufferings of Father Anzer, pro-Vicar Apostolic of Southern Shan-Tong, in China. This heroic missionary was the first student of Steyl, who left for China, some four years ago, in company of a colleague, F. Freinademetz, and who, later on, was entrusted by Bishop Cosi, of Shan-Tong, with the southern half of his large vicariate. This new pro-vicariate, as large as the whole Low Countries, numbered 9,000,000 of heathen, and only 158 Catholics; but the zealous labors of F. Anzer have in a very short time raised the numbers of the latter to 600, besides securing the baptism of 1,100 children in the article of death. It was whilst at Tsau-Chow-Foo that F. Anzer fell a victim to the fury and frenzy of the heathen mob, who set upon him, and "having stripped and wounded him, left him half dead," or, as they thought, quite dead, hanging by the hands to a tree, until a real "Samaritan," in the person of a charitable heathen, passing that way, found the valiant confessor, and, with the aid of a catechist, carried him to a neighboring village. Eventually, the hostile Mandarin of Tsao-Chow-Foo, alarmed at the probable consequences, had him removed to his house, where F. Anzer remained until able to return to the head-quarters of his provicarate at Puoli. He is not yet out of danger — he writes himself that he has still six serious wounds in his head, and his left foot broken, but we may hope that his life may be spared for the continuance of his glorious work. It is dreadful to think how these scenes may yet be multiplied a hundredfold, thanks to the reckless policy of the French Government in its dealings with China.

Achill Island. — A movement has been started, under very encouraging circumstances, to join Achill Island with the mainland. Achill is the largest island off the Irish coast, covers an area of 110 miles, has a coast line of 80 miles, and a population of 6,000 souls. Cut off from the mainland by Achill sound, the inhabitants have been practically removed from all share in the resources of the country. Their chief, if not sole means of subsistence, are the fisheries, which might yield an abundant livelihood to the people, if they had anything like suitable gear and a moderate facility for conveying the fish to the mainland. Something is now being done to provide boats and nets for the fishermen; and a number of gentlemen have formulated a scheme for constructing a bridge and viaduct across the sound. A committee has been formed to promote this most desirable work. The chairman is the Rev. P. O'Connor, parish priest of the island. The secretaries are the Rev. J. B. Greer, Protestant clergyman of the Irish Church Mission, and the Rev. John Flatley, Catholic curate of Achill. The treasurers are Mr. Malachy Kelly, solicitor, Castlebar, and Mr. Patrick Sweeny. A fair amount of subscriptions have been received. Mr. John G. V. Porter, of Belleisle, has lodged £1,000 towards the cost of the under-

taking. The plans for the viaduct (which was strongly advocated by Mr. Adams in his paper at the recent meeting of the Social Science Congress) have been approved by the board of trade, and will come before the present road sessions and the next spring assizes in the county Mayo. They suggest a a swivel platform, on the same principal as the custom house bridge in Dublin. across the Liffey, and with two openings, each 50 feet wide.

THE POWER OF MARY.—In the first years of the eighteenth century God raised up several remarkable men to be the light and consolation of that desolate period. Among these was one named Grignon de Montfort. He founded two religious congregations in France — one for men, called the Congregation of Missioners of the Holy Ghost, of St. Laurent-sur-Sèvre ; the other for women, devoted to nursing the sick and promoting Christian education, and called the Daughters of Wisdom. Clement XI. made him a missionary apostolic throughout France, giving him a special mission to combat Jansenism. The holy man, whose process of cannonization is now far advanced, wrote a remarkable work on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was translated into English some twenty years ago, by Father Faber. The venerable Grignon de Montfort seems to have possessed, among other gifts, that of prophecy ; and we read in the above-named treatise such sentences as the following : — "The greatest saints, the souls richest in graces and virtues, shall be the most assiduous in praying to Our Blessed Lady. . . . . I have said that this would come to pass, particularly at the end of the world, and indeed *presently*, because the Most High, with His holy Mother, has to form for Himself great saints, who shall surpass most of the other saints in sanctity, as much as the cedars of Lebanon outgrow the little shrubs, as has been revealed to a holy soul, whose life has been written by a great servant of God. . . . These great souls, full of zeal and grace, shall be chosen to match themselves against the enemies of God, who shall rage on all sides ; and they shall be singularly devout to Our Blessed Lady . . . by their words and their examples they shall bend the whole world to true devotion to Mary. This shall bring upon them many enemies ; but it shall also bring many victories and much glory to God alone. God wishes to reveal and discover Mary, the masterpiece of His hands, in these latter times. . . . Mary must shine forth more than ever in mercy, in might, and in grace, in these latter times. The power of Mary over all the devils will especially break out in the latter times, when Satan will lay his snares against her heel."

GERMAN CARE OF EMIGRANTS.—The St. Raphael's Society has been established at New York, Bishop Wigger, President. It is a branch of the German Society, of which Prince Isenburg-Bernstein is President. Its object is to protect German emigrants arriving here. A German Catholic representative of the society will be stationed at Castle Garden, to look after and supply the needs, both religious and worldly, of the new arrivals. The same will be done, as soon as possible. at every port in the U. S. Employment will be procured by means of a bureau. While waiting for such, girls will occupy lodgings under the care of the Sisters of Mercy.

TWO EMIGRANTS, fresh from Gastle Garden, were strolling through New York, when they came opposite a dead wall profusely decorated with election posters of the candidates for the senate, the Assembly, the Supreme and lower Courts and other high offices in the State. After scrutinizing the names for a while, one of the new arrivals turned to his companion and remarked : "Begorra, Mike, it doesn't seem as if we had left Ireland at all."

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND. — To our mind, says the *Catholic Standard*, one of the most hopeful signs of the spread of Catholicity in England, and of the re-conversion to the Catholic faith of the people of that country, is the work that is being done among the working classes and poor of its large towns and cities. In and around London, in South Wales, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other places where the poor especially abound, the Catholic Clergy and Religious are indefatigably working to evangelize them. And prominent in this work are Irish Priests and Religious, supported and sustained in great degree, too, by Irish emigrants to England. In past times England was largely evangelized by Irish missionaries. It seems that Divine Providence designs now that a like work shall be performed in modern England by Irish Catholics.

A RUMOR. — London *Truth* says : At Rome the report is current that Cardinal Manning will return to London before Christmas, having pursuaded the Pope to nominate Dr. Vaughan, now Bishop of Salford, to be his coadjutor for the Archdiocese of Westminster, with right of succession when the Cardinal dies. Bishop Vaughan is well known and popular amongst his co-religionist. He is the eldest son of Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, Herefordshire, and, therefore, belongs to a very old Catholic family. He is fifty years of age, and has been ten years Bishop of Salford. Colonel Vaughan has six sons, of whom one is a Bishop, three are priests, and one, who died a short time ago, was Archbishop of Sydney.

Personal.

THE health of Lord O'Hagan is, we regret to hear, a source of considerable anxiety to his many friends.

THE Empress Eugenie has announced her hope of being able to go to Rome this winter for the purpose of offering in person her homage to the Pope.

THE management and direction of the Catholic University College, Stephen's-green, Dublin, have been entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers.

FATHER LOCKHART, Rector of St. Etheldreda's, Ely-place, London, has gone to Rome for the winter months to keep his usual term of residence as Procurator-General of the Rosminian Order, as the Institute of Charity is familiarly known in Rome.

WE are promised a marriage of some interest in Catholic circles. The bride-elect is Miss MacEvoy, daughter of the ex-M.P. for Meath, and she will be led to the altar by the son of the Marquis de Stacpoole, Chamberlain to his Holiness the Pope. The father of the prospective bridegroom is owner of a considerable amount of landed property in Normandy.

GENERAL SHERIDAN, the successor of General Sherman in command of the United States army, once said:—"An American by birth, I love liberty; an Irishman by descent, I hate oppression. If I were in Ireland I would be a Fenian."

GENERAL JOSEPH B. CARR, who was elected Secretary of State in New York on the Republican ticket, is an Irish Catholic. He was elected by over 19,000 majority, all the other Republicans on his ticket being defeated by majorities varying from 10,000 to 14,000.

THE Very Rev. Canon Donnelly, of the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar, Dublin, was recently consecrated Auxiliary Bishop to his Eminence Cardinal M'Cabe under the title of Bishop of Canea. His Lordship will, it is understood, continue to reside at Rathgar.

THE new Bishop of Hamilton, Canada, the Right Rev. F. Barbery, was recently consecrated in the Eternal City. Cardinal Howard officiated at the ceremony. The diocese of Hamilton is to be felicitated on the happy selection which has been made by the Holy See, of such a worthy ecclesiastic to fill the Episcopal chair. Mgr. Barbery, who was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in 1821, belonged to one of the leading religious Orders of the Church, the Dominicans, in which he had risen to high position by his ability, zeal and piety. The people of Hamilton will, therefore, have a good and able pastoral chief and head in the person of their new Bishop.

MOST Rev. Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, for so many years the respected President of the English College in Rome, has been raised by Leo XIII. to the dignity of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness.

On the 12th of next month His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. An address of congratulation will be tendered to him on the occasion by the clergy of his archdiocese.

BISHOP RIORDAN, on his way to San Francisco, stopped at Salt Lake City, Utah, and celebrated Pontifical High Mass in St. Mary's Church. This was the first time such a ceremony was ever performed in Utah.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.—The wedding of Mr. T. J. Hanlon and Miss Katherine N. Gorman, both of Boston, which took place on the 22d November, was a very interesting and delightful affair. The reception at No. 4 Worcester square, was attended by 300 guests, and was enlivened by the music of the Germania Band. The floral decorations were in excellent taste. The supper provided by Dooling was also a decided feature in the evening's entertainment. The bride looked lovely in white satin and Duchesse lace, with diamond ornaments, and carried a bouquet of white rosebuds and ferns. The bridesmaids, Misses Theresa Gorman and Agnes Hussey, were arrayed in white albatross and white satin, with pink and yellow roses, and added much to the charm of the scene and the occasion. The groomsmen were Messrs. T. B. Perry, of New York, and J. E. Wetherbee, of Boston; and the ushers were Capt. W. A. Thomas, and Messrs. Jas. Gorman, Thos. F. Galvin and William Galvin, all of whom performed their tasks admirably. The bridal gifts were numerous and valuable.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

DON BOSCO: A Sketch of his Life and Miracles. By Dr. Charles D'Espiney. Translated from the French by Miss Mary McMahon. 18mo. cloth. With portrait, 40 cents.

Filled with anecdotes, brimming over with marvellous incidents — if not miracles — this book is sure to find many readers. To the care and education of poor, abandoned boys, the street Arabs of the great cities, Don Bosco has devoted his whole life. Friendless and without money, his labors in this heroic work have been abundantly rewarded, and to-day more than one hundred thousand poor children saved from ruin, thousands of priests whom he has led to the altar, and countless multitudes in every sphere of life bless his name, while noble buildings reared by his efforts stand gigantic monuments to his devotion and zeal. No romance ever written possesses more interest than this true story of a noble Christian hero.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD CLEMENT MARIA HOFBAUER, Vicar-General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By Father R. P. Michael Haringer, Consultor General of the Congregation. Translated into English by Lady Herbert. Price, $1.25.

An extremely interesting book, which will well repay an attentive perusal.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET, Vol. II.

This is a monthly publication filled with good things for our youth. The publisher has bound the twelve numbers into a very attractive volume. It is profusely illustrated, and an excellent book for a present. Price, $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATECHIZM RZYRUSKO-KATOLICKI. Dla Dzieci Polskich. W. Ameryce, Detroit, Mich; Nakladca, L. H. Kilroy, 1883.

UNION: An Address to Philosophy Students. By T. J. O'Mahony, D. D., C. L., Professor of Philosophy in the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Constitution and proceedings of the Catholic Young Men's National Union of the ninth annual convention, held at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 27 and 28, 18°3. Published at the Catholic Visitor Office, Redwood, Va.

All the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, as well as of the publishers.

OUR BOYS AND OUR GIRLS OUT WEST.—But, ordinarily speaking, what right have our girls to husbands? As brought up what can they do toward helping a man earn the household bread? Many of them are not physically fitted to be wives, much less mothers.—*Sacramento Bee.*

And how is it with the cigarette-smoking, toddy drinking, pale-faced, spindle-shanked young man? what sort of fathers are they cut out for? What can they do toward helping a good wife support a family? We apprehend that "our girls" will compare favorably with "our boys" any day of the week.—*Yolo Mail.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful currative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINAL.

THE death is announced, at his residence in the Palazzo Carpegna, Rome, of Commendatore Gaetano Moroni, the distinguished author of the "Historico-Ecclesiastical Dictionary," a work — in one hundred and three large volumes — to which he devoted the greater part of a long, studious, and industrious life. The colossal work with which his name will ever be associated, is well-known to all students of ecclesiastical history, who find it reliable information on all subjects connected directly or indirectly with the history of the Church. The deceased author was in his eighty-second year.

CLERGYMEN

THE Very Rev. James Dundon, ex-Prior of the Augustinian community in Limerick, died at the Convent, in that city, in his seventy-sixth year, after a lingering illness. The deceased clergyman had been in the mission in Limerick for a number of years, and was very much esteemed by all classes of the citizens. Though his death was not unexpected, owing to the advanced age of the reverend gentleman, the announcement was received with every feeling of regret.

THE Very Rev. James Hynes, P. P., Eyrecourt, diocese of Clonfert, died recently.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. James Sheil, P. P., Tydavnet, which occurred at the parochial residence, Urbleshanny, on the Feast of all Saints. The deceased, who had reached his sixty-fourth year, was born in the same parish, in 1819.

THE late Rev. T. N. O'Reilly, C. C. the late much respected curate of St Nicholas' parish, was interred at Glasnevin. Father O'Reilly's missionary career extended over a period of twenty years, and in the several parishes in which he exercised his sacred functions he left behind him deep impression of the zeal and earnestness which characterized all the actions of his life.

REV. BERNARD A PLUNKETT, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, South Brooklyn, N.Y., died Nov. 20th.

THE Barnabite Father, Luigi Bruzza, died at Rome, on Nov. 20th. In conjunction with his admirable qualities as a priest, Father Bruzza was distinguished for his profound learning. He was born at Genoa in 1813; and when at Vercelli as a member of the Congregation of Clerics Regular of St. Paul he took up the archæological studies by which he afterwards became famous. Called to Rome, he became one of the most devoted members of the Commission of Sacred Archæology. The iniquities of Vercelli, on which he published several volumes, seemed to hold the first place in his affections. Many of his monographs have been published in the Bulletin of Sacred Archæology, edited by De Rossi, and in the Acts of the German Institution. In all archæological difficulties his judgment was regarded with the greatest respect.

THE death is announced of the Rev. John Tuomey, P. P., of Dromtariffe, in the diocese of Kerry. Though in his eighty-fifth year, this venerable ecclesiastic enjoyed excellent health, and attended the different stations in his parish up to the first of this month.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of one of the oldest and most venerated members of the Irish priesthood, Very Rev. Monsignor Dunne, D. D., V. G., Archdeacon of Dublin, and parish priest of Castledermot. Born in Kilkea Castle (now the seat of the Duke of Leinster) in the month of December, of the famous year '98, and descended from one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the County Kildare.

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Provost Bagnall, of Birmingham, which took place on November 18. The deceased had been for many years Vice President of Oscott College. The last twenty years of his life have been spent at St. Mary's, Birmingham, where solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of his soul.

SISTER.

THE death of Sister Augustine, of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, McDougall Avenue, Detroit, Mich., occurred on Nov. 24th. The deceased was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., her family name being Martha McConomy. She entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburgh, Md., in 1865, and for the past nine years has been attached to the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum in Detroit. The scene of her devoted labors at the Military Hospital at Point Lookout, Md., during the years 1864 and 1865 are recorded in the records of those terrible times.

LAY PEOPLE.

Hon. JOHN McKEON, District-Attorney of the County of New York, died on Thursday morning, Nov. 22d, at eleven o'clock, of hemorrhage, in his seventy-sixth year. His death, although sudden, was not unexpected, for his friends had realized that he had never been perfectly well since his serious illness of last winter, when he was absent from his office for six months. He died, prepared by the reception of the sacraments of the Church.

MRS. MARY POWERS, the estimable Wife of Mr. Thomas Powers, of Boston, died very suddenly at her residence, 65 Carver Street, on Thanksgiving Day. A solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. James's Church on Saturday, 1st December, the deceased lady's son, the Rev. Thomas Emmet Power, of St. Stephen's Church, Hanover Street, being the celebrant, assisted by deacon and subdeacon. At the conclusion of the Mass the Final Absolutions were given. The remains were interred in the family burial lot in Calvary Cemetery. Mrs. Powers was the mother of two excellent priests, and was well known in St. James' Parish for her many works of charity. *Requiescat in pace!*

DEATH OF JOHN F. McEVOY.—On the 9th of Nov. Mr. John F. McEvoy, a good and able man, died in St. John Hospital, Lowel, Mass, of a complication of diseases, the chief being Bright's disease. Throughout New England thousands will mourn for John McEvoy's death. He had been a long time in bad health, and by his own desire was taken from his home to the hospital, which was his favorite institution and almost wholly his own creation. He died surrounded by the Sisters of Charity, to whom he had been a lifelong friend, and comforted with the final rites of the Church. Mr. McEvoy was born in Leverett Street, Boston, on the 9th of May, 1834, the first child of Mr. Hugh McEvoy, who survives him. He was fitted for Harvard by a private instructor, and entered the college at sixteen years of age. He graduated in 1854. After graduation he studied law and became a well-known counsellor. He was a good lawyer, well-grounded in the principles of his profession and skilled in his practice. He was City Solicitor of Lowell in 1870-71-73-74. Mr. McEvoy for many years had charge of Gen. Butler's local law business. Mr. McEvoy will be longest remembered for what he did to advance the interests of the Sisters of Charity in Lowell. He has been their trusted guide, and at all times their warmest friend. Almost his last work was the drawing of the contracts for the addition to the hospital. In all good Catholic works in Lowell he was a leader. He was a benefactor to every Catholic Church in Lowell. At the semi-centennial of the city he contributed an interesting and valuable paper on the history of the Irish people in Lowell. He was never married. His aged father lives, and he leaves three sisters.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of the Honorable Mrs. Ross, of Bladensberg, which took place on All Saints' Day, at Monasterboice House, Drogheda, county Louth. The deceased lady was the Hon. Harriet Margaretta, eldest daughter of Thomas, second Viscount Ferrard, and of the Lady Harriett Skeffington (in her own right Viscountess Massareene). She was born in 1816, married in 1843 David Ross of Bladensberg, of Rosstrevor House county Down, and was left a widow in 1875.

GERMAN Catholic papers announce with great regret the death, at Baden, of one of the most popular writers among German Catholics in recent years, the Rev. Dr. Alban Stolz, at the age of seventy-five years. Since the year 1847 he had been Professor of Catholic Practical Theology in the University of Freiburg, in Baden. He had deservedly a high reputation in his professional capacity, but his fame throughout Germany rested on his qualities as a popular writer.

We regret to announce the death, at the age of twenty-three years, of Sir John Joseph Corrigan, Bart., of Cappagh and Inniscorrig, Dublin. He was the only son of the late Captain Corrigan, 3d Dragoon Guards, and grandson of the late Sir Dominic Corrigan, M. D., the distinguished Irish physician, to whose title he succeeded in February, 1880. Sir John Corrigan went to Winnipeg, Canada, last May, in good health, and there caught a typhoid fever, to which he succumbed after a fortnight's illness.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"I WISH you success most heartily in your efforts to rouse the community to the danger of *Secret Societies*. They are a great evil; entirely out of place in a Republic, and no patriot should join or uphold them. Considering the great forces which threaten the welfare of the nation within the next thirty years, and how readily and efficiently they can use any secret organization, such should not be allowed to exist."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

PART I.

WE recently looked in vain, through various catalogues of Irish and Catholic publications, for a copy of Mitchel's "Jail Journal." The book, it seems, never reached a second edition, and is now, perhaps, out of print altogether.

And yet the "Jail Journal" is one of those books which the Irish people, either at home or abroad, ought not willingly to have let die. It would be sad to think that the taste of Irish readers is not cultivated enough to appreciate the literary excellence of such a work. For John Mitchel ranks among the greatest masters of English in the present century. His style is a model of perspicuity and force, direct, concise, suffused with the glow and warmth of the Celtic temperament, varying in its moods from a light and playful humor to the most passionate denunciation of wrong, and when the *særa indignatio* is gnawing at his heart, breaking out into a strain of sarcasm, every word of which seems to burn through the paper like some corrosive acid. Had the "Journal" appeared under British auspices, or were it written in a tone less decidedly hostile to everything British, it would be hailed by the public organs of literary criticism as a masterpiece of its kind.

Apart from literary merit at all, the name of John Mitchel, on the title-page of a book, should serve as a passport to its circulation among Irish readers. It is true that, outside of his own countrymen, Mitchel is not one of those who could be called a popular man. Nor is this to be wondered at. His name was associated with too many lost causes to find much favor in the eyes of a world, one of whose cardinal prin-

ciples at the present day is, that Success is Right and Defeat is Wrong. The nature of the man was too noble to stoop to those vulgar arts by which popularity may be acquired. Besides this, he was too intense a hater of shams, too out spoken in his scorn of Cant under its manifold forms, to gain the good graces of that numerous swarm of *gobemanches* and charlatans who infest the guild of literature.

By way of compensation for this, and for him it would have been a compensation all sufficient, no Irish patriot, since the days of Robert Emmet, deserves to rank as high in the affection and esteem of the Irish people as John Mitchel. It is the fashion in certain quarters to represent his career as a failure. Measured by actual and visible results, and keeping in view only the immediate present, perhaps it was. But it is the end that crowns the work, and the end is not yet.

In the life of Mitchel there is a certain completeness, a noble consistency, growing out of an unwavering adherence to lofty aims, which lift it above the level of commonplace, and bestow upon it a higher and more touching form of consecration than even success itself. From the moment in which he stepped forth from the peaceful exercise of his professional calling, from the privacy of domestic life, to do battle with the arch enemy and destroyer of his race, throughout all the changes and vicissitudes of a chequered life, a fellow in the Dock, a captive in the hold of a British convict-ship, a ticket-of-leave prisoner in the wilds of the Australian bush, an exile in America, up to the hour in which he breathed his last in the arms of her whom he called his mother and his Queen, his life was devoted to one fixed purpose, from which he never swerved, the overthrow and destruction of an Empire, symbolized to his mind by the Hindoo Juggernaut, with Famine and Fever held in leash at its chariot wheels.

The future historian of Ireland will linger with loving interest over that pathetic episode in the history of his country — Mitchel returning to his native land, broken in health and fortune, but breathing the same indomitable spirit of scorn and defiance, and dying in a successful effort to evoke a fresh outburst of national feeling in the land of his birth. Unlike some of his comrades in the uprising of '48,— Duffy and McGee, for example,— he never made peace with England, never sought to attain political distinction by placing his talents at the service of the foreign dependencies of the British crown, never wrote a word for any British periodical, and, as he says himself of James Clarence Mangan, "never seemed to be aware that there was a British public to please. He was a rebel politically, a rebel intellectually and spiritually, a rebel with his whole heart and soul against the whole British spirit of the age."

Such being the principles and the character of John Mitchel, we may rest assured he would himself be the last to account his career a failure, if only he could think, that the example of his life which he bequeathed to his countrymen, would, in anywise, serve to intensify their hatred of British rule, and strengthen their determination to labor unceasingly for its destruction.

The "Jail Journal" is prefaced by one of those masterly introductions which Mitchel knew so well how to write, setting forth the mode of English government in Ireland, from the time of the penal laws down to the present day. To understand the tone and spirit in which this historical introduction is written, we must be careful to bear in mind the nature and character of Mitchel's Irish political creed. That creed, whatever else we may think of it, had, at least, the merit of extreme simplicity and precision. It may be said to consist of two articles — first, that the sole end and aim of British rule in Ireland is to exterminate the Catholic or Celtic population of the Island, and supply their place by Scotch and English settlers, bullocks, sheep and swine; secondly, that the only hope of Ireland's salvation consists in a successful revolution.

According to Mitchel the agencies which England employs to effect her fell purpose, vary with the spirit of the time and the exigencies of the occasion. In the past her instruments of extermination were penal laws — wholesale confiscation of lands belonging to Celtic families of high name and station, systematic repression of Irish trade and industries, and, in more recent times, a feudal system of landlordism, with its inevitable outcome of periodical famine, slaughtering its victims by tens of thousands.

The opening sentence in the "Journal" runs as follows: —

May 27, 1°48. "On this day, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I, John Mitchel, was kidnapped and carried off from Dublin, in chains, as a convicted felon."

With fetters on his limbs, and guarded on either side by constables with loaded pistols, Mitchel was led into the prison-van, and driven rapidly in the direction of the river Liffey, where a government steamer was stationed to convey him to Spike Island. Steaming down the river thus he writes: —

"Dublin City, with its bay and pleasant villas — city of bellowing slaves, villas of genteel dastards, lies now behind us, and the sun has set behind the blue peaks of Wicklow, as we steam past Brayhead, where the vale of Shaugenagh, sloping softly from the Golden Spears, sends its bright river murmuring to the sea. And I am on the first stage of my way, faring to what regions of unknown horror, and may never more, O Ireland, my mother and my queen, see vale or hill or murmuring stream of thine."

Mitchel was ignorant as yet of his ultimate destination — the place in which his fourteen years of transportation were to be spent — and could only surmise it after this fashion : —

"On Ireland, or any where near it, assuredly I will not be allowed to live. But where then? The Carthagenians have convict colonies everywhere, — at Gibraltar, at Bermuda, in the Atlantic; at Norfolk Island, in the Pacific, besides Van Diemen's Land, and the various settlements in the Pacific — for on British felony the sun never sets."

Arrived at Spike Island, he was clad in a brown suit of convict clothes, and was ushered into his cell which was locked upon him, and now that he was alone the conflicting emotions of his soul broke loose for the first time. Thus he writes : —

"As this is to be a faithful record of whatever befalls me — I do confess and will write down the confession, — that I flung myself upon my bed and broke into a raging passion of tears, tears bitter and salt; tears of wrath, pity, regret, remorse, but not of base lamentation for my own fate. The thoughts and feelings that have so shaken me for this once, language was never made to describe; but if any austere censor could find it in his heart to vilipend my manhood therefor, I would advise him to wait till he finds himself in a somewhat similar position. Believe me, O Stoic, if your soul were in my soul's stead, I also could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you."

Mitchel's stay at Spike Island was destined to be of brief duration The day following his arrival, he was informed that a government steamer was in readiness to convey him to Bermuda. On the eve of his departure, while anxiously expecting news from home, a letter was brought to him which he eagerly opened, only to find in it a religious tract sent him by some pious lady. He must have recalled the story of the poor shipwrecked sailor on a desert island, and suffering from the pangs of thirst, who chanced to find on the beach a bottle labelled Bass's Ale. Smacking his lips in joyous anticipation of the delicious draught — he broke the neck of the bottle — but alas! its contents may be inferred from his disgusted exclamation — "Tracts, by Jingo!"

DELTA.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY. — The death of the late Lady Herries is of some interest to us here, as well as to Catholics in England. Besides the three daughters, mentioned in a recent obituary, five other daughters of her family of sixteen children have devoted themselves to the religious state. There are two Augustinians, two sisters of charity of St. Vincent de Paul, in London and at Liverpool; and in Dublin there is one, among the sisters of charity. The sick and dying in St. Vincent's Hospital, St. Stephens Green, would, however, hardly recognize their kind nurse, Sister Mary Benedicta, under the worldly name of the Honorable Gwendoline Constable Maxwell.

The Dude and the Tough.

THE frequency with which these names of two distinct types appears in the press and the drama, shows that neither dude nor tough is the representative American. It is only the odd and queer that attracts marked attention. Chesterfield, in his directions upon dress, says that a gentleman should dress in such a way as not to attract notice. His appearance should be so well arranged, as not to be the subject of memory or remark, after you have left his presence.

The unmistakable mark of vulgarity is stamped upon the man whose clothes absorb the attention of the beholder. If you cannot converse with a fellow-mortal without being dazzled with the blaze of his shirt-bosom — his watch-guard, or his vest-pattern; if you are struck dumb by the contrasts between his shoes and his pantaloons; if you are perplexed at the ease with which he can carry his hat at a perilous angle — you may safely conclude that he has never read Chesterfield.

Still, as Wellington said of the sprigs of nobility, at Waterloo, "the puppies fight well," there may be much manliness of character under the great hat and alarming vest-pattern. If a man makes a fool of himself only in the matter of dress, he is quite safe. Old Dr. Johnson thought that a big wig was the proper thing to put on, when he escorted a lady to her carriage; and who has not heard of Oliver Goldsmith's peach-blossom coat?

There appears, however, to be an implied contempt in the word dude, a contempt which goes deeper than the clothes. The dude is represented as of exceedingly limp mentality; supremely indifferent to questions of great pith and moment, and so wrapt in self-complacency, as to care little or nothing for the fair sex.

If this latter characteristic be verifiable, by all means let us welcome the dude; for the world of sensible men has grown weary of hysterical love-making and impassioned affection. If the dude yawns over love stories and votes them a bore; if the dude keeps out of the divorce-courts and breach of promise suits; if the dude innocently employs his hours in banging his hair and rolling cigarettes, he is infinitely preferable to that dark-browed and gloomy lover who raves about his fair one, and, when he has her, disgusts the travelling public and hotel clerks with his rapturous sighs.

It is high time that America should have a class of dudes. We have been lectured so long about the necessity of carving out a fortune and a name; we are all expected to invent some marvel of ingenuity to keep up the American name; we have been so groomed and trotted in

the educational arena, and driven so often to the fountain of knowledge, that we are glad some of our asinine companions have broken away to flowery meadows, where they may roll among the roses, and adorn their ears with pendants of geraniums. It is absolutely delicious to come across a man who has not the slightest idea about the war in Tonquin, or what the Chinese are doing, except in a laundry-way; and we feel like hugging the fellow who don't know whether Carey shot O'Donnell or O'Donnell shot Carey and what is more, who does not care a straw.

The tough, the antipodes of the dude and his peculiar detestation, seems to be the semi-civilized embodiment of the heroes of the "Boys' Weeklies." His model is John L. Sullivan. His talk is unintelligible to the dude, who would as soon go to the North Pole as to a base-ball match. The tough has a moustache and a short chin wisp and he prefers to go without a collar. His eye is dark and lowering, and it measures your chest with a single glance. He despises cigarettes and sticks to the "chew." He can hardly refrain himself from giving you a "sockdolager" playfully, but with sufficient force to intimate immense reserved strength. He knows the time made by all the fast horses; and he can give you the scores of all the League games. His speech is fearfully and wonderfully slangy, and ranges through a series of metaphors and comparisons which would utterly put to rout the most finished rhetorician. Whilst the dude is content with Catawba, or a "pony" of light Bohemian beer, the tough always calls for whiskey straight. He can get a fellow over a racket, which would give fifty dudes the *delirium tremens;* and, in the preparation of a "sour-mash," or a brandy cocktail, he stands upon the pinnacle of bar-room fame.

These are the extremes of our society. Quiet and conservative people view them with a strange medley of feelings. Wonderful, indeed, is the power of transformation in our American life. Happily for us, both the dude and the tough, in the advancing years, will drop their characteristics, and, like ourselves, will look upon the youthful follies that will disport themselves, before spectacled eyes and a whitening beard.

THE authorities at St. Gilles, in Belgium, have adopted a plan which strikes one by its simplicity and common sense. They have supplied the police on night duty with cloth boots, having indiarubber soles. With these boots the police are so perfectly noiseless, that they are at least placed on a footing of equal advantage with burglars and other dangerous spirits that walk by night. The hint may be worth taking elsewhere.

The Novelists of Spain.

I.

SPANISH literature is one of the neglected fields of modern criticism. Incessantly occupied with a multitude of questions growing out of the events of the present, not to speak of those literatures thrust before our eyes, we have had no time to devote to a body of work which, not to make too high a claim for it, deserves a better study, Ticknor, Bonterwek, and an occasional hand, have penetrated the darkness now and then, but nothing like a long-continued study has been made. Excellent as these have been, in many respects, they are too few to be of much value. Such a subject deserves repeated criticisms by various hands. Observe the vast mass of discussion that has gone on from generation to generation in regard to a well-known literature, as, for instance, the English; how beginnings, epochs, and single authors have been turned to every light, friendly and hostile; every fact brought out even to the most obscure; and finally order growing out of chaos, and a well-developed body clearly defined. Truly out of discussion springs light. This is what is needed in Spanish literature. And more. The Spaniards themselves should take the matter in hand; for they can understand, better than others, the shades and the depths, the idioms and quaintnesses, the changes and variations of dialect, on which much of the charm of books depends. Chaucer and Shakespeare, and the older English writers, would be sealed books to a foreigner, did we not have a complete system of commentaries upon them and connected histories of the body. Until the like is done by Spaniards themselves, little will be known of Spanish literature outside of Spain; and indeed until lately a large part of the Spanish authors were falling into disuetude in their native country. But the present century has seen a re-awakening of interest in the Peninsula, and many Spaniards have devoted their labors to criticism on the national authors. New editions have flowed fast and thick from the press, and a rehabilitation of Spanish genius seems to be in process.

The prose-fiction of Spain — selected for treatment here — has, as its first merit, the undeniable claim of being the foundation of the modern novel. Fiction in rime, or poetry if we choose to call it so, has not varied much in form since the period of ancient Greece. An epic, a drama, a song are essentially the same outward structures first invented by the Greeks, and in use still to embody poetic expression. But with prose-fiction this is not the case. Nearer to earth than its diviner brother, it has plodded along, partaking of human vicissitudes,

but on the whole advancing and changing. To indicate each change as it occurred, would be outside the scope of the present paper. But when we come to consider the Spanish novel, we see at once the first appearance of the distinct modern form. Character study, dramatic episode, and sparkling dialogue are for the first time grafted on the machinery of a plot. These are precisely the peculiar qualities of the modern novel, which distinguish it from the prose-fiction of all ancient nations. And in Spain are the prototypes of the whole class found.

If this is so, the study of Spanish prose-fiction must be absorbingly interesting. Let us draw nearer and examine it more closely. But a few preliminary remarks may be ventured, because they apply more to the whole body than to any particular section.

As a whole, then, the *novelas* of Spain are elevated by a noble, almost unconscious moral tone; full of hearty joyousness, life, and wit; not deficient in a subtle kind of humor, a humor often too subtle for a foreigner to fully comprehend; generally display a fair taste, and always abound in splendid imagery and excellent plot. The faults are a frequent want of pathos, puerilities, and a too gorgeous diction. Peurility is seldom found, however, in the best works; and gorgeous language as seldom misleads a man of genius. But these must be set down honestly against the *novelas*, because they do occasionally occur. As to the first defect, it is far more general. It is compensated for by an overflowing joyousness of heart. And that is exactly the need of the present age. We have been inundated from England and France by a wave of highly wrought psychological studies in the delusive shape of novels. It could scarcely fail that the psycological novel should prove a dreary affair; and so it has proved. Here, then, is a great pile of comparatively unknown fiction, which, with all its defects on its head, is best calculated to amuse and instruct the mind. The wrinkles on the brow, brought on by a study of those subjective probings, will be blown away by a breeze of healthy laughter. And, at the same time, there will be found sufficient character study for the practical purposes of life. Better than all, we will come from this reading with a higher moral tone in our system. Without at all undervaluing what the novelists of the day have done, it is undeniable that the defects pointed out are widely and deeply felt. On every occasion is displayed the discontent of the novel readers as a class, and an alert inclination to rush to the sensational romance for amusement. They *will* have amusement above all things. Shall we allow them to go to the sensational literature of the day for it? Print your psychological novel as cheap as you please, beside it will flourish the sensational — contrast and complement at once. And such a literature — that of to-

day, that of the penny and ten cent papers, and the yellow back abominations! We shudder to contemplate it. But, cannot a substitute be found? Common sense says, yes. Here, in the novel of Spain, we find a work which, whatever its subject, is with few exceptions bright, joyous, sparkling, witty, having at the same time sufficient character, delineation, and moral tone to elevate it above the sensational.

The scope of the present article is merely to point out the wealth of this store, by indicating the chief works, and sometimes briefly estimating the contents of single typical books. Though lines cannot be drawn close, yet for the sake of clear treatment, an arbitrary division is made, first into three main classes, and then a sub-division into minor branches.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

Glass.

DURING the sixteenth century occurred a circumstance, without which there would have been no means of advancing in the natural sciences, but with which, the greatest progress was at once made easy. Man had just then conquered glass: he knew it of old, but he was not its master.

Nature did not give it to him, man alone produced it. Glass belongs to man, as much as anything can belong to him; it is the work of his genius, it is a species of creation, and the instrument of this creation is fire, which has been given exclusively to him, as a striking appanage of his supremacy.

The alchemists had seized upon this marvellous production; they made of it the principal object of their mysterious labors and of their pious science. On their knees before their furnaces, and purified in advance by religious preparation, they supplicated Him, of whom fire has always, and among all nations, been the most brilliant emblem, to make them masters of this active agent, and of the mass which it held in fusion.

At length they gave us glass, that is to say, that instead of a rebellious rarity, they made of it a common substance, docile to the will of man. As soon as glass was common, its most important properties were soon discovered. The smallest accidental bleb manifested an amplifying power. It was at once attempted to give these accidents a regular form.

The lens was brought forth, or rather resuscitated, for it was known in the days of Aristophanes, who speaks of burning glasses, and says that these transparent crystals were sold by the apothecaries.

With the lens came the microscope and the telescope, which is also a microscope, as the common effect of the two instruments, is to aggrandize upon the retina, the image of a small object brought near or the small image of a large object far off. By means of these two instruments, man reached the two infinites. By the aid of glass he could contemplate at his will the eye of a midge, or the rings of Saturn.

Possessed of a matter at once solid and transparent, which resisted fire and the most powerful corrosives, he *saw*, what until that time, he could only *imagine* he *saw*, rarefaction, condensation, expansion. He *saw* the love and the animosity of the smaller beings, he *saw* them attract each other, repulse, embrace, espouse, and separate. The crystal vessels ranged in his laboratory, held constantly under his eyes and and his hands, all the fluids of nature. The most active agents instead of showing him, and that imperfectly, only simple results, now consented to allow him to observe their labors.

How man's innate curiosity must have been excited, animated and warmed by this new aid to his powers of observation. Master of glass by fire, and master of light by glass; he had lenses and mirrors, prisms and receptacles, tubes, and then thermometers and barometers. But all started primitively from the astronomical lens, which first brought glass into honor, and physical science sprang from astronomy; as if it were written, that even in a material and gross sense, all science must descend from heaven.

Boershave says, in the elegant laconism of the language he so well employed, *Sine vitro quid senis cum litteris?* Without glass what are letters to old men? He might have said with good reason, *Sine vitro quid homini cum reram naturâ?* Without glass what could men do in the natural sciences?

It is to the use of this admirable production then made facile to man, that physical science owes its present development.

Translated from the Count Joseph de Maistre for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A NEW foot-warmer has been introduced for public comfort in cabs and other vehicles in France. A sheet-iron box is used with a sliding drawer, over which the air, which is admitted at one end, may pass before it escapes at holes in the other end. Into this drawer a briquette of pure compressed carbon raised to a red heat is placed, and it continues to burn there, without giving forth any disagreeable odor, for about fourteen hours.

WILD mint will keep rats and mice out of your house.

A Fable.

To screen him from the noonday heat,
A weary rustic made his seat
Beneath a branching oak one day,
And in its cooling shadows lay.
He sees the while, with gladdened eye,
The fruitful plains before him lie,
And grateful feels that now his toils
Are crowned by mellow Autumn's spoils.
Among the thousand products there,
The children of his fostering care,
Pumpkins and melons all around
In rich profusion strew the ground;
He looked at the acorns overhead
And musing to himself thus said: —
"How strange that God should think it best
To set these high above the rest —
For how much better would it be,
If on this overhanging tree,
And in the acorn's place of pride,
Grew luscious melons side by side."
Quite opportunely as he spoke
It chance that from the spreading oak
The fruit did fall that on it grows
And smote him full upon the nose!
The simple rustic at the stroke
Into a cry of wonder broke: —
"Lucky for me it is not so,
That melons should on oak-trees grow,
If such, indeed, had been the case —
No nose were left upon my face."

'Tis thus that Providence divine
Doth each its proper sphere assign,
And with unerring wisdom knows
How all things rightly to dispose —
The shell-fish shuts within its home,
And leaves the bird at will to roam.

From the Spanish.

The Blind Friend of the Poor.

Attempt at Assassination.

MGR. DE SEGUR in his work, "The Free Masons," which exposes the iniquities of this abominable society, was the cause of an attempt at assassination. One morning in May, 1869, about a quarter past seven, during Monseigneur's mass, a man who seemed anxious to hide his face, entered the chapel; he wore blue glasses the better to disguise himself. The Abbé Diringer, who assisted Monseigneur at the altar, and Methol, who served the mass, were struck by the singular appearance of the stranger.

After mass, when his turn came, the stranger approached Monseigneur and asked him, to his face, if one could not be a Catholic and a free-mason. Monseigneur, at first a little astonished at this singular question, soon guessed from the embarrassed manner of the stranger, that he belonged to this society. "You are a free-mason, are you not?" he said. "If you have come to confession, kneel down and I will absolve you in the name of God, otherwise tell me why and for what object you come here."

"I come to warn you, sir," replied the stranger, "that at the last meeting of the Lodge your death was decided upon, because of your pamphlet, which reveals what our society is."

"Ah," replied Monseigneur, "you cry out on the house-tops that it is a benevolent, philanthropic society, and when it is exposed, it hires assassins to silence those who show it in its true light. Then it does evil."

"That may be," replied the free-mason; "but because you have rendered an important service to a member of my family whom I love very much, I warn you of the sentence which has been pronounced against you. Now I beg of you not to reveal my name if it comes to your knowledge, and to say nothing whatever of our interview, for if you do I will be killed."

"Why, my poor friend," asked Monseigneur, "do you not leave this accursed society?"

"I cannot," replied the stranger, in a low voice. "To continue the service which I came to render you, I warn you that you ought to take precautions at once, for although I do not know exactly the day appointed for your assassination, I know that it is to be before the opening of the Council."

Monseigneur thanked him, promised not to reveal his name should he learn it, and the stranger left abruptly.

Those about Monseigneur took precautions and were suspicious of every strange face. A few days afterwards, about nine o'clock in the morning, a suspicious looking individual, with uncovered breast and wearing a decoration, rang the bell and asked to go to confession to Mgr. de Segur. It was the brave cook, Urruty, who received him. Seeing this fellow with a cigar in his mouth, asking to go to confession aroused his suspicions. He replied that Monseigneur was not receiving then, and moreover, he told the stranger that he was not known in the house. He then tried to bribe the brave Urruty by offering him money. This proceeding showed what he was, and in less than a minute the man and the money were rolling down the stairs, and from that time nothing more was heard of the affair.

Monseigneur, however, prepared himself for death. He wrote two important letters, one to his mother, the other to the Pope, which were not to be opened till after his death. He had a letter written to Piétri, then Prefect of Police, to notify him of the threats of the free-masons, Napoleon III., warned by him, used his reports and knowledge of the society to prevent a crime which would have made a great sensation.

An Apparition.

The work on Hell did an immense amount of good. In this book Monseigneur relates a fact which he learned from his mother. We will give it here, as it may cause indifferent people to reflect.

"At Moscow, in Russia, a short time after the horrible campaign of 1812, my maternal grandfather, Count Rostopchine, military governor of Moscow, was allied with general Count Orloff, a man celebrated for his bravery, but as impious as he was brave.

"One day, after a good supper, Count Orloff, and one of his friends, General V., a Voltarian like himself, began to scoff frightfully at religion, and, above all, at hell.

"'If, by chance,' said Orloff, 'there should be something the other side of the curtain?'

"'Very well,' replied General V., 'whichever one of us goes there first, will return and tell the other of it Do you agree to that?'

"'An excellent idea!' replied Count Orloff, and both of them, though somewhat under the influence of wine, gave their word of honor very seriously not to fail in this engagement.

"A few weeks later one of those great wars, which Napoleon then had the faculty of creating, broke out. The Russian army entered the campaign, and General V. received orders to leave immediately to take an important command.

"Two or three weeks after he left Moscow, very early one morning, while my grandfather was dressing, his bedroom door opened suddenly, and Count Orloff appeared in his night-dress and slippers, his hair standing on end, his eyes haggard and pale as death.

"'What, Orloff, is that you, at this hour and in such a dress? What is the matter with you? What has happened?'

"'My dear,' replied Count Orloff, 'I believe that I am becoming crazy. I have just seen General V.'

"'General V.? He has returned then?'

"'Oh, no!' replied Orloff, throwing himself on a sofa, and taking his head between his two hands. 'No, he has not returned, and that is what terrifies me.'

"My grandfather, understanding nothing of this, tried to calm him.

"'Tell me,' said he, 'what has happened to you, and what all this means!'

"Then, forcing himself to overcome his emotion, Count Orloff related the following:

"'My dear Rostopchine, some time ago V. and I swore to each other that the first one of us who died would return and tell the other if there were anything the other side of the curtain. Well, this morning, scarcely half an hour ago, I was resting quietly in my bed, having been awake for some time, not thinking in the least of my friend, when all of a sudden the curtains of my bed were rudely opened, and I saw two feet from me General V., standing there very pale, with his hand on his breast; and he said to me: *There is a hell and I am there!* Then he disappeared. I came immediately to see you. My head is splitting. What a strange thing! I do not know what to think of it!'

"My grandfather calmed him as well as he could, but it was not an easy thing. He spoke of hallucinations, of nightmare. Perhaps he dreamt it. There are many extraordinary, inexplicable things, and other commonplace things of this kind which console free-thinkers. Then he ordered his carriage, and took the count back to his house.

"Ten or twelve days after this incident a bearer of dispatches brought to my grandfather, among other news, that of the death of General V. The morning of the same day when Count Orloff saw and heard him, and the same hour when he appeared at Moscow, the unfortunate general went out to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, was shot through the breast, and fell dead!"

Washington's Devotion to Mary Immaculate.

"I Cannot Love the Son Without Honoring the Mother."

If there be one name on the pages of history of which the human race may justly feel proud, it is that of George Washington. The purity of his character as a man, no less than the splendor of his achievements as a soldier and statesman, has won for him not only the esteem but also the admiration of mankind. However, like all men of unsullied integrity, his life is rather a subject of admiration than of imitation. As the days of chivalry are past, so too are the days of true patriotism past.

To the descendants of the Catholics who presented a congratulatory address to Washington upon the event of his election to the Presidency, and who remember him with feelings of deeper admiration than any other body of our citizens, it must have been a source of no little surprise and satisfaction to see, a few months ago, an item in a Catholic paper to the effect that he had a special devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God. For myself, it aroused my attention more than any other newspaper item I had ever seen; and while, like most readers, I looked upon it as doubtful, I yet determined to investigate the matter and, if possible, arrive at the truth. Having fa led to learn the origin of the item, I wrote to a number of persons familiar with our history to see what light they might be able to throw upon the statement. But of those who favored me with a reply, no one seemed capable of supplying any reliable evidence. When all hope appeared lost, I was agreeably surprised to see the following extract from the "Woodstock Letters," in the spirited controversy between the Rev. W. F. Clarke, S. J., and Mr. M. I. J. Griffin, editor of the I. C. B. U. Journal, regarding Washington's alleged visit to St. Joseph's Church, in 1781. In those Letters (Vol. II. No. 2, page 86), we read these words: "Within a quarter of a mile of St. Joseph's was the first President's house; and he who considered it no idolatry to have a full-length painting of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of his bed, saying to a future Archbishop of Baltimore (Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, D. D.,) "I can not love the Son without honoring the Mother," no doubt often directed his steps to the little chapel down the alley. My venerable friend, Mrs. Baker, had spoken to me of this picture. . . . She also told how she had received many a courtly bow from the Father of his Country as he came from the chapel or the priest's house."

Here was something definite to build upon, and it appeared possible to arrive at the facts of the case. The "Woodstock Letters," I may remark, are historical sketches of churches in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, printed at the College of that name for circulation among the members of the Society rather than for the public in general. Those referring to St. Joseph's Church were written by the Rev. P. A. J —— S. J., a native of Philadelphia, and for many years attached to St.

Joseph's Church, about the year 1873. To him I accordingly applied for such further information as he might be able to furnish; and the result was several letters containing the evidence here given.

"My authority," writes Father J——, "for the statement that the first President had a full-length picture of the Immaculate Mother hanging at the head of his bed, and made the remark I have frequently asserted that he made, rests on tradition. . . . First, my earliest years were passed among many who had known Washington personally and socially, and many times I have heard mention of this picture."

As the second source of evidence Father J—— refers to a visit he had made when a lad of eleven or twelve years of age — which he says was "about forty-two years ago" — to the family of a Mr. L——. He had a conversation with Miss L—— "then over fifty years of age." The Mr. L—— and family then belonged to the Episcopal Church; and the lady spoke to him against our religion, at which he remarks: "Although I was but a puny lad . . . I have distinct recollection of asserting that I preferred to belong to a 'generation,' a Church, that called the Mother of God 'blessed.'

"'Oh, we honor Mary,' responded Miss L——.

"I expressed my doubts.

"'Do you not admire Washington?' asked Miss Sarah.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, he belonged to our church, and he honored the Virgin.'

"I remained incredulous.

"'I tell you, boy,' said she, 'my mother often visited Mrs. Washington; and I myself saw the picture of the Virgin hanging in the President's bedroom!'

"Thirdly, I had the pleasure of dwelling for years with Rev. Francis Vespre, S. J. Like most of the Fathers of the Maryland Province, he was full of anecdotes; and fully a dozen times have I heard him tell that when Rev. Ambrose Marechal arrived in Philadelphia, on his way to Baltimore," [where he arrived June 24, 1792,] "to be Professor in St. Mary's Seminary, being a man of letters, with letters of introduction from leading men in France, he was invited to breakfast with the President; that after breakfast, going to the library — which was the second story front room — to consult a book, it was necessary to pass through the President's bedroom, and Abbe Marechal, noticing a full-length picture of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of the bed, expressed his surprise; when Washington answered: 'I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother.' I know not if Father Vespre had this incident from the Archbishop himself, or if it was a tradition among the Sulpicians at St. Mary's. I know I often heard him tell the story, and, I think, once in the presence of an aged Sulpician who was present at the breakfast, and, on account of his better knowledge of the English language, acted as a kind of interpreter. I have read of this picture both before and since I wrote hastily the articles in the 'Woodstock Letters.'"

In another letter he says: "I have a growing impression that I myself have seen the picture." Another gentleman, well acquainted

with the history of Philadelphia, writes: "The story of the picture has long been current here."

To these arguments should be added the fact that the statement was never called in question even in the riotous days of 1844, or the Know Nothing excesses of a few years later — a circumstance that is not without weight.

Whatever importance the reader may feel disposed to attach to this matter, it is not without interest. Whether Washington was merely following the custom of some of the more ritualistic members of the Episcopal Church, or whether it was that his noble mind was naturally drawn to honor—

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast,"

may be a matter of speculation. However, the more firmly we believe him attached to the Establishment, the less likely must it seem that he would do what is forbidden by the twenty-second of the Thirty-Nine Articles. But should not we who recognize an over-ruling Providence in all things see in this something more than a mere accidental occurence? Why did he select the Immaculate Conception in preference to some other prerogative of the Mother of God as the object of his veneration? Do not others stand out more prominently than this, which is by its nature abstruse, and which was not then so prominently before the public mind as it has been since its definition as an article of Catholic faith? The Catholic student of American history is well aware of the providential manner in which devotion to the Immaculate Conception began to take root in our soil from the days of Columbus; how islands, bays, rivers and other natural features of the country, no less than decrees of synods and councils, bear testimony to this, and, to the eye of faith, place it far above the range of mere fortuitous events. This circumstance sheds a new light upon what might otherwise be looked upon as accidental. That Mary, who under that title has claimed and received the homage of her own children, should also claim the homage, and become the tutelar angel of him, who in the designs of God, was to be the founder of American liberty, and the father of a country specially consecrated to her Immaculate Conception, is a reflection that should fill the Catholic heart with feeling of joy and gratitude.

I have thus given what little I have been able to collect on this question; and while I admit that it does not amount to an absolute demonstration, yet I think that it is more than sufficient to carry conviction to a candid mind, and may at the same time be the means of stimulating to further inquiry and eliciting further information. And though others may not attach the importance to it which I freely confess I do, the narrative will not, I trust, be uninteresting to the general reader.

Rev. A. Lambing, in *Ave Maria*.

The Burns fugitive slave riot occurred in Boston in 1854.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WAR.

Rebellion of 1641—The King and the Parliament—Character of the Rebellion—The Act of Subscription—An Irish war popular — Lord Wharton Commander-in-Chief — Lord Forbes' Expedition—The Parliament and the Army—Lord Lisle Lord Lieutenant—Inchiquin changes sides—Reinforcements for Dublin—The Cobbler of Aggavam.

On the 23d of October, 1641, the Irish of Ulster rose in rebellion,[1] and seized on many of the strong places in the North.[2] The flame spread rapidly. Two months after, all the walled towns and fortresses were in the hands of the insurgents, except Derry in the north; Cork, Youghal, Kinsale and Bandon, in the south; Dublin, Drogheda, Dundalk, and the castle of Carrickfergus, in the east.[3] The King, who was then absent in Scotland, wrote to the parliament that to it he committed the care of Ireland, and ordered provision to be made for the suppression of the rebellion. By this course he hoped to free himself from the suspicion of being too faint a prosecutor of an enemy whose insurrections it was said he had himself fomented. The popular party in the parliament pretended to understand this passage as giving them the control of the war to the exclusion of the King, and interpreted it in the most unlimited sense. Six months later, April 8th, 1642, he sent another message to the parliament, that he intended to put himself at the head of an army and go into Ireland to chastise those wicked and detestable rebels, odious to God and all good men. But the leaders of the popular party

[1] "We imagine we are in no rebellion ourselves, but do really fight for our Prince in defense of his royal crown and prerogative, wherein we shall continue and die to the last man." Letter of Owen Roe O'Neill to Sir Robert Stewart, June 18th, 1643, in the *Carte MSS.*, vol. v. p. 272.

[2] See in *Desid. Curios. Hiber.*, vol. ii. p. 78; *The Heads of the Causes that moved the Northern Irish and the Catholics of Ireland to take arms;* it is reprinted in Curry's *Civil Wars of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 371, and in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. i. p. 450, appendix li. The native Irish being well informed, as they thought, that they must either turn Protestants, or depart the kingdom, or be hanged at their own doors, took up arms in their own defence, especially in Ulster, where the six counties had been forfeited. Anderson's *Royal Genealogies*, in Curry, vol. i. p. 190. It was blazed abroad by the best note of Protestants that all Ireland, by that time twelvemonth must either go to church, be executed, or endure banishment or exile. *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. i. p. 12. The Catholics were urged to rebellion; and the Lords justices were often heard to say, that the more there were in rebellion the more lands would be forfeited. Castlehaven's *Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, p. 28. The oath of association of the Catholic Confederation is given in Borlase's *Rebellion*, p. 95. The motto on their seal was: PRO DEO REGE ET PATRIA HIBERNI VNANIMES. Curry's *Civil Wars*, vol. i. p. 271.

[3] Though the Irish were at first a popular rout of unarmed clowns, the English durst scarce peep out of the gates of their great garrisons of Dublin and Drogheda. *Queries*, &c.; London, 1644, quoted in Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, p. 56; Dublin, 1870.

had already laid their plans to take the management of the war out of his hands; they feared the attempt made by Strafford, some years before, to raise an Irish army which should be not only wholly independent of the parliament but entirely under the control of the King, might be again renewed and their liberties endangered. They declared they would consider his departure from England equivalent to a formal abdication of the throne.[1] Day by day the rebellion grew in strength; its character soon became changed. It was no longer a sudden outburst of wrath; it was a war directed by leaders skilled in warfare and supported by a nation eager to avenge centuries of wrong. The King's exchequer was empty, drained by James I. to satisfy the hungry cravings of his Scotch favorites. The parliament forced the King to assent to a scheme, which was afterwards embodied in an Act,[2] for the advancing of money towards the raising and paying a private army for subduing the Irish rebels, and offering as security 2,500,000 acres of forfeited Irish lands. The money should be paid to a committee composed half of members of the House of Commons, half of subscribers to the fund. The subscribers, or Adventurers,[3] as they were more commonly called, on payment of ready money, would have estates allotted to them on the following terms: £600 for 1,000 acres in Leinster; £450, £300, and £200 for the same quantity respectively in Munster, Connaught and Ulster. The allotment was to take place as soon as the Lords and Commons in parliament assembled should declare the rebels subdued and the war appeased and ended. The King suggested that such a wholesale confiscation would make the Irish desperate. This was just what the parliament wanted. The army would be kept employed far away, where it could not be used by the King in support of his rights. Besides, the appointment both of the commander and the officers should be entirely in the hands of the Adventurers; the King had merely the signing of their commissions.

An Irish war was at all times popular in England. Sir John Bulstrode Whitelocke[4] declared that if these measures were carried out, they would put an end to the long and bloody conflict foretold

[1] On the 8th of April, 1642, the Parliament declared that the King's going to Ireland would be against the law, and that whosoever should assist him on his journey to Ireland should be an enemy to the Commonwealth. Borlase's *Rebellion*, p. 70.

[2] It went by the name of the Adventurer's Act, or the Act of Subscription. February 26th, 1642, "The House of Commons passed the Bill for the Adventures for Ireland: That every one that wou d bring in and adventure money for the reducing of Ireland should have so many acres of the Irish Rebels' lands, proportionable to the money which they brought in, and very good bargains; whereupon very great sums of money were brought in for that service." Whitelocke, p. 54. See *A Declaration of both Houses of Parliament concerning the Affairs of Ireland;* whereunto are added twelve arguments to promote the work of subsciption; London, 1641, reprinted by P. Traynor; Dublin, 1879; and *Account of the Carte MSS.*, p. 160. It received the Royal assent March 19th, 1642.

[3] See the "List of the names and subscriptions of the Adventurers for lands in Ireland" in the *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 403. The number of the original Adventurers was 1,360; the sum total subscribed by them was £43,406 5*s.* 0*d.* *Ibid*, p. 448.

[4] Bulstrode Whitelocke, Esq., a member of the House, is given in the "List of Adventurers for land in Ireland." *Crom. Sett.* p. 405. The sum which he ventured was £400. A namesake of his, probably a descendant, holds lands now near Corofin, in the county of Clare.

with so much truth by Giraldus Cambrensis;[1] another asserted that it would bring in such sums as would soon bring the war to an end; that the work of Elizabeth and James I. would now be perfected; that the Irish would be rooted out by a new and overwhelming plantation of English, and another England would speedily be founded in Ireland.

In this way a private army of 5,000 foot and 400 horse was raised.[2] Lord Wharton was appointed commander-in-chief and lord-general for Ireland.[3] This force assembled at Bristol in August, 1642, ready to embark for Munster; they only waited for the signing of the officers' commissions by the King, according to his promise. But the Civil War having burst out when the royal standard was displayed at Nottingham, the King refused to sign the commissions, fearing that these forces might be employed against himself, as in fact happened. For being directed by the parliament to march against the Royalist army, they took part in the battle of Edgehill, on the 23d of October. The Adventurers finding that the funds that they had raised to conquer lands in Ireland were misused by the parliament, would not risk any further subscriptions, though the measure of land was enlarged to the Irish standard,[4] and afterwards doubled for any one who would pay in a sum equal to a fourth of his original subscription. The military part of the scheme failed. But the plan of pledging the land in Ireland for moneys to be advanced by parliament, sometimes to relieve the gasping condition of the Protestants there, but oftener to carry on the war against the King in England, was continually extended. The sums brought in did not answer the purpose. In order to induce merchants and traders, foreign Protestants as well as English, to embark in this speculation, the parliament offered the principal sea-ports in Ireland for sale; Limerick, with 12,000 acres contiguous, for £30,000 and a rent of £625, payable to the state; Waterford, with 15,000, at the same rate; Galway, with 10,000, for £7,500 and a rent of £520. But the offer, however tempting, found no bidders.

For the next few years the Parliamentary army was kept busily employed at home. All the energy its leaders could display, all the

[1] Speech at a conference between the Lords and Commons, February 13th, 1642. "The Irish have four national prophets who, speaking of the conquest of Ireland, all agree that it will be stained by frequent battles, by numerous murders, and a contest continued to late ages; but in the end, a little only before the Day of Judgment, they promised complete conquest of the island to the people of England, and to have it garrisoned from sea to sea." Giraldus Cambrensis, *Expugnatio Hibernica*, B. II. c. 34, edited by Dymock, vol. v. p. 385; London, 1867.

[2] See *The List of Field Officers* chosen and appointed for the Irish expedition by the Council, Guildhall, London, for the regiments of 5,000 foot and 500 horse, under the command of Philip, Lord Wharton, Baron of Scarborough, Lord-General of Ireland, first published in 1642, and reprinted by Hotten; London, 1863. Among the names on the roll of the officers is that of ensign Oliver Cromwell.

[3] Wharton, though a firm adherent of the Parliament during the Civil War and a personal friend of Cromwell, was not one of the Adventurers; but Dame Philadelphia, his mother, appears in the list as a subscriber of £200. Besides, by right of his wife, he was entitled to the joint adventure of John and Robert Goodwin, members of the Long Parliament, for £600, as she was their heiress. See "The Case of Lord Wharton," in *Account of the Carte MSS.*, p. 160.

[4] 100 acres Irish measure are very nearly equivalent to 162 English.

resources they could command, were needed to make front against the bravery of the Cavaliers. "Their votes," says Hume, "breathed nothing but death and destruction to the Irish rebels; but no forces were sent, and little money was remitted." A few buccaneering expeditions from time to time visited the coast of Munster, like that which was headed by Lord Forbes in 1642. He set sail with six ships and 1,200 men. These, too, had been raised under an ordinance of the House of Commons, which accepted the proposal of certain adventurers to equip a force at their own expense; the outlay to be repaid by the confiscated lands of the Irish. He landed at Kinsale and laid waste the surrounding country. The people took up arms and obliged him to raise anchor. He next landed at Galway, got possession of the abbey, dug up the graves, and burnt the coffins and bones of the dead, and required the citizens to sign "a submission, expressing their belief that there was no other means of saving them from extirpation and banishment." He next sailed up the Shannon, and spoiled the mansions on the riverside. He seized on Bunratty, a castle belonging to the Earl of Thomond, and left in it a garrison to hold it for the Parliament.[1]

In the beginning of 1647, the Presbyterian leaders were anxious to get rid of the army. The support of an army of between 20,000 and 30,000 men was a heavy burden. They strove to disguise their real motives under the pretense of the national advantage, "for it was observed by some that a victorious army out of employment is very inclinable to assume power over their principals; and this occasioned the parliament's greater care for their employment in Ireland." Besides, such a large force had ceased to be any longer necessary, now that royalty was subdued. It was agreed that 12,000 men should be employed in Ireland; those only should be sent who volunteered for that service: the remainder should be disbanded. The proposal to go encounter the Irish rebels was not very acceptable to them. They demanded their arrears of pay, and forty weeks' pay for the horse and eighteen for the foot; indemnity for acts done in war, and a clear discharge according to contract, no service in Ireland except under known commanders. A letter was presented to the House on behalf of eight regiments of the army of horse, wherein they expressed "some reasons why they could not engage in the service of Ireland under the present conduct, till they were satisfied in their expectations and their first desires granted." Extra pay was offered to them. About two hundred of Sir Thomas Fairfax's officers met the Commissioners from the Derby House Committee.[2] The encouraging votes of the House were communicated to them, as two months' pay at present and a month's on shipboard, and other particulars. The

[1] *Life of Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 346; Hardiman's *History of Galway*, p. 117; Dublin, 1820; Hugh Peters was Lord Forbes' chaplain during his expedition, and his lordship was much guided by his advice. *Life of Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 347. No mention is made of this expedition in Admiral Forbes' *Earls of Granard;* London, 1868.

[2] So called from the place where it first met. It was superseded by the Council of State, consisting of 38 members, which was appointed February 14th, 1649. This too held its meetings for a time at Derby House; but towards the end of May it removed to Whitehall. *Domestic State Papers* (1649-50), preface xv.

officers desired to know what answer was given to their former desires of a general. It was answered that Major-General Skippen was voted general.[1] They replied that he had written to the House desiring to be excused. The officers with much civility, yet much affection, cried: "A Fairfax or a Cromwell." These they had experience of, and their conduct had been so blessed of heaven, that they should be encouraged much for Ireland, if that were declared. It was answered that they came to speak and to treat with those who would go under whomsoever the parliament should appoint; others were at liberty to stay at home. About 12,000 enrolled themselves on this condition, but parliament refused its consent.

In the spring of this year Colonel Castle's regiment was sent to the aid of Ormonde. He was followed by Colonel Hungerford's regiment and Colonel Long's. The Commissioners, who arrived in June, to take possession of Dublin and the other fortresses betrayed to them by Ormonde,[2] brought with them 1,400 foot and 600 horse. By the end of that year both King and Parliament were subdued. Cromwell's first step was to make the army completely his own. The following written perhaps at his suggestion, will show what his plans were:

> It is a great pity the militia of this country should be disbanded. We hear of some overtures made by the army for engaging them and all the supernumeraries of the kingdom. The service will be gallant, and the design superlative; and if old Noll, or any man of gallantry and fidelity do accept of that brigade, he cannot want men or money.

When the hopes of the Royalists were extinguished by the death of the King and the banishment of the Stuart dynasty, the leaders of the Parliamentary party could turn their whole attention to the affairs of Ireland, and proceed vigorously against those whom they styled the Irish rebels. When it was known that Charles II. had been proclaimed King in Ireland, and that the whole population had rallied in support of the royal cause under Ormonde's standard, it was resolved that he should be attacked in his last stronghold. Religious hatred was employed to stir up those who were callous to other motives. The following extract from a political pamphlet of the time will show the sentiments of the Puritans towards the Irish Catholics:

> A word of Ireland: not of the nation universally, nor of any man in it that hath so much as one hair of Christianity or humanity growing on his head or beard, but only of the truculent cut-throats, and such as shall take up arms in their defence.
>
> These Irish, anciently called Anthropophagi (man-eaters), have a tradition among them, that when the devil showed our Saviour all the kingdoms of the earth and their glory he would not show him Ireland, but reserved it for himself. It is most probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar aim; the old

[1] April 2d, 1647, the House voted that the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland should be styled Field-Marshal and allowed £6 per diem, and appointed Major-General Skippen to be Field-Marshal, and Colonel Massey Lieutenant-General of the Horse under him. Whitelocke, p. 246.

[2] He handed over to the Parliament Dublin, Drogheda, Trim, Naas, and the other garrisons then held by him in Ireland, June 7th; on the 25th of July he delivered up the regalia. Cox's *Hib. Angl.*, vol. i. p. 93. Jones took possession of the castle of Dublin for the Parliament. Curry, vol. i. p. 385. See Appendix i.

fox foresaw that it would eclipse the glory of the rest; he thought it wisdom to keep it for a boggards for himself and all his unclean spirits employed in this hemisphere, and the people to do his son and heir — I mean the Pope — that service for what Louis XI. kept his barber Oliver, which makes them to be so blood-thirsty. They are the very offal of men, dregs of mankind, reproach of Christendom, the bots that crawl on the beast's tail. I wonder Rome itself is not ashamed of them.

I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against them may be undertaken whilst the hearts and hands of our soldiery are hot. To whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he who shall reward them as they have served us: and cursed is he that shall do the work of the Lord negligently. Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood; yea, cursed be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood, that maketh them not heaps on heaps, and their country a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment to nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand be spared that pities or spares them. And let him be accursed that curseth them not bitterly.

The general insurrection that took place the following year, the revolt of the navy, and the rising of the Scots so obstructed the counsels of the Parliament that little was done towards the relief of Ireland. The sending over of Lord Lisle as Lord Lieutenant helped to alienate Inchiquin, one of the most active and unscrupulous partisans of the Parliament. In a fit of jealous disappointment he made overtures to the Royalist party, and brought over to them all the Munster garrisons.

CHAPTER IV.

CROMWELL GENERAL.

The Army for Ireland — The Lord Lieutenant — Waller and Lambert — Cromwell appointed — Officers' Petition — 12,000 men to be sent to Ireland — Committee to provide Ships — Cromwell Commander-in-Chief. His Humility — Committee for the Affairs of Ireland — Provision for the forces — Conference with the Common Council of London — £120,000 advanced for the Service of Ireland — Casting of Lots — The Regiments for Ireland — The General's Order.

EARLY in 1649 news reached Ireland, that "great preparations were making in England forthwith to send a great fleet and army for Ireland, which, it was said, should be commanded by Cromwell." There were many who ambitioned the post of Lord Lieutenant.[1] Waller[2] and Lambert[3] were the chief candidates for public favor. It was a question whether the Presbyterians or the Independents should have the upperhand. The former supported the claims of Waller; the latter, headed by Cromwell, insisted that the chief command should be given to Lambert, who already held the second place in the army. He was known to be as much opposed to Presbyterianism as to royalty. But Cromwell was jealous of Lambert; he thought the government of Ireland and the command of such an army as would be needed there, too great a trust for him. Therefore some of Cromwell's friends, who were always ready at hand in such emergencies, on a sudden proposed that Cromwell should command the expedition. Cromwell was absent when the proposal was made. The Presbyterian party thought it was only a trick to defer the service, and that he had no intention of going to Ireland, or if he did go, his absence from England would give them all they wished for; they

[1] "The government of Ireland is administered sometimes by a single person in the nature of a viceroy; sometimes by two or three persons called Lord Justices, who derive their authority by commission, sometimes from the Viceroy, sometimes from the Crown. The chief governors in the early ages have been called by divers names, as Custos, Judiciary, Lord Lieutenant, and Lord Deputy." Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 89. From the close of the twelfth century the governor of the Anglo-Norman colony in Ireland was called Chief Justiciary, a title applied in England to the chief officer of the King's court. The title of Lord-Lieutenant seems to have been reserved for court favorites or persons of acknowledged eminence. Cromwell's predecessors in that dignity were the Earls of Leicester and Strafford, Lord Mountjoy, and the Earl of Essex. Ware gives the titles borne by each of the chief governors. *Ibid.*

[2] He was one of the leaders of the Presbyterian party in the House of Commons, and had distinguished himself in the early part of the Civil War. He retired from the House in June, 1647, when the eleven members were impeached by the army.

[3] Lambert had distinguished himself by his bravery, especially at Naseby and Fife. He was, of all the officers in the army, second to Cromwell in courage, prudence and capacity. Cromwell regarded him with a jealous eye; and upon his refusal to take the oath to be faithful to the Government, deprived him of his commission, but granted him a pension of £2,000, more through prudence than generosity; for he knew that such a man as Lambert, rendered desperate by poverty, would be capable of anything. Grainger's *Biographical History*, vol. iii. p. 18; London, 1769.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

should be able to regain to their party Fairfax, who had already begun to show a dislike to his new friends. And so both parties agreed, and Cromwell was declared Lord Lieutenant, with as ample and independent a commission as could be prepared.

Feb. 19th. — At a Council of the army holden at Whitehall, there were voted 10,000 men to go over into Ireland, amongst which the Lieutenant-General Cromwell's own regiment is one; by which it is probable he may command in chief. Some regiments are already drawing northward.[1]

March 2d. — The House being informed that there were several officers of the army at the door, they were called in, and Colonel Whaley told Mr. Speaker that the General Council of the officers of the army had sent these gentlemen to present the House with this petition. . . . That it is their desire that the House would take it into their serious, effectual, and speedy consideration. . . . That the sad and distressed condition of Ireland may be immediately considered; and, ere it is too late, such seasonable supplies sent thither as may require the English power and interest; for which work we humbly offer and earnestly desire that such forces as are already raised and can be spared, which we conceive will be, with some little addition, a considerable strength, may be forthwith appointed for that service, with some equal provision for maintenance as the forces here shall have provided, and under such conduct and conditions as may encourage faithful men for that employment; by which means you will probably in a great measure secure this nation, in fact ease the people of their pressure, and, by the blessing of God, recover that kingdom out of the hands of the rebels. Upon the reading of the petition, the Commons voted, That the matters contained in the said Petition . . . be taken into immediate consideration; that Mr. Speaker do return thanks to the Petitioners. . . . The House ordered that it should be referred to a Council of State to consider of that business concerning Ireland.[2]

March 3d. — Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Arthur Hesilrigge, Colonel Jones, Colonel Martin, Colonel Walton, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Robinson to be a committee to consider the order of March 2d, concerning the forces in England and Wales, and which are fit for service in Ireland.

March 5th. — That 12,000 horse and foot must be sent to Ireland . . . to suggest to the House that the £20,000 a month tax be continued for the Irish army.

March 9th. — Order in parliament, referring it to the Council of State to confer with the Army Committee how the forces that are to go to Ireland may be modelled for the best advantage.

March 9th. — The Council of State to the Lord-General: Parliament has this day ordered 12,000 men to be sent to Ireland; equal provision to be made for them as for these here; and have referred the care of this business to us. We desire you to call together your Council of War, and to consider what regiments shall go thither of horse, foot, and dragoons,[3] and under what commander.

March 12th. — Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Mr. Holland, Colonel Walton, to be a committee to consult the Navy Commissioners, as to which ships out of the eight ordered may be soonest made ready; how sufficient shipping may be sent to Chester and Liverpool. They are to certify how many ships, and of what burden will suffice, and at what rates, and how they may be had.

March 13th. — A committee of the Council was appointed to report to the House that the Lord-General and his Council of War have been consulted with about the modelling of the forces for Ireland, in pursuance of the order of the 9th

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[1] *The Kingdom's Faithful and Impartial Scout*, Feb. 16th to 23d; in *Cromwelliana*, p. 52.

[2] *Perfect Diurnal*, Feb. 27th to March 3d. The duties of the Council of State were: 1st, to command and settle the Militia of England and Ireland; 2d, to set forth such a Navy as they should think fit; 3d, to appoint magazines and stores and to dispose of them; 4th, to sit and execute the powers given them for a year. Whitelocke, p. 376.

[3] "Dragoon, a kind of soldier that serves indifferently either on foot or on horseback." Johnson. According to Merrick, they were so called not after the draconarii of the Romans, but because they carried a short blunderbuss having a dragon's head at its muzzle. *Inquiry into Ancient Armour*; in glossary ad verb.; London, 1842.

of March; and that he thinks nothing can be done until the Commander-in-chief is nominated. The Council wishes to know the pleasure of the House concerning his nomination, which being determined, the rest will proceed with more expedition.

March 14th. — Report was made to the House from the Council of State as to the proceedings in order to the sending of forces for Ireland. And upon debate, the House referred it to the Council of State to nominate a General and other chief officers for Ireland, and to report with speed to the House, that the work may be hastened, of which there is great need.

March 15th. — The Council of State upon the business of Ireland: Lieutenant-General Cromwell is by them in nomination to be General for Ireland; and in order to this also, at a General Council of the Army at Whitehall it was resolved upon, that the business of Ireland cannot be well taken into consideration before the Commander-in-chief be nominated and other arrangements propounded, which are under debate by the Council of State to be reported to the House.

March 23d. — This day the committee of officers appointed by the General Council of the Army sat at Whitehall. They named some officers to propose some particulars for the encouragement of those who shall engage for Ireland by present pay, provisions, stating of accounts, &c., and resolved, That so many regiments as shall be designed of the army for that service shall be drawn by lot.

The Council of the Army met again, and named two officers of every regiment of horse and foot of the army and divers garrisons of the kingdom, to meet the next morning to seek God, to gather what advice to offer to the General concerning the expedition for Ireland, and to make a report to the Council on Monday next by three of the clock in the afternoon. The Lieutenant-General Cromwell is to give in his answer to the Council of State on Tuesday next (March 27th) whether he will go for Ireland or not.

On Easterday (March 25th), the army had a day of humiliation and fast for their future undertakings, especially concerning Ireland. Peters[1] performed his old office of blowing the trumpet, and told them that he hoped none of them would refuse to go into Ireland. Yet they could not but go with more cheerfulness when they knew that they had a particular call from God, which he promised them within three days.

March 26th. — The General Council of the Army sat at Whitehall, and had before them the debate of several particulars for the better encouragement of those as shall engage for the service of Ireland; the particulars agreed on are many, and which are to be rendered to the parliament for confirmation.

The following test to be taken by Colonel Tuthill and all the officers going to Ireland: "To be faithful to the Commonwealth, without King or House of Peers, to obey the orders of parliament, or his superiors appointed thereby, to do nothing to prejudice the Commonwealth, and to discover any conspiracies against it." A week later, an order was issued to Colonels Tuthill and Reynolds to offer this test to every private soldier of their respective regiments, those not taking the test to be discharged.

March 27th. — Lieutenant-General Cromwell having intimated his willingness to serve the parliament in the war of Ireland, care being had for necessaries for the army, as money, &c.; they considered of that peculiar war in several things, and did vote, among other things, some money for the faithful and valiant Governor of Dublin.

March 28. — Lieutenant-General Cromwell this day was, by the House of Commons, voted General for Ireland, and declared to the House his acceptance to go for that service; and for the better supply of that service, several things were debated to this purpose: — 1°. That Lieutenant-General Cromwell shall go Commander-in-chief of the forces for Ireland. 2°. That such regiments as shall be

[1] Peters in early life was expelled from Cambridge for irregular behavior. He afterwards took to the stage, and there acquired the habit of buffoonery which he practiced later in the pulpit. Being obliged to fly from England, he went to Rotterdam, and became pastor of the English church there. He was one of the first to justify rebellion. The Sunday after the trial of Charles I. began, he preached at Whitehall and "spake old Simeon's words, that he had seen his salvation, that is, Kings in fetters and Princes in chains." Carte's *Collection*, &c., vol. i. p. 212. He was executed in 1660 with other regicides. See *The Trial of the Regicides*, p. 149: London, 1724; Ludlow's *Memoirs*, pp. 308 and 367.

allotted for the Irish service may have all their arrears audited, stated, and debentures given for their respective services. 3°. Visible security to be given, so that any friend or other, being entrusted with a debenture, may receive it at a time prescribed by the parliament. 4°. Those that go for Ireland to be first satisfied for their arrears since 1645. 5°. That out of the £120,000 per mensem for England and Ireland, three months' pay shall be given for those that go. 6°. The private soldiers and non-commissioned officers to receive two months' pay of arrears, and commissioned officers under captains one month's pay. 7°. That magazines for provisions be settled at Bristol, Chester, Liverpool, Beaumaris, and Milford. And that in order to the latter and for the better victualling of the ships, as occasion requires, that the chief officers of the respective towns and garrisons of Bristol, Chester, Liverpool, Beaumaris, the Isle of Anglesea, and Milford in South Wales, shall observe such orders and commands as they shall receive from the said chief commander. 8°. A sufficient squadron of ships to be on the Irish coasts, to be at the command of the Commander-in-chief of the land forces in Ireland. 9°. The ships to be victualled at Dublin, Liverpool, and Beaumaris; and a Court of Admiralty to be erected at Dublin, to prevent their coming into England to dispose of prizes and so neglect the service. 10°. The pay of the officers and soldiers to be according to the Irish establishment, only the officers to receive for the present the same pay as here. 11°. An hospital for sick and maimed soldiers to be erected at Dublin. 12°. The parliament's forces already in Ireland, and those now to go over, to be one army and one establishment. 13°. 5,000 quarters of bread-corn, 200 tons of salt, and 200 tons of cheese, to be transported with those who now go over. 14°. A competent train of artillery, with arms for both horse and foot, ammunition and other things necessary, to be provided for that service. 15°. That effectual care be taken to send over recruits of men and horse, with furniture complete, as occasion requires. 16°. That there be recruits of horse, foot, arms, saddles, &c., ready to supply the service of Ireland, to be sent over as need shall require. The whole was referred to the Council of State for some small amendments. The House ordered money to be advanced to Colonel Jones, Governor of Dublin.

The next day Cromwell appeared in the House full of confusion and irresolution. After much hesitation and many expressions of his own unworthiness and disability to support so great a charge, and of the entire resignation of himself to their commands, and absolute dependence upon God's providence and blessing, from which he had received many instances of His favor, he submitted to their good will and pleasure, and desired them that no more time might be lost in the preparations which were to be made for so great a work. "For he did confess that kingdom to be reduced to so great straits that he was willing to engage his own person in the expedition, purely for the difficulties which appeared in it, and more out of hope, with the hazard of his life, to give some obstruction to the success which the rebels were at present exalted with, and so preserve to the Commonwealth some footing in that kingdom till they might be able to send fresh supplies, than out of any expectation that with his strength he should be able in any signal degree, to prevail over them.[1]

[1] Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 322; Echard's *History of England* vol. ii. p. 672; London, 1718. Cromwell was unwilling to accept the office, as it lessened the authority of his General. He acquaints him with it and assures him that he will never accept of it, though threatened with the greatest punishment if he do not comply, or tendered the highest reward if he do. By this little instance Fairfax perceived how much more deserving Cromwell was than himself, whom he before knew to be no way his inferior; and at the same time he vied in kindness, and showed that he deserved well of his country by refusing the charge, and assigned it wholly to Cromwell. Peck's *Memoirs of O. Cromwell*, p. 44; London, 1740. Cromwell was made General-in-chief of all the forces June 26th, 1650, Fairfax having resigned, being unwilling to march with the army into Scotland. Ludlow's *Memoirs*, p. 122. His friend Godwin used to say that it was one of the peculiarities

March 30th. — Upon report from the Council of State, that Lieutenant-General Cromwell accepted of the service of Ireland, and would endeavor to the utmost of his power, with God's assistance, to carry on that work against the rebels and all that adhere to them, the House did approve of Lieutenant-General Cromwell to be Commander-in-chief of all the forces sent to Ireland; and to take off any reflection on the General (Fairfax), or dislike to him, it was also voted, That the Lord Fairfax be general of all the forces of the parliament both in England and Ireland."

March 31st. — By order of the Council of State, Sir William Armayne, Sir Henry Vane, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Sir John Danvers, Mr. Scott, and Colonel Jones to be a committee for the civil and military affairs of Ireland, with power to advise with Sir Robert King, Colonel Hill, Sir Hardress Waller, and others.

April 11th. — This day the Council of State made report to the House of their proceedings, and further propositions agreed on as to the forces that shall go to Ireland.

Resolved by the Commons assembled in parliament: 1°. That effectual provision be made for maimed soldiers during their lives, and for the widows and orphans of such as shall be slain in the service; and that for the present one or more hospitals be appointed and prepared at Dublin, or elsewhere, for the recovery of sick and lame soldiers. 2°. That such backs, breasts, and pots[1] as shall be wanting, shall be provided for every trooper who shall be employed in the service, and these to be transported to such places as the Commander-in-chief shall direct. 3°. That it be referred to the Council of State to treat with the officers of the forces that are to go into Ireland, upon what terms the arms, horse, and furniture to be provided may be continued and maintained. 4°. That it be referred to the Council of State to confer with the said officers of the said army touching the sending over recruits of horse and men, &c., for the forces on the service of Ireland as occasion may require.

It was also informed that the army are upon so good a way of forwardness for the advance of the service of Ireland, as that this day the officers of the army were appointed to meet about the casting of lots which regiments shall engage in that service.

April 12th. — A report was this day made from the Council of State of the necessity to advance a speedy and considerable sum for the service of Ireland. The House upon debate voted, That the sum of £120,000 should be borrowed of the City of London for the service; and for the speedy affecting thereof, they elected a committee, consisting of Sir Henry Vane, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, &c., to go to the Common Council of the City, to treat with them for borrowing the sum of £120,000 upon security of the two last months' assessments of the £9,000 per mensum, and meet with the said Common Council this afternoon; and that ten members more should be added to the said Committee.

Those who were appointed to go to the Common Council about the furnishing £120,000 came to Guildhall. The first that spoke was Mr. Lisle; after him Mr. Whitelocke, who very notably urged the accommodating the parliament with the sum appointed for the service of Ireland. After whom the Lord Chief Baron Wilde did press the same with many arguments; and, among others, he rightly distinguished the state of the war in that kingdom, as being not between Protestant and Protestant, or Independent and Presbyterian, but Papist and Protestant, and that was the interest there; Papacy or Popery being not to be endured in that kingdom, which notably agreed with the maxim of King James, when first King of the three Kingdoms: "Plant Ireland with Puritans, and root out Papists, and then secure it." The last that spake was the Lieutenant-General, who first excused himself as designed for that service, and so might be thought to seek himself; after he cleared up divers things by way of satisfaction, and particularly these: 1°. Whereas it was reported money would be endeavored, and then nothing done for Ireland. 2°. That it was said the army would not go. Both which he asserted were false, and that the

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of Cromwell's frame, whether the causes were bodily or mental, that he always had tears at command. *History of the Commonwealth*, vol. ii. p. 360; London, 1824.

[1] The cuirass, originally of leather; as the name imports, but later of iron, covered the body both before and behind; it consisted of two parts, a breast and a back-piece of iron, fastened together by means of straps; the pot was an iron hat with a broad brim. Grose's *Military Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 244 and 249; London, 1801.

expedition would be for Ireland, and that the officers were unanimous for the service, and, he doubted not, the soldiers; only it was necessary they be accommodated. As for any divisions or distractions in the army, there was none, though it had been attempted. For the service he professed a readiness to do it to his utmost. The Common Council considered of the security, viz., the two last months' assessment and fee-farm rent, but looked not upon it as sufficient, and therefore ordered a committee of six aldermen and six commoners, to consider how security might be satisfactory, which is like to involve the Dean and Chapters' lands. It is thought this will be the security accepted of, if it can be procured. The Common Council did, by their recorder, Mr. Glyn, return thanks to the Lord-General for his great service done for the kingdom, and particularly for London; they thanked the parliament for him, and for making him Generalissimo of England and Ireland, also for the good choice they had made of appointing the Lieutenant-General chief for reducing Ireland.

April 13th. — The Committee appointed yesterday to go into the city and treat with the Common Council concerning the advance of £120,000 for the service of Ireland made report this day: That the Common Council declared that it would be ready and willing to contribute their utmost endeavors for the advance of this sum for the relief of that distressed nation of Ireland. The thanks of the House were given them for their willingness to promote the business. And for the better carrying out of the business of Ireland by the advance of this £120,000 of the city, the House ordered that there should be addition made to the Committee for sale of fee-farm rents, and the Committee was ordered to make a speedy report of the business.

April 20th. — This day, according to appointment, the General Council of the Army met at Whitehall, about casting of lots what regiments should go for the service of Ireland; where, after a solemn seeking of God by prayer, they cast lots what regiments of the old army should be designed for that service: 14 regiments of horse and 14 of foot of the established forces came to the lot; and it being resolved that four regiments of horse and four of foot should go upon that service, ten blanks and four papers with *Ireland* written upon them were put in a hat, and being shuffled together, were drawn out by a child; who gave to an officer of each regiment in the lot the lot of that regiment; so that it was done in so impartial and inoffensive a way, as no regiment can take any just exception. The regiments to whose lot it fell to go were, of horse, Commissary-General Ireton's, Colonel Scroop's, Colonel Horton's, and Major-General Lambert's; of foot, Colonel Ewer's, Colonel Cook's, Colonel Hewson's, and Colonel Dean's; of dragoons, Major Abbott's, Captain Mercer's, Captain Fulcher's, Captain Garland's, and Captain Bolton's troops. The officers of each regiment which were allotted expressed much cheerfulness at the decision. There are three more regiments already in forming, besides those of the army, viz., a regiment of foot of Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Colonel Venables' regiment, and the Kentish regiment under Colonel Phayre.

April 23d. — The parliament enacted that Thursday, the third of May, be set apart and appointed for a public and solemn day of fasting and humiliation, earnestly to seek unto Almighty God that He will be graciously pleased to give a blessing to the forces of the parliament now in Ireland and such as are to be shortly sent thither and at last to establish his pure worship in this nation.

April 24th. — Colonel Tuthill's regiment is shipped, in all 1127, besides a company that is coming up of 100 men. Two days later, letters from Chester informed the House, that the vessels on which this regiment had embarked were driven by a strong north-west wind upon the coast of Wales, near Beaumaris; where, if they have not a supply of victuals, they will come to land; the consequences whereof will be the spoil of 1,250 good soldiers, the ruin of the country, and the non-relieving of Ireland, and particularly of Dublin, which place is, we fear, begirt by Ormonde.

April 30. — This day Colonel Hewson's regiment marched to Rumford, in order to the advance for Ireland.

An order was issued by the Lord-General to the officers of every regiment of the army, that none entertain any of the forces designed for Ireland: Whereas divers officers of regiments designed for Ireland go off from the same, with an expectation to be entertained in other regiments that stay in this nation; these are therefore required upon sight hereof to forbear to list or entertain any soldiers whatsoever, either horse or foot, in their regiments for the space of six months from the date hereof, without special order from himself.

CHAPER V.

THE LEVELLERS.

Mutiny among the Troops — Cromwell's Ambition — "The Hunting of the Foxes" — His Nepotism — Spread of the Sedition — Defeat of the Insurgents — Thanks given to the Generals — Readiness of the Army to go for Ireland — Transports — The General Officers — Cromwell's Delay — His Commission, Life-guard and Allowance.

THE expedition was delayed for a time by a mutinous spirit, which showed itself in several of the regiments destined for service in Ireland. Many of the common soldiers had become infected with the doctrines of the Levellers, a sect which was intent on establishing a theocracy, which they called "The Dominion of God and his Saints." They first appeared near Cobham, in Surrey, busy in digging the ground and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the army, who termed himself a prophet, was their chief. They were thirty men, and said they should shortly be four thousand. They invited all to come and help them, and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that had assembled at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the General and made a declaration to justify their proceedings. Everard said, "He was of the race of the Jews; all the liberties of the people were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; and ever since, the people of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our forefathers under the Egyptians. There lately had appeared to him a vision, which bade him 'Arise, and dig and plough the earth, and receive the fruits thereof;' their intent was to restore the creation to its former condition, to restore the ancient community of enjoying the fruits of the earth." While they were before the General they stood with their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, "Because he was their fellow creature." Being asked the meaning of the phrase: "Give honor to whom honor is due," they said, "Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such questions."

The mutiny first broke out on the night of April 26th, among a troup of Colonel Whaley's regiment, at the Bull in Bishopsgate. This regiment was not allotted for Ireland; but the men refused to quit London, as they were ordered. Fairfax and Cromwell hastened to the place and forced them to march. Fifteen were seized and tried by court-martial. Five of this number were condemned to be shot; four of these were pardoned by the General. The next day the fifth was shot in St. Paul's Churchyard. His name was Lockyer, one who had for seven years served in the army with equal courage and constancy to any trooper, being at his death about twenty-three years of age; he was, it is said, a pious man, and of excellent parts and much beloved. His death, far from quelling the sedition, seemed rather to

spread it; among all classes it produced a profound impression of grief and anger. At the funeral, two days after, "about one hundred persons went before the corpse, five or six in a file; the corpse was bosought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the trooper's horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The corpse was adorned with bundles of rosemary, one half-stained in blood. Some thousands followed in rank and file, with black and green ribbons on their heads and breasts. At the new churchyard in Westminster, some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the city.

Cromwell's ambitious purposes would seem to have been suspected by many for a long time. The French Ambassador wrote from London to Cardinal Mazarin, in June, 1649: "Cromwell, according to the belief of many, carries his ideas beyond even the suggestions of the most undisciplined ambition." In a pamphlet entitled, "The Hunting of the Foxes; or, The Grandee Deceivers Unmasked," the authors, "five private soldiers," after censuring the Council of State as "adorning itself with all the regal magnificence and majesty of courtly attendance," proceed in the following strain:

"Was there ever a generation of men so apostate, so false, and so perjured as these? Did ever men pretend a higher degree of holiness, religion, and zeal to God and their country than these? They preach, they fast, they pray, they have nothing more frequent than the sentences of Sacred Scripture, the name of God and of Christ in their mouths; you shall scarce speak to Cromwell about anything but he will lay his hand on his breast, elevate his eyes, and call God to record; he will weep, howl, and repent, even while he doth smite you under the first rib. O Cromwell! whither art thou aspiring? He that runs may read and foresee the intent, a new regality." See 128th page.

The pamphlet was declared by the House to contain much false, scandalous and reproachful matter, highly seditious, and destructive to the present government, its authors and distributors guilty of high treason, to be proceeded against as traitors; and the Council of State was enjoined to carry these resolutions into effect. At a council of officers, held at Whitehall at the end of February, it was resolved to take severe measures against all intrigues. Fairfax issued a general order to the army, forbidding all meetings and deliberations as contrary to discipline; but admitting the right of the soldiers to petition, provided they first informed their officers of their intention to do so. Five soldiers who presented a petition to complain of the obstacles thrown in their way, were severely punished. Colonel Lilburne petitioned against the Council of State and the High Court of Justice. Obtaining no redress, he printed the petition, with the title, "England's new chains discovered." He was committed to the Tower, on suspicion of high treason, for being the author, contriver, framer, or publisher of a seditious book.

Cromwell was openly charged with nepotism too.

Truly, if you knew what a large family the Lieutenant-General hath in the army, you could not much blame him for being so craving daily for money, whereof honest John Lilburne hath given a perfect muster — 1°. Himself, Lieutenant-Gen-

eral and Colonel of horse. 2°. One of his sons, Captain of the General's Life-guard. 3°. His other son, Captain of a troop in Colonel Harrison's regiment. 4°. His brother-in-law, Desborough, Colonel of the General's regiment of horse. 5°. His son-in-law, Ireton, Commissary-General of the horse and Colonel of horse. 6°. His brother, Ireton, Quartermaster-General of the horse and Captain of horse. 7°. His cousin, Whaley, Colonel of horse. 8°. And his brother, Whaley, lately made Judge Advocate. And all these are the Lieutentant-General's creatures at command.

The flame of sedition spread rapidly through the ranks of the army. A week later, news reached London that insurrections had broken out in Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire; that several troops of Scroop's, Reynolds', and Ireton's regiments had revolted from command and driven away their officers, and the most of the men of Harrison's, Ingoldsby's, and Horton's regiments were already in correspondence with the mutineers and disposed to join them. A party of two hundred men, under the command of one Captain Thompson, left their quarters at Banbury; they demanded justice on the murderers of Lockyear, and threatened that if a hair of Lilburne's were hurt they would avenge it seventy-and-seven fold upon the tyrants! Reynolds was sent in pursuit of them. Some returned to the ranks, others were taken prisoners. Thompson escaped with a few of his companions. Meantime, at Salisbury, where the headquarters were, a body of about a thousand strong, headed by Cornet Thompson, rose in mutiny. The parliament left the generals to act as they thought best. Fairfax and Cromwell reviewed the two regiments which they commanded in person. Both professed the utmost zeal in the cause of the parliament. Colonel Whaley and his officers issued a "Declaration," that divers had wickedly gone about to divide the army, to persuade those soldiers to whose lot it was fallen to go for Ireland to refuse that service. They disclaimed those traitorous plots and actions, and utterly abhorred them, and resolved to continue their due allegiance to the parliament, the general, the lieutenant-general, and others in authority, and engaged to stand or fall with them.

A few days after, the generals, Fairfax and Cromwell, came up with the insurgents at Burford, in Oxfordshire. Cromwell entered the place suddenly, in the night, with 2,000 men. Reynolds posted himself with a strong party outside the town. The mutineers defended themselves for a short time; but soon losing all hope, about four hundred of them surrendered; the rest succeeded in making their escape. Fairfax summoned a court-martial, which decided that they should be decimated. Three were shot, the others were pardoned, after having been reproached for having so wickedly imperilled the cause of God and of their country. "They wept, they retired to Devizes for a time, were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland."

A new sedition broke out at Oxford in Colonel Ingoldsby's regiment. The soldiers seized their officers and cast them into prison. The Colonel himself, who had been sent down to repress the mutiny, was not spared. They fortified themselves in the buildings of New College, and from that stronghold renewed the demands of the Levellers. The revolt died away of itself ten days after it broke out.

May 26th. — Lieutenant-General Cromwell being come post to town last night, made a narrative this day to the House of the army's proceedings against these termed Levellers, and how they are suppressed, the discontents in the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, and other castles thereabout allayed, and all in quiet. The House hereupon ordered that the thanks of the House should be given to Lieutenant-General Cromwell for his great care and courage in this business against the Levellers. Mr. Speaker, according to the said resolution, stood up and gave the hearty thanks of the House accordingly.

And that so great a deliverance may not easily be forgotten, the House ordered that there should be a day of thanksgiving set apart for this great mercy, not only for the city and suburbs, but likewise for the whole Commonwealth; and therefore ordered that Thursday come fortnight should be set apart for this duty in the city and suburbs, and late lines of communication; and Thursday come three weeks for all the nation. Mr. Thomas Goodwin and others were appointed to preach that day before the parliament.

Lieutenant-General Cromwell has caused his tent to be put up, and it is agoing; and he and his officers and forces are preparing for a sudden advance for Ireland, they being much satisfied in the Act passed for their accounts. Colonel Stubberds has mustered his regiment of foot designed for Ireland, on Hounslow Heath, and read the Act for Accounts at the head of them; they were full and all unanimous. Colonel Phayre's regiment, Colonel Venables', and Colonel Huncks' regiment of foot also are ready to march. Colonel Reynolds hath almost completed his regiment of horse, and Major Shelburne's regiment is nigh ready. Those regiments taken out of the standing army, will be new moulded before they be sent, but all will be ready for march about three weeks hence, for Ireland.

May 29th. — Report was made to the House by Lieutenant-General Cromwell, of the readiness of the forces to go for Ireland, and, if money were in readiness, to be shipped away presently; some already are far on their march. The House hereupon made some further progress for the encouragement of such as shall advance money upon Dean and Chapters' lands; and also passed further orders for the advance of money and provisions for the service of Ireland.

May 31st. — The humble representation and resolutions of the officers and soldiers in Lieutenant-General Cromwell's regiment: —

"The manifold experiences we have of your Excellency's happy conduct ever since the goodness of God has sent you over to us, and the many signal victories He hath been pleased to make you instrument in, to the twice total subduing of a powerful enemy, together with our sensibleness of God's love to this present parliament in carrying them through so great and glorious undertakings for the good of the commonwealth, the benefit of which we hope all honest men will be sensible of. In consideration of these things, we are at a loss within ourselves that any generation of men amongst us (especially of such large professions), who have tasted of the same mercy we have done, should now, through the pride and ambition of their hearts, so manifestly disown God, by such an unchristian and unheard of rejection through pride and ambition, in casting off the authority of this present parliament and your Excellency, as divers of late have endeavored. Therefore we, the officers and soldiers of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's regiment, do in all humility represent to your Excellency that we have been and are sadly afflicted in our spirits with the thoughts of that horrid and unnatural defection so lately made from the parliament's and your Excellency's authority; and each of us in particular profess that we do from our hearts disavow the having any hand directly or indirectly in advising or countenancing the revolt or capitulation of any of the twelve troops of your army, or any others lately or now opposing the parliament's or your Excellency's authority. And that we neither did nor do own or countenance any of those late papers which have scandalized the parliament, Council of State, or your Excellency's authority derived from them. And we desire to bless God, who hath enabled your Excellency so seasonably to reduce those who otherwise, by their destructive principles, might have brought great confusion upon the nation. And for the manifestation of our faithfulness and obedience we further profess that we shall, by the grace of God, hazard our lives and all that is dear unto us for the preservation of this parliament, the supreme authority of the nation, the just authority of the people, according to their late acts and declarations; and while we are soldiers, we shall cheerfully submit unto your Excellency's authority over us, under them, and to

the discipline of the army now practised amongst us, against any person or persons, that, under any notion or pretence whatsoever, shall go about, to be obedient to your Excellency in putting into execution your commands, according to the power and authority given you by parliament; withal resolving to use our utmost endeavors to discover all such persons as shall, by way of agitators or otherwise, endeavor disturbance amongst us, to break the present government and peace of the army. And because it hath been rumored that this regiment had an intention to have seized upon the person of the Lieutenant-General, in order to the carrying on that rebellious design, we profess for our parts we never had the least knowledge of any such thing; and if any person or persons lately amongst us, at any meetings in London or elsewhere, have promised or engaged in the name of the regiment anything tending thereunto, it hath proceeded from the treachery of their own hearts, with whom we leave it; no doubt but God will, in due time, find out such deeds of darkness; and as we hope our desire of avoidance of such from amongst us, whose principles might lead them to such an action, will in some measure vindicate us, so we further add that it could not but have been a detestable crime for any part of the army to have attempted (much more to have done) such an act, so in us, by how much the nearer we stand related to him as being our Colonel, and of whose fidelity we have had such ample testimony, it would have been most wicked and abominable.

Lieutenant-General Cromwell is to have a regiment of horse for Ireland, consisting of fourteen troops, and a lieutenant-colonel and two majors to be designed for the regiment.[1]

June 5th.— The Council of State gave orders for Flemish ships to transport the horse into Ireland, and for the regiments to march to Chester and the other ports, and not to stay above one night in a place. Letters from Sir George Ascough, that he had furnished Dublin with provisions, and sent others to Sir Charles Coote, and had blocked up Prince Rupert's ships at Kinsale.

June 7th.— The general officers for Ireland, besides Lieutenant-General Cromwell, are said to be Major-General Lambert, Major-General of the whole; Colonel Jones, Lieutenant-General of the horse; Colonel Horton, Commissary-General of the horse; and Colonel Monk, Major-General of the foot.

June 13th.— Mr. Whalley, agent at Chester, was ordered by the Council of State to make stay of all ships that are now or shall come into a port of Cheshire, Lancashire, or Wales, capable of transporting horse, that they may be ready, and no time lost.

June 15.— Upon a report from the Council of State, the House approved of Commissionary-General Ireton to go into Ireland next Commander-in-Chief unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell.

Cromwell still delayed his departure under various pretexts. The parliament began to feel anxious, for it was chiefly to get rid of Cromwell and to find employment for the army that the war had been undertaken with such vigor and at so much cost. The French Ambassador in London wrote to Mazarin: "They still say that Cromwell will start at the end of this month, at the latest. The opinion which I have to the contrary is so conformable to that of many intelligent persons, that I cannot retract it; and until I am convinced by the news of his journey into that country, I shall persevere in the opinion. It can hardly be possible that Cromwell, who, according to the belief of many, carries his ideas even beyond the suggestion of the most undisciplined ambition, can resolve to abandon this king-

[1] Whitelocke, p. 391. This was the day on which Cromwell's army was supposed to have begun its march from London for the reduction of Ireland, and from it the soldiers' service was afterward reckoned in the distribution of the forfeited lands of the Irish. They were the first that were paid. *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 187. The troops that had served against the Irish before Cromwell came over were called the old Protestants. See *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii. p. 134.

dom to the mercy of the plots which may be formed in his absence, and which his presence can prevent from being so much as undertaken."[1]

June 19th.— An order from the Lord General to Lieutenant-General Cromwell and the other officers designed for Ireland was issued, bidding all to take care that from henceforth they entertain none who had left other regiments designed for the service of Ireland, without taking a particular account of them, what troops they came from, and what they received upon their discharge as arrears; and upon mustering of any such, to set their names distinct in the muster rolls, with such particular account as aforesaid concerning each man.

June 20th. — Ordered that the Commission should be brought into the House for Lieutenant-General Cromwell to go commander over the forces for Ireland on the morrow.

June 22d.— A report this day made to the House from the Council of State, that, according to the order of the House, they had prepared and drawn up the Commission to be given to Lieutenant-General Cromwell as to his service of Ireland. The Commission was read in Latin and after in English; the House, approving thereof, ordered that the Lord Commissioners of the Great Seal of England should be required and authorized to pass the said Commission under the Great Seal unto the said Lieutenant-General Cromwell. The House spent some time in debate how long this Commission should continue, and at last resolved it should be in full force for three years. They then considered of settling the civil power of the nation of Ireland, whether by commissions or otherwise. The House, after a short debate, voted that Lieutenant-General Cromwell be Chief Governor of Ireland, and likewise that the civil and military power of that nation be settled in him during the time of his Commission. Instructions were ordered to be prepared for the Commander-in-Chief by the Council of State, and reported to the House with all speed.

June 25th.— The extraordinary charges of Lieutenant-General Cromwell as Chief Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ireland as to this preparatory expedition into that nation, referred to the consideration of a committee to consider thereof and report.

July 2d.— The Commons ordered the Lord-Lieutenant's life-guard of 50 to be made up to 70, and they paid according to the former establishment by the Committee of the Army, and Mr. Owen to go his chaplain, and £100 per annum to be allowed to his wife and children in his absence, to be paid quarterly, until the House shall take further order; which was referred to a committee to consider how it may be settled. The House then seriously debated concerning the speedy conduct of the army for Ireland, under the command of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for relief of our friends there in necessity; and hereupon ordered Wednesday next, July 10th, should be set apart for solemn fasting and humiliation for the city and suburbs, and all parts within the late lines of communication, to wait upon God for his blessing and good success upon the said army against the Irish rebels; the same to be observed and kept in all churches and chapels on a more distant day throughout all England.

Letters that Colonel Jones put all the Roman Catholics out of Dublin; that Sir George Ascough secured the harbor for the army to land from England.

July 5th. — The Lord Lieutenant, taking his leave this day, feasted many chief friends, and intends to set out from London by Monday or Tuesday next. The train of artillery was shipped for Ireland.

July 6th. — The House ordered that Wednesday next should be set apart for a day of humiliation for the city and suburbs, and all parts within the late lines of communication, to wait upon God for his blessing and good success of the army against the Irish rebels. The House then considered what ministers should be appointed to preach on next Wednesday.

July 7th — The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, intending to advance on Tuesday morning next from London towards the relief of our distressed brethren of Ireland,

[1] The rebels seem to prepare to send forces into Ireland, and Cromwell gives forth he will go with them, which few believe. Letter of Sir E. Nicholas to Ormonde, June 9th, 1649; in Carte's *Collection*, &c., vol. i. p. 294.

desired the House to give him leave to offer some petitions to their consideration, on behalf of several of their friends, to whom he engaged himself to use his utmost endeavors to promote their requests to the House before his departure. The House gave him favor herein accordingly, and his Lordship presented several petitions, which were read and debated.

July 12th. — In pursuance of an order of the House, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is to be allowed from the date of his patent £10 a day, as General of the forces in Ireland, during his continuation in England; from the time of his arrival in Ireland, he is to receive, as General of the forces thereof, £2,000 per quarter, which is not to be understood as any of the salary which by his patent he is entitled to receive as Lord Lieutenant; £3,000 to be immediately advanced to him for his transportation and furnishing himself with provision.[1]

On the day of his departure his friends assembled at Whitehall. Three ministers invoked the blessing of God on the cause of the saints; and two officers, Goff and Harrison, and the Lord Lieutenant himself, expounded the Scriptures excellently well and pertinent to the purpose.[1]

[1] In March, 1648, a sum of £1,680 a year was settled on Cromwell, and £5,000 on Fairfax, out of the Marquis of Worcester's estate. Of this sum Cromwell forgave the State £1,000 per annum for six years towards the expenses of the war in Ireland, if it should continue so long, to be employed as the parliament should be pleased to appoint. The House accepted the free offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell, testifying his zeal and good affection. *Mod. Intell.*, March 23d, 1648; in *Cromwelliana*, p. 38.

[1] Heath, in his *Flagellum*, says Ireton was absolutely the best prayermaker and preacher in the army, though Oliver came little behind him.

Society: — Its Influences.

WHAT he should say he was sure would deserve for him considerable amount of beating from "the scorpion side," but he proposed to stand by his guns to the last. The society of which he proposed to speak was made up of those who have arrived at a position where they have wealth to command and to time dispose of. The Scripture spoke of the world as in opposition to the kingdom of Christ, and the apostle who best understood the subject described the world as made up of the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life.

There was a power and influence which, despite ourselves, dictates to us what we shall do, how we shall dress, even what we shall eat. Why? Because the rest of the world — society — does it. People are constantly aspiring to appear not as themselves, but as some one else.

Society has its own standard and law. Its teaching is that man is to follow the development of his own feelings and passions to the end. There are sundry passions striving to gratify themselves independent of our reason and will, and society says that the end and object of life is to enjoy it to the full, and when it is consumed there is an end of all things. In this, human reason is violently offended. The end for which a thing is made, is not pleasure, but duty. Here begins the struggle between society and Christianity, because Christianity says there is a duty and a law based on revelation; that the duty is concentrated in God who made you, and that the law requires the observance of the tenets of religion.

A century ago it was considered a crime not to challenge a man to duel when offence was given or fancied, while now that sort of thing is considered low breeding. A man who lies in England is virtually excluded from society, although a woman is given far more privilege in that respect, while as to infidelity to the marriage vows, what is forgiven in a man is considered a great crime in woman. The moral code of society is based on the fashion of the hour. Society has its charms. We are brought in contact with the refinement of society, and in spite of ourselves we are refined. Society accepted the idea of eternal rewards, but the idea of offence of God was obliterated and cast aside. What is the effect on the human mind of this code? The coarsest effect is the terrible adoration of wealth. If your money is to do good, the more of it you have the better. But merely to adore a diamond or precious stone for self's sake — to make a little god of self — is the greatest curse that can come on mankind. How do you explain that when your young American ladies travel to Europe — the daughters of those who labored hard to master fortune — hundreds who would not shake hands with their fathers or mothers, hasten to adore these girls? Think you it is affection? I do not wish to break the confidence that has been reposed in me, but I can say this, that often and often such girls have been treated very much as you might treat a horse. There is no idea of affection. It is simply the exchange of

fortune for a title. That which society has before it is the possession of wealth.

What is the underlying cause in nine cases out of ten of domestic misery but the extravagance of either husband or wife in striving to imitate what society has before it? In my country people will go hungry in order to keep a carriage and pair. Why is this? Because society has issued its fiat as to equipage, sealskins, diamonds — even the kind of table you shall have in your drawing room, and rather an empty stomach than disobedience. Society takes away your liberty. I'd like to see the lady who would venture down Broadway clad in the garments of her grandmother, or the gentleman — pardon Oscar Wilde, of course — who would go down the same street dressed in the style of Charles I. Coming from the West the other day I saw a lady in the cars who wore the style of cap usually affected by a horse jockey. You are ever free, but ever dictated to by fashion. Where it comes from no one knows.

Human respect seems to be the greatest enemy of the human race. A man is afraid to say what his club or newspaper will not agree to. If there is one thing more than another that makes slaves, it is self-respect. Who generates it? Society. You must wear a certain number of studs, fix your necktie just so, have only one idea of poets, musicians or actors. It enters into the boy's heart, follows him to school, grows with him to manhood, and never leaves him till he goes to the grave.

The third curse of society is that the world is ruined because there are not hearts enough. There are plenty of heads, although the number of thinkers is not proportioned to the non-thinkers. There is too much callousness of heart, and it exists among those who are governed by society's code. You have heard of the woman of the world. Get near her. Will she talk tenderly of her sisters, show consideration for their faults, or throw the cloak of charity over their peccadilloes? No. She goes along slaying those with whom she is walking. Ask some of those who are highest in society for hospital aid and hearken to their response. The magnificent men and women of this land who have done so much for charity's sake were not society people. They were plain people who rose to wealth, and founded their greatest pride in their simplicity. As a priest, I have been struck by the fact that the influence of society is to dry up the heart.

Society in the state I have described it, can never be conserved unless it summons the aid of religion. Are the crimes of the poor the greatest after all? What about the variety of offences that take place in society? They may have their own refined caste, if you will, but there is more intensity of mind, more deliberation, more knowledge about them. In the eye of Him who is to sit in judgment upon us, the sins of society can only be averted by the subjugation of the passions to religion.

T. J. Capel.

Flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a sick chamber.

*The Drum-Major of Ballynenagh.**

How he came to be called the Drum-Major still to me remains a mystery. I have diligently inquired; I tried when I saw him first, and subsequently, when I was down there at the investigation; but no research has served to clear the thing up to my satisfaction. It was not on account of his band, for the mild-voiced Christian Brother who taught the infant-school told me he was called the Drum-Major before the people of Inside Bogs dreamed of the bands or the meetings. Nor was it because his brother was in the police — I had jumped at that wild conjecture on account of the association in my mind of the Royal Irish Constabulary with a military force — for I had learned from his mother that before her eldest son donned the uniform of the constable he used to delight in carrying him on his shoulder to the cricket-field on Sunday evenings and introducing him as "the Major" to the strapping young peasants, who used to make much of him and teach him to step with a military air as a sort of justification for his title. There may have been something in the suggestion that Father Matt, the lank curate, with the silvered hair and the smile of a boy, who had a boyish genius for high-sounding nick-names, christened him the Drum-Major, just as he had christened him his other name not very long before. But Father Matt will not vouch for this, and the suggestion, anyhow, is of questionable propriety.

His proper name was Johnny Fitten. As he was not old enough to be confirmed he had not yet added the middle cognomen to his style and title. The gold-dust of just ten summers gleamed bright upon his mop of clustering curls, despite the road-dust which had a habit of getting among them for all his mother's washings. His brow was as white and his lips were as ruby-red as Cupid's — that is, whenever the brow was not smudged with mud, or the lips not stained with the juice of the succulent blackberry. His eyes were blue, with thick, turned-up lashes. And who shall fathom the mysteries of those eyes? Look at them now — say when, a truant in the lovely summer weather, he waded, like some impish offspring of "the great god Pan," knee-deep among the shallows of the Moyera, fishing for *breekeens* with a bent pin on the end of a thread — and they twinkled at you with a droll light of mischief that forced you to laugh in spite of yourself. See him again, rattling his tin-can drum, at the head of his "Emergency Band" at a land meeting, or through the streets of Ballynenagh, barefoot, but erect, with springy step and patched cap perched jauntily on his curls; and those flashing blue eyes made you say, "This *gamin* has in him the stuff that makes the soldier." Go to the midday mass on Sunday and watch him in snowy surplice, serving with the demure, devotional, tremulous air, and he looked like a little angel, or one of Correggio's cherubs flown out of the canvas.

* This story is naked truth — a true episode of the Irish Land War — as all who read the newspapers will recognize. Nothing is changed but the name of persons and places.

He was forever in trouble. The Christian Brother who taught the infant-school wrung his hands in despair whenever his name was mentioned. Father Matt was fond of calling him an incorrigible rascal, and hoping he would not be "the highest man in the crowd yet with his tongue out" — a picturesque euphuism of which Father Matt, who was a lover of forcible expressions, intended to convey that he hoped the Drum-Major would not end by being publicly hanged. His mother was never done declaring that he was the plague and anxiety of her life; but, strange to say, if you attempted to chime in, even in the mildest way, with this chorus of condemnation, teacher, priest and mother, changed their tone at once; they were down upon you as if you had given them mortal offense, and forthwith began to champion the young gentleman as lustily as they had been inveighing against him a moment before. It was plain that only privileged persons were permitted to abuse the Drum-Major, and that, while he was the apple of his mother's eye, with Father Matt and Brother Jerome he was the chiefest of favorites. Indeed, it was plain the Drum-Major was universally popular. People of all sorts admired him from all sorts of points of view. Some ladies stopped to look at him for his childish beauty; others were captivated by his little dashing air and sprightly merriment; but it was quite true that in the breasts of most of the fair sex of Ballynenagh he held as high a place as any sweetheart. The man who drove Durkan's bread-van to Attymass would ask no greater delight then to fetch him off beside him on the "dickey" for the day, dropping him in the evening at his mother's cabin door. The truth was the Drum-Major was a born Bohemian, of that true Bohemian stock which is only found in France or Ireland. Such a youth, at his age, I fancy, must have been our dear, delightful Tommy Moore, or that loved child of the Pays Latin, Henri Murger.

But about that "Emergency Band:"

It was the era of the Land League. Among other symptoms of that great new-birth in Ireland was the universal anxiety of the awakened national spirit to express itself in music. Bands sprang up like magic everywhere. No parish had a right to hold up its head among its fellows that could not supply its band and bravely blazoned banner to all neighboring land demonstrations. Ballynenagh had its brass band; Inside Bogs had its own, which used to meet for practice of evenings in the school-room, Father Matt presiding and Professor Flahertini, after giving his lessons to the bands of Ballynenagh and Attymass, imparting the instruction.

A time came when the bands had another duty beside attending monster meetings — the duty of attending seizures and evictions. That was after Mr. Forster's *coup-d'etat* of October, 1881. The best men of the rural population were in jail as "suspects." The Orange Emergency Committee — a body of hired bravoes, organized by the Orange landlords to meet the situation when the people would no longer act as bum-baliffs, and would boycott any catiff who took land from which a tenant had been unjustly evicted — were putting forth desperate efforts to make the most of the opportunity. The events of this period were the "surprise-parties" for stock-raiding and evicting.

A farmer, against whom his landlord had obtained a decree for a rack-rent, might awake before dawn some morning to find a detachment of the British army and the Royal Irish constabulary with fixed bayonets driving off all his stock into the neighboring market town. His neighbor on the next farm might be aroused at a like unearthly hour by the sheriff with his Emergency baliffs and his escort nearly a regiment strong, to submit to eviction from his homestead there and then. The object of these strategic attacks was to avoid two things: The people generally had their scouts posted in the daytime, and sighted the enemy before he arrived on the scene of action. If a seizure were intended the stock was driven to lands upon which the seizing landlord had no lien. If it were to be an eviction, the people made a demonstration; they rang the chapel bell, sounded horns on the hills, got the whole town-land or parish together, and, if possible, brought out a band. This had the effect of inspiriting the tenants about to be evicted, and impressing the evictors with the advisibility of agreeing to the people's terms. Or the captured stock was escorted to town, music playing in derision; and the Emergency men found it hard to find a market for their seizures. But the bands were a difficulty. It was not easy to make a muster of music on these sudden occasions. Instruments would be in band-rooms, probably at a distance; instrumentalists would be at home or at work; moreover, the police would find pleasure in seizing on and battering brass instruments whenever it was feasible.

One day Inside Bogs was startled by the usual alarm. The "sojers" had arrived to carry out evictions. The chapel bell was rung, the parish was called together, but no band was possible. The instruments had been sent to town the day before to be cleaned and repaired. Father Matt was in despair. The most pious and respected family in the parish were being turned out of house and home.

Suddenly in the midst of their perplexity, Father Matt and the assembled might of Inside Bogs were astonished to hear what seemed to be the tootle of fifes and the rattle of drums. A solid little phalanx of barefooted urchins, playing the lively air of "Garryowen" on tin whistles and inverted tin-cans, appeared rounding the corner of the school house and marching at a brisk step up the breheen, where the crowd stood. Johnny Fitten, the Drum-Major, was at their head.

"Hurrah!" cried Father Matt; "this beats your brass *boondhe launs!*" The priest, it will be perceived, understood *onometspacia.*

A ringing cheer rent the air. A way was made for Johnny and his little band. They bore down straight upon the British army and the holdings about to be taken possession of, and the parish of Inside Bogs followed them, cheering and delighted.

Thus began the "Emergency Band." Tin whistles could be bought for a penny a-piece. The Drum-Major had sixpence, which Father Matt had given him the morning he went to the "station" with him, when Andy, the chapel-clerk, was sick. He invested in half a dozen instruments. It was a bagatelle for half a dozen Irish youngsters with ears for music to master "Garryowen," which is a simple though effective tune. The remainder of the urchins, who could produce in-

verted gallons and tin cans, were called on to do so, and they did. A few rehearsals, under the Drum-Major's baton, made them proficients.

When that day was over, and a satisfactory settlement come to with the landlord at the tenant's terms, Father Matt cried:

"To-day this noble band of Drum-Major Johnny Fitten has become a force in national politics; we must give it a name. I have one ready-made. Let us call it the 'Emergency Band?' It came to our aid in an emergency; it helped us to defeat the Orange Emergency crew, and it is always ready for an emergency, for its members are patriots who are not yet liable to be summoned from their musical studies to undertake the duty of earning their bread; and, above all, its members can carry their instruments in their pockets, which will insure their being always at hand. This I hail as the band of the present crisis; and Drum-Major Johnny Fitten, I think, deserves an enthusiastic vote of thanks from Ireland this historic day."

A vote of thanks was passed by the Inside Bogs Branch of the Irish National Land League with acclamation.

Next week Father Matt was in Dublin consulting the central executive on a point of League discipline. In Shade's, in D'Olier street, he spotted a couple of dozen flutes and piccolos for sale at a great bargain. "The very thing for the Emergency Band," cried Father Matt, and he bought the flutes and piccolos. The number of urchins in the band was increased. Professor Flahertini was told off to give them some lessons. In a little time the music which Drum-Major Fitten's phalanx was able to make wherever it went was not to be despised, even though the priest's slender purse did not permit him to invest in drums, and the inverted tin cans still had to do duty instead.

II.

It was about eight months before the establishment of Drum-Major Fitten's Emergency Band.

The widow Fitten and her eldest son stood together in the little wooden shanty that had served them for the past three months for a home. It was a "Land League hut," one of those sent down by the popular organization whenever a tenant was evicted, and had nowhere to lay his head. The structure was as comfortable as a house built so as to be capable of being transported at a moment's notice well could be, but no more. The widow Fitten's hut was neat, if not suggestive of luxury — just like the widow herself, in her snow-white cap and clean-cut thread-bare gown.

This eldest son was a tall, well-built young fellow, of about nineteen, with fair hair and blue eyes, like little Johnny's, only the seriousness of harder years had driven out the roguish twinkle, or else it had never been there. Fair, curling hair, blue eyes, and strong, lithe limbs — a boy for a mother to be proud of, as his mother certainly was, she looking up at him from the little deal chair beside the hearth, he leaning against the rickety dresser. But there was distress between them now.

"I must go, mother; my mind is made up."

"Oh, Martin, Martin! you don't mane what you say! I'd a'most sooner see us all go into the poor-house. The cross o' the Lord betune us and harm! Jine the peelers! Oh, to think your father's son should be driven to that!"

"Mother, don't talk that way, for God's sake! Sure it must be done. What else is there for it?"

"Oh, marrone, marrone, my darlin' boy, to wear a peeler's jacket! Othin, Othin, what is it but the divil's livery? — God forgive me! Sure who was it that turned us out of house and home, and stud around while the Emergency blackguards pelted out our bits o' furniture, and whin that crooked-eyed scroundrel lifted out the blessed Virgin's little althar and threw it in the ditch — who looked on thin and druv the people back? The b— peelers, and bad luck to them, the schowlawns! that you used to smoke your pipe wud along the roads. And when poor Nanny Murphy hit the brimstone villain in the eye afther he breakin' the holy statue, it was Misther Head Constable Bummidge, no less, that his son serves mass with Johnny up at the chapel, that wanted to put the dacent woman under arrest, only Father Ned stuck him to the ground wud a look —"

"But, mother —"

"Sure they're unnatural," went on the widow, the torrent of her indignation too impetuous to be stemmed. "They're not right. The red-coats wouldn't do sich dirty work — and the red-coats is Englishmen and Pradestans — and these mane craythurs the sons of Irish mothers, and reared up in the thrue religion. They're nothin' but spies and chates and informers, and it's a mortal sacrilege to let 'em cross the flure of the holy house of God. What are they doin' all over the country but tramplin' on the people and robbin' their cattle and spyin' afther Mr. Parnell and the mimbers whenever they go to make a spache at a meetin'? Oh, Martin, sure your not goin' off to be a peeler — maybe to be sint down here to turn out the honest neighbors?" And this last thought appeared to be the climax for Mrs. Fitten, for she broke down at it, and buried her face in her apron, and sobbed aloud, rocking to and fro on her chair.

"Mother, darlin'," said the young man, going over to her, and putting his arm round her neck, "sure there's no use in talkin'. Wouldn't it be ten times maner for me to leave you here to work your fingers to the bone to support a big, idle bonchal like me, when I can get no work and when we are turned out of our bit o' ground? Isn't it mane to be livin' on charity, too, and what else is it but charity we're getting from the Land League, and taking the bread out of poor little Johnny's mouth? Little Johnny wants to be eddicated, mother," he continued, knowing he was touching a vulnerable spot here. "I spoke of the whole thing to Father Matt. He talked like you at first, but when I told him I was only robbin' little Johnny and standin' in his way here, when I can get no honest employment, he agreed it was better for me to go. Johnny, he said, was a clever child, and he has such a fancy for him, he'll get him into college when he grows up. You know, mother, I'd go to America and I'd work there till I'd bring you and Johnny over, only we haven't the price of a passage; so, you

see, it's the best thing to do. Besides, there is no fear of my being sent down here until afther the trouble is over. I'll have to go to the depot in Dublin and spend a long time there at drill; and who knows? maybe in that time I may be able to save up enough to pay my passage!"

"But, Martin asthore, what'll the neighbors say? We'll never be able to hould up our heads. They'll boycott us as sure as anything." And Mrs. Fitten rocked again and shook her head.

"The neighbors are too good and dacent to do anything of the kind," said the son, soothingly. "They are too fond of you and little Johnny, and respect you too much. They know that anything is more spirited than being an able-bodied idler. Besides, the neighbors needn't know anything about it for ever so long; you needn't tell them where I'm gone."

"Nothing is so disgraceful, Martin, as being a peeler; you can't get over that. No good man ever went into them but they poisoned his mind, and made him as bad as the rest."

"You're too strong and bitter against the constabulary, mother. Do you think if it was bad for me to join, that Father Matt would recommend it?"

This last reflection seemed to molify the Widow Fitten somewhat.

Suddenly her son jumped up.

"Hello," he cried, "here comes little Johnny himself! Hey, Drum-Major! come here till we tell you something."

The little fellow had just ridden into the yard on the back of a neighbor's donkey, which he had found grazing along the road. The Drum-Major had a habit of pressing such cavalry into his service whenever it was feasible. His brother caught him up in his arms and planted him on his knee.

"You are not to tell any one this; it's to be a dead saycret," said his mother, who knew, when she said that, she could trust as faithfully in the Drum-Major's silence as in Father Matt's. "Martin is goin' to jine the peelers, Johnny. What do you say to that?"

"That 'll be fine," said Johnny, simply. "You'll have a rifle an' a soord an' a revolver, an' you'll know your drill, an' by-an'-by when the risin' comes you 'll turn round 'an fight for Ireland, and be able to tache the boys, like Mike Harrigan that 's listed in the Rangers. Didn't I hear the whole plan up at Hanratty's forge! But trust me, I 'm as dumb as Darcy's ass that lost his tongue in the thrashin' machine." And the Drum-Major winked one eye knowingly.

Martin and his mother exchanged a curious glance. And thus it came about that the Drum-Major's big brother Martin joined the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

III.

"PARNELL is free!"

"The suspects are free!"

"The Land League has triumphed!"

"Forster is defeated!"

Such a slogan to go crashing and ringing over a land! What a storm of joy and glory it was, sweeping from sea to sea!

A country which had been held for six months under a painful and unnatural restraint, the voice of its indignation stifled, while the causes of its indignation grew and grew, was, at a single stroke, freed from the galling thraldom and bid rejoice in triumph.

Of all the popular demonstrations I ever witnessed, that one in Ireland, on that spring day and night in 1881, when the release of the member of Parliament from Kilmainham became known, was the most spontaneous and wonderful. The people literally went mad with joy. Spades were thrown down in the fields, hammers in the workshops, pens in the offices and stores. Men came out of their houses into the streets, beamed in each others' faces and embraced. Bands turned out and paraded the streets, banners flaunted from the houses, green boughs were torn off trees in the country places to decorate the roadside cottages. Ireland had given itself up to jubilation. It was amazing that a deluge of rain was not called down from the clouds by the cheering of men and the blare of brazen instruments which went up from every corner of the island within the four seas. The night was more wonderful than the day with its strange and spontaneous illuminations. It is a phenomenon, an Irish popular illumination. Every window in every house and cottage in every town and country-side blazed with its rows on rows of candles. Even non-sympathizers illuminated on this occasion — some because they were caught with the popular contagion, some because they felt it to be wise policy. Bonfires flamed on every hill-top and at every cross-road. The streets of the towns were so lightsome you could read a newspaper in the middle of the roadways. You could travel on horseback in any part of the country by the light of the illuminations at midnight as easily as at midday.

Balleynenagh was no exception; neither was Inside Bogs. The town and the little suburb fraternated and made common cause in the rejoicings. The band of Ballynenagh marched through Inside Bogs; that of Inside Bogs through Ballynenagh. Drum-major Fitten was in his element. He and his Emergency Band were to be seen everywhere. Those little urchins, who could screw themselves between men's legs, could get along where full-grown bandsmen found themselves blocked. A crowd, however jammed, was no hindrance to them. They were quicker in movement, nimbler in evolution; they were the Turcos of that day. Consequently you were never certain where to find them. You met them popping up in the most unexpected places. There was no mistake about it, it was a glorious day for Drum-Major Johnny Fitten; it was the happiest in all his life — in his joyous life of ten golden summers. Any one who understood what innocent happiness was would have given much to be in Johnny Fitten's place that day.

There was one class of people to whom the news of the release did not bring rejoicing. These were the tyrannous landlords and the landlords' props and hangers on. Landlords, resident magistrates, police inspectors, scheming head constables, sheriffs, baliffs and emer-

gency men had all been having a high time during Mr. Forster's Reign of Terror. They constitute what is known as the "English garrison" in Ireland, and after Mr. Forster's *coup-d'état* they were given full fling. It delighted them to put their heads together to plot evictions and cattle-raids, and to "suspect" every man they had a grudge against, and clap him without ceremony in the jail. They were enjoying quite a saturnalia of tyrannical power. The announcement of the release of Parnell and the deposition of Forster from the Chief Secretaryship was the announcement of the end of their reign. It came just as unexpectedly on them as it did on the people. They were thrown into paroxysms as powerful as the people's; but theirs were paroxysms of rage and chagrin, the people's of delight.

There was in Ballynenagh a resident magistrate who was an extreme type of this kind of despot. An effect of his sway was that more men were arrested from Ballynenagh as suspects than from any town in Ireland of the same population. He hated the people with a hate as black as hell. He was one of those whose passions are so violent that when they cannot be gratified they must be drowned or excited by drink. Major Thurrington-Dodd used to drink, especially when he was angered. On the day the news of Parnell's release reached Ballynenagh, his servant swore, subsequently, he drank a pint of whiskey right off as if it were a pint of milk, and it seemed to have no more effect on him than if it had been milk.

This magistrate knew what the new policy meant; but before the formal orders for the change arrived he resolved to give this "howling rabble" a taste of his quality.

When he finished the pint of whiskey he sent a telegram to the neighboring garrison town for a small detachment of police and military, stating he expected riots that evening in Ballynenagh. Then he purchased a quarter-cask of that class of bad whiskey which is advertised in western Irish "shebeens" sometimes under the title of "Kill-Tinker;" sometimes under that of "Dead Drunk for Three Ha'pence." The publican who sold it to him gave it out that Thurrington-Dodd was going to drink himself to death with vexation—news at which the people of Ballynenagh felt much difficulty in being less delighted than at the release of the suspects. But the resident magistrate deposited the cask in the ball-court at the back of his house.

The detachment of police and military, about eighty in all, arrived by an evening train. The police, Major Thurrington-Dodd was informed, were mostly new men; some of them had been brought down from Dublin but the day before.

"So much the better," soliloquized the Major; "they are strange and haven't 'made their heads.'"

Major Thurrington-Dodd insisted upon bringing the troops to his own house. He entertained the officers at a slight repast. Then he said to the men: "You fellows will need some refreshment. Come round to the ball-court and I'll stand you a drink."

He insisted on almost every man, especially of the police, taking a full glass of the "Kill-Tinker."

Thus were the troops duly primed for their work; then, with the Major at their head, they sallied forth upon the rejoicing town.

Major Thurrington-Dodd's object was to get up a riot. That ought not to have been too difficult a matter, considering the prevalent excitement.

The illuminations were in full blaze. The bands, followed by torchlight processions, were in their gayest humor.

Major Thurrington-Dodd's method was simple enough. He bore down upon the main street at a point of it where two other streets intersect. The first crowd he saw approaching with a band, he ordered his men to disperse them at the point of the bayonet. This they did with gusto, prodding two or three people in the back. The crowd recovered from their first surprise, re-formed and began to advance again, the band striking up anew. Again Major Thurrington-Dodd ordered a charge, and again the people were driven back, a few bayonet stabs drawing blood. Then the major shouted in a mighty voice that he was about to read the "Riot Act," and after that, if a band played or a man advanced, he would order the troops to fire.

The Major read the Riot Act. The crowd knew what that meant and remained silent and sullen at one end of the street, the troops at the other, a distance of about twenty yards away, with the intersecting streets between them.

It was a moment of painful strain. The people were exasperated. They had been excited before that; blood had been drawn; a couple of wounded men were fainting in the crowd. This was an interruption to their enthusiastic triumphing that boded ill.

On the other hand the police and military were excited after their fashion. The poison of Major Thurrington-Dodd's whiskey was setting their brains on fire, and then they had smelt a little blood.

Presently a movement was noticed in the crowd. Some at the rear more angered than the rest, had collected some stones, the last resort of mobs when attacked. A flight of some half-dozen of these missiles left the crowd and fell among the troops.

Just then the sound of a fife and drum band was heard coming up one of the side streets. It came nearer and nearer.

"Curse them!" shouted Major Thurrington-Dodd, with a string of horrible oaths. "They are advancing to attack us. Mind," he yelled to the crowd, "I've read the Riot Act. Now, boys," to the police and soldiers, "be ready. Here they are. If they pass the corner we'll ——"

The Major's speech was interrupted by a paving-stone which struck him in the mouth, knocking two of his teeth down his throat, just as the front rank of the fife and drum band appeared, wheeling at a brisk step round the corner.

His roar was frightful to hear. With a voice like that of a wild beast he shouted to the troops:

"Ready — present — FIRE!"

Crash! A line of devilish flame leaped from the rifles of the squad of police and military. There was a strange, wild cry from the crowd.

Then for a second all was still. The troops seemed paralyzed

when they beheld what they had done. The crowd seemed frozen with horror.

It was a band of children that had been fired upon!

Three little bodies lay on the ground in the glare of the illumination. Two of them were seen to rise and attempt to stagger toward the sidewalk; one of them lay still.

A woman was seen to rush from the crowd to where this little body lay.

And — strange thing! one of the policemen from Major Thurrington-Dodd's command was seen, helmetless, his rifle still smoking in his hand, to rush across the open space in the same direction.

Both stood looking at the child's body.

There it was, the breast torn open by a charge of Mr. Forster's merciless buckshot, the golden curls besprent with blood, the little hands grasping the drumsticks, and a smile of joyous innocence fixed in marble upon the pallid lips. There it lay, the corpse of Johnny Fitten, the Drum-Major!

"My child!" shrieked the woman, throwing up her hands.

"My brother!" shouted the policeman. "I've murdered him!" Then rushing back on Major Thurrington-Dodd with his bayonet, he cried: "You monster of hell!" You've made me kill my brother!" He thrust the bayonet through the Major's shoulder, but was overpowered in a second by the troops and disarmed.

All this took place in a shorter time than it takes to relate.

Then followed a scene impossible to describe. The people rushed on the squad of military before they had time to reload. The military fled, dragging with them the wounded Major Thurrington-Dodd and the captive Martin Fitten. Stoned, beaten, bloody, battered, amid a shouting, screaming and clamor as of Tophet, they somehow at last reached their barracks.

. . . . . .

Of course, there was an investigation. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Major Thurrington-Dodd. But English law is a marvellously convenient institution in Ireland. It can afford to ignore the verdicts of coroners' juries, as indeed of any juries, whenever these verdicts do not suit the ends of the lawmakers. Major Thurrington-Dodd was never even arrested. Martin Fitten, whose child-brother was slain, was, however. So were several members of the crowd, which Major Thurrington-Dodd tried to goad into riot. Martin Fitten was charged with insubordination and attempting to murder his superior officer; he was sentenced to ten years penal servitude, a sentence which Earl Spencer, considering the circumstances of the case, mercifully commuted to seven years. The members of the crowd were charged with rioting, and were sentenced to imprisonment with penal labor for terms varying from twelve months to five years.

THOMAS P. GILL, in the *Continent Weekly Magazine.*

A LITTLE water in butter will prevent it from burning when frying.

Gracie Naile: — A Song.

When the dews were softly falling
On the crimson heather bells,
And the quail and moorhen calling
'Mong the uplands and the fells;
In a valley by a river,
When the white milk filled the pail,
We were left to mourn for ever
For our darling Gracie Naile.

O, what pleasure 'twas to meet her,
As she tripped it o'er the green;
When the morning bright did greet her,
Fairer than a forest queen.
Bright the smiles, and glad the laughter,
Of this lily of the vale:
Long in vain we'll weep her, after
She has left us — Gracie Naile!

Grieve in silence, tender mother,
Your sad cries she ne'er can know;
Sister sweet and noble brother,
Waste not all your years in woe —
And thou heart-broke, roving lover,
Deaf the grave is to your wail;
Now no more can sighs recover
Thy lost darling, Gracie Naile.

J. K.

Our Element in Congress.

In your Magazine for January you have published a list of native Irishmen in Congress, giving the names of Jones of Florida, and Fair of Nevada as the Irish senators, and of * Foran, * Kean, * Ferrall, McAdoo, * Burns, * Cosgrove, * O'Neill of Missouri, * Tully, * Neuley, * Campbell, * Murphy, Collins, Davis, Lowery, * Lamb, * Connolly, * Boyle, * O'Neill (of Pennsylvania), * Kelley, Barr, Finerty, Cullen, * McCormick, * Cassidy, * Clordy, * Ryan and Robinson as the Irish representatives.

This is all wrong, and as your readers may wish to know the facts, I propose to give them.

In the senate, Jones of Florida, Fair of Nevada, and Sewell of New Jersey, are natives of Ireland. Senator Fair is a native of Tyrone, and is the richest man in Congress. He was born in 1831 and came to this country with his parents in 1843 at twelve years of age. Went to California from Illinois in 1849 and in 1860 to Nevada. He has been extensively engaged in mining with Mackey, Flood, O'Brien, &c. Senator Jones was born in Ireland in 1834, and came here in 1844, at ten years of age.

Senator Sewell was born in 1835. Left an orphan he emigrated hither in 1851 at sixteen years of age, was some years at sea in the Merchant Marine, entered the army from New Jersey as Captain and mustered out as Brevet-Major-General, was nine years in the State

Senate of New Jersey of which he was three years President. He is a Republican, the other two are Democrats. Of the other Senators, Jones of Nevada, is a native of England, and Beck of Kentucky, of Scotland. The rest are all natives of the United States. Among those of Irish decent are Bayard, Blair, Butler, Farley, Gibson, Gorman, Hampton, Hawley, Kenna, Logan, Mahone, Maxey, Vance, Wilson and many others, with more or less Irish blood on father's or mother's side.

In the House the members you mention as natives of Ireland, marked thus * were born in this country. In place of thirty natives of Ireland, in both houses, there are eleven members of Irish birth. These in the House are:

Finerty, of Illinois, born in 1846, in Galway.
Cullen, of Illinois, born in 1826, in North of Ireland.
Lowry, of Indiana, born in Ireland.
Davis, of Massachusetts, born in 1823, in Down.
Collins, of Massachusetts, born in 1844, in Cork.
McAdoo, of New Jersey, born in 1853, in Ireland.
Robinson, of New York, born in 1814, in Tyrone.
Burr, of Pennsylvania, born in 1829, in Antrim.

Many members of the House, I should think a majority, have Irish blood in their veins. Some of them, sons of Irishmen, born soon after their parents arrived here. Among these are: Belmont, Blackburn, Boyle, (born in Uniontown, Pa.); Breckenridge, Burnes, (born in Indiana); Caldwell, Campbell, (born in Brooklyn, N. Y., of Irish parents, from Tyrone, married in Ireland); Cassidy, (born in Kentucky); Clordy, (born in Missouri); Connolly, (born in Sullivan County, N. Y.); Cosgrove, (born in Jefferson County, N. Y.); S. S. Cox, Curtin, Cutchron, Durgan, Davidson, Dowd, Dunn, Ferrell, Findlay, Foran, (born in Pennsylvania); Henley, Kean, Kelley, (born in Philadelphia); Lacey, Lamb, (born in Indiana); McComas, McCormick, McKinley, McMillan, Murphy, (born in Lowell, Mass.); O'Neill (of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia); O'Neill, (of Missouri, born, I think, a few months after the arrival of his parents in this country); Reagan, Rosecrans, Ryan, (born in Oxford, N. Y.); Tulley, (born in Tennessee); Vance, Wilson, and many others.

There are twenty-seven members of both houses born in foreign countries. Eleven are Irishmen, four are Scotchmen, four are Germans, three are Englishmen, one is a Norwegian, one a Brazilian, one a New Brunswicker, one a Dutchman, and one a Manxman (Isle of Man).

The oldest member of either house is Senator Morrill, of Ver-

mont, born April 14, 1810. The next oldest is Mr. Wait, of Connecticut, of the House, born August 27, 1811. The next is Eldridge, of Michigan, born March 28, 1813. Next, Kelley, of Pennsylvania, born April 12, 1814. Next, Robinson, of New York, born May 6, 1814. Next, Singleton of Mississippi, born October 14, 1814; and next, Senator Lapham, born October 18, 1814.

The Congressional Directory has a brief biography of each senator and member, furnished by themselves. It is not yet published, but I have glanced over the proof-sheets. Several have not stated the date or place of their birth; but the above is correct so far as they have acknowledged the places of their birth.

Boyle, Burns, Campbell, Connolly, Foran, Lamb, Murphy, and O'Neill of Missouri, are quite as warm lovers of Ireland as though born on the soil. Governor Curtin is also pretty good in this respect. With the others I am not so well acquainted.

Yours truly,

Washington, Dec. 24, 1883. W. E. ROBINSON.

Stick.

WHEN there was a controversy in the Republican party as to the duty of Republican office-holders under Johnson's administration — after the President had rebelled against the Republican policy of the period — Charles Sumner, the great Senator of Massachusetts, wrote to Stanton, the great Secretary of War, a letter of a single word which instantly ended the discussion, and afterwards moulded the legislation of the country. This is the letter:

DEAR STANTON:

Stick.

SUMNER.

The most eloquent speech on the present Irish situation could not more exhaustively inculcate the whole duty of the Irish race to-day; not in Ireland only, but throughout the world. That duty is to — *Stick.*

Religion teaches that all the human family came from a single pair, and science teaches that the diversities of race are wholly the result of education — not of the education of the schoolmaster and the priest, only or chiefly, but of ages of strugglings with fierce elements and fiercer beasts and still fiercer men; with the tempests of the ocean and the tornadoes of the plain; with birthful suns and shrouding snows; that poems, and wars, and loves, and hates, and food, and drink; that governments, and pestilences, and rich harvests, and de-

cimating famines; that merrymakings and courtships, and marriages — that the baby's rattle and the assassin's knife — that these influences, and thousands of other local, or natural, but always potent forces, have created, in the course of ages, moral and intellectual differences among races and nations and families and individuals.

A race is a family of men who, for many centuries, have been subjected to the same generic influences, and who have thereby acquired many similar or "distinctive" traits. No man ever wholly escapes from the hereditary influences which this racial education has implanted in his mind as well as in his physical system, and no man can understand any people until he has studied, not their political history only, but the physical nature of the country that cradled and nursed and nourished them. No race can long exist outside of its birthplace, unless its new country is essentially similar, and has similar domestic and political influences, or unless it is socially isolated by irresistible religious obligations and ideas. Otherwise, its transformation may be gradual but it is inevitable. Its destiny is absorption.

Now, in trying to be just to Irish movements, the hereditary influence of race must be studied as well as existing facts.

What the most patriotic and most enlightened of the Irish race most deplore in their people is their alleged incapacity to —*Stick.*

Is the accusation true? From one point of view, it is true; from another point of view, it is untrue.

Only ignorance or insincerity can deny that Irish movements, when not led by men of commanding genius, have generally been abandoned after inadequate trials; and that the people have shown a marvellous willingness to follow new leaders, to adopt new policies and to accept new political doctrines. And yet, what other race, since the dawn of history, has shown such persistency of purpose in combating its oppressors, whatever diversity of method may have been adopted to resist them? No other race that has ever inhabited this earth — absolutely not one.

The Hebrews are the only race that has any right to be compared with the Irish race in its persistency — *not* of purpose but of adhesion to its ideas. For, although the Jews have never wavered in their loyalty to their race, they have totally abandoned their original purpose of Home Rule. To-day no Jew has the slightest intention of trying to rescue Palestine from the Gentile. The Jews now are a religious order rather than a distinctive people.

But in their loyalty to their order there is a lesson from which the Irish race may learn a conquering policy. Only last week, a prominent dry goods' merchant, an Irish gentleman, deemed it necessary to publish in several of the leading New York journals, a short note emphatically denying that he had ever said that he did not want any Hebrews employed in his store. An obscure Jewish journal had made this charge against him. Probably not ten citizens not of the Hebrew faith ever heard of this maligning sheet. Now, if any Hebrew had said that *his* motto was — "no Irish need apply," does any one suppose that, if an Irish-American paper had made the charge, he would have taken the trouble to deny it? No! The Jews are

loyal to each other as the Irish never have been, and as they are not to-day. It is safe, financially, for any American daily paper to insult the Irish people. Next morning, it will have just as many Irish customers and just as many Irish advertisements as before. But not one of them dares to insult the Jews. It is well known in "the profession" that the only sure way of making money from the Irish patrons of the theatre, is to represent the Irishman on the stage as only a little higher than the baboon,—as Harrigan and Hart do and as they have done for many years, and made a fortune by so doing, chiefly from the Irish whom they thus traduce and bring into ridicule and contempt in America.

The superior loyalty of the Hebrew to his race comes from the education of eighteen centuries of persecution which never made any distinction of Jewish Province. The Jew baiter knew neither an Ulster nor a Connaught among the Hebrews in his zeal for robbery and cruelty. He stoned all and stole from all with an impartial rigor. Hence, all persecuted together, and Jews have stood together. What was once a dictate of prudence, has become an instinct of race. When the Jews had a country they were as clanish as the Irish ever were in the days when Kerry man and the Corkonian, the black North and the rebel South, regarded each other as enemies. The imperishable record remains of the time when "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans."

This is one of the strongest illustration of the growth of what is called a trait in a race.

Now, in old Ireland, the Irish never were a united nation. The people recognized the rule of kings and chiefs, who were generally at war with each other, but there was no such idea existing as Nationality. There were Ulster men, Connaught men, Leinster men and Munster men, but there were nowhere — Irishmen. The Irishman is one of the products of recent times. He is the child of English persecution, which, also, recognizing no difference between Irish septs, at last created a body of nationality, into which the genius of Daniel O'Connell first breathed the breath of life. O'Connell, the greatest of the Irish *race*, is entitled to be regarded as the father of the Irish *nation*, also.

More effectively than any other Irish leader, O'Connell taught the Irish race that its first duty was Unity and its second duty Persistence; or, first, *stand* together, and then — *Stick!* He was able to hold his people longer together than any other leader, for two reasons — first, because he was a man of transcendent genius, Irish in all his traits; and, next, because his methods did not bring him into constant conflict both with the moral power of the Catholic Church and the military power of the British Government, which then, as now, are the two most powerful forces in Ireland. Although England hesitated at no plan for defeating him he constantly defeated *her*, and at the same time won the sympathy of the whole world, outside of despotic circles, by demanding rights that no man could deny and no government withhold without planting himself or itself on the shifting sands of caste domination, which had been made no longer a permanently tenable

support by the influences let loose by the American and the French Revolutions.

O'Connell fell at last because he ceased to have entire faith in the people;— because he practically sought to be, not a servant of his race, but a despotic ruler of it. The people drifted away from him. Then came the Irish Famine and the European upheaval of 1848, and both united to cause the people, in despair, to look for relief to the sword of the flesh rather than the sword of the spirit. Until Parnell appeared, a belief in physical force, as the sole adequate remedy for Irish wrong, has been the real political creed of patriotic Ireland.

What has been the result? Disaster and disaster — and, still, disaster after disaster! Hecatombs of heroic young patriots have been slain, and multitudes of the choicest chivalry of the Irish race have wasted their strong lives away in British dungeons, or they have been driven into exile, where, although, with some exceptions, they have remained true to the lofty aspirations of their youth, they have been infinitely less able to help Ireland than they would have been able to aid her, if they could have remained to fight her battles in the land that bore them.

The sad old history has been repeated — almost proving that philosophical theory of despair which teaches that history moves in circles — that a people always repeat themselves. For, as in the days of the old Irish kings, so in our own days, chief has succeeded chief; each chief always retaining enough of his followers to prevent the complete union of the Irish race. And thus, now as then, England has been enabled to keep her red clutch on the white throat of Ireland!

The action of the English Government has tended to still more strengthen that trait of an easy transfer of allegiance to chiefs, which was first created by the original division of Ireland into rival kingdoms. As one after another patriotic organization was broken up by law, or as one after another rebellion was suppressed and its leaders slain, there was no choice for the Irish people but to change leaders and parties if they desired to continue to combat their hereditary foe.

The Irish race have thus been accused at times of instability, when, in fact, the seeming instability was a proof of persistency.

Nevertheless, it remains true that it is far less difficult to persuade the Irish people to change their plans and leaders needlessly than it is to convert any other people, excepting the French, to a change of leaders and of plans.

Ben Butler never uttered a greater truth than when he said that when parties change their principles, honest men should change their parties. But such a transfer is always a loss of time and strength, *and Ireland has neither time nor strength to spare.*

There are innumerable indications that the enthusiasm that the programme of the Land League and National League evoked is dying out, and that the unquenchable hatred of the honest masses begins to turn again to the policy of physical force; to the belief that dynamite or open war is the only adequate remedy.

The advocates of these ideas have no hesitation in speaking scornfully of the advocates of a peaceful policy, and therefore there is

no use in qualifying language to soften blows in discussing their schemes.

They ask in derision — What has the Land League done? Where has it left Ireland?

Let us adopt the Yankee method of argument — by asking other questions. Since O'Connell's death what has been achieved for Ireland by physical force or its advocates? Where is there one — even one — single fruit of their policy — excepting Sodom apples? *There is not one!*

The Young Ireland Party found a united Ireland. They overthrew O'Connell, and then they replaced him by — *England.* History is remorseless in its verdicts, because they are founded on accomplished facts, and *that* is the verdict of impartial history. That brilliant group of Irish patriots, who ought to have been O'Connell's successors; who ought to have achieved the Repeal of the Union as he had won Catholic Emancipation — these unquestionably brave and gifted and patriotic young leaders, made just one appearance in the field, and thereby made Ireland a scoffing and a byword for a time. These young leaders, who thought they knew so much more than the old Liberator, were flung by the British Government, with savage glee, to the antipodes, as easily as a mastiff tosses a kitten, or they were forced to seek liberty and safety in perpetual exile.

But: What did Ireland pay for their rebellion against O'Connell and his methods? A generation of Warsaw order, of undisputed English supremacy.

The same verdict must be rendered on every revolutionary movement since 1848. They have all failed, both directly and indirectly. They have proven again what no one questioned — the capacity of the Irish race for self-sacrifice and courage; but they confirmed the foreign opinion that it was most desirable to change — that the Irish race have not persistency of purpose as well as immortality of hatred. Of the Fenian movement it may be said with truth, as was said, by the French, of the splendid Irish (commonly called the English) charge at Balaklava — "it was magnificent but it was not war." Nobody was hurt but the patriots themselves; and the object of a patriotic uprising is to hurt the *Government.*

Courage is sometimes a misfortune instead of a virtue when it is displayed in patriotic movements without foresight, and it is always useless unless it is shown in the execution of a wisely conceived plan. Such courage too most resembles the pluck of the bull who went out to dispute the passage of a locomotive. The result was not the stoppage of the train but the making of fresh beef. Yet the bull was courageous enough. We want no more of this *beefy* patriotism. We have had more than enough of it.

The men of '48 succeeded, although their own plans failed — just as it was said of the Garrisonean Abolitionists who failed in their policy and succeeded in their purpose. They were for the most part non-resistants — opposed to war; yet slavery was abolished in the exercise of the war power. They styled the constitution a "covenant with hell and an agreement with death" — yet slavery was eradicated by the

constitution. They were in favor of a dissolution of the Union, and yet slavery was destroyed to save the Union. So, the men of '48, with whom, in policy, the sword was mightier than the pen, by their pens, and not by their swords, became one of the permanent national forces of Ireland, by arousing the national spirit and keeping it alive.

In other words: as far as they adopted O'Connell's plans they succceded — as far as they followed their own plans they failed.

Physical force policies have had a fair trial. They have failed. From O'Connell to Parnell no aggressive policy of peace ever had a fair trial. Butt and his followers were patriotic sentimentalists, not patriotic workers — they were not dead in earnest, they were not inspired by democratic, nor, properly speaking, by national ideas. Of course they accomplished nothing. Yet it is due to them to say, that they were only supported in a half-hearted spirit by the physical force men, and that, like Smith O'Brien, they were trammelled by secret pledges to resort to rebellion if the pacific plans should fail. An agitation thus handicapped never can succeed, and until the believers in physical force cease to obstruct, either by a half-hearted support or a silent opposition, no peaceful agitation ever can succeed in Ireland.

I maintain that they owe the League an earnest and unqualified support until at least Mr. Parnell shall despair, and abandon the contest — which, at this time, he has no intention of doing, and has no cause to do.

For, he *has* succeeded. If he were to die to-day the influence of his life and teachings would be felt in every part of Ireland for centuries to come.

He found the West asleep. He aroused it to a patriotic life. He found his people starving. He fed them. He found vast classes of them crouching in fear of the owners of the soil. At his voice they sprang at once into a vigorous manhood. He found them enslaved by the crushing rents exacted by their landlords. He reduced the rental of Ireland twenty millions of dollars. No agitator and no statesman of any country ever accomplished a tithe of such good, when in opposition to the government, as this leader of a small and detested minority of the empire, who had not even the cordial support of the majority of his own people.

Is not a man who has achieved such results entitled to the support not of tolerance, but of enthusiasm? Yet he is *not* receiving enthusiastic support in America.

Mr. Parnell has succeeded because his motto is —*Stick.*

Our duty to him is expressed by the same word —*Stick.*

In America we can only strengthen Mr. Parnell's hands by giving a loyal support to the only organization here that loyally supports him — the Irish National League.

Every other movement is a diversion that will benefit the British Government, and it alone. *Stick.*

Redpath's Weekly.

My Irish Home.

"*Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" — Hor., Ep. I, 12, 27.

WHERE'ER my steps might wander, ne'er
Could I forget my native land;
The mountains green, the valleys fair,
By soft and healthful breezes fann'd.
Its beauties make my heart expand
With love and joy, where'er I roam;
Its influence is sweet and bland.
Could I forget my Irish Home?

Our ancestors, for land and faith,
Fought the good fight, and won the crown;
Despising fines and chains and death,
St Patrick's faith they handed down.
Their graves still lie in field and town,
And some beneath the ocean's foam,
We take a pride in their renown —
Those sons of thine, my Irish Home!

We're told that light from distant stars
To reach our earth takes many years,
Dear Erin's passed through frightful wars,
And wept full sore in blood and tears.
In God's decrees these coming years,
May freedom's light unto her come,
And end her struggles and her fears,
May Heaven bless my Irish Home!

OXFORD, N. J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

Dom Bosco.*

THE name of Dom Bosco, the Vincent de Paul of the present century, which is a familiar sound on the Continent, is so little known amongst us Catholics at home, that many of the readers of *The Irish Monthly* are probably now making their first acquaintance with it. When *The Times*, a couple of months ago, announced that the Italian priest had been sent for all the way to Turin, to visit the Count de Chambord on his death-bed, the news aroused a faint passing curiosity, nothing more. Yet thousands already venerate Dom Bosco as a saint, the splendid success of whose undertakings in the cause of charity has forced him into a notoriety from which his natural simplicity and humility would shrink.

A comparison between him and St Vincent de Paul has just been suggested; and, indeed, a curious similarity does exist in many details of their lives and vocations. Both were of humble birth, their early years being passed as shepherds — a peaceful pursuit, well calculated to foster the spirit of piety and contemplation, which, in so many instances in the lives of the saints we know to have accompanied the most vigorous and energetic dispositions. Both received their great inspiration to devote themselves to the cause of charity from the experience they acquired in visiting prisons, and witnessing the fearful corruption and deep misery of those frightful abodes. We all know

* This brief sketch is principally drawn from the biography of Dom Bosco, by Léon Aubineau, published at Paris, a translation of which has been issued by the Messrs. Benziger Brothers.

that it was the ardent pity he felt for the sufferings of the poor galley slaves which awoke the deep Christian philanthropy of Vincent de Paul, and, in the same manner, Dom Bosco's warm heart was first prompted to devote itself to the reclaimation of poor abandoned children from the sad sights he witnessed when, immediately after his ordination, he was appointed to the prison mission of Turin. Painfully struck by the utterly forlorn and desolate condition of the juvenile criminals, who, for the most part, were abandoned by their friends, and delivered over to the worst influences and impressions, the young priest felt an immense compassion for them, and a great longing to help them. And, though at the time poor, obscure priest that he was, he was entirely resourceless, and the apostolate to which he felt himself called seemed utterly beyond his reach, its project never left his mind, and all his prayers and hopes were fixed upon its accomplishment.

Such hopes are rarely disappointed, and the solution of such perplexities comes sooner or later, not perhaps, in any prepared-for, or looked-out-for fashion, but in a way of its own, quiet, unexpected, efficacious. The solution of Dom Bosco's perplexity presented itself in the shape of an orphan, a vagabond, whom chance brought across his path, and who, at fifteen years of age, was so ignorant, that he did not even know how to make the sign of the cross. It was on the 8th of December, 1841, that, as the young priest was vesting for Mass in the sacristy of a church in Turin, he being then twenty-six years of age, and under the direction of his friend and spiritual guide, the Abbé Cagasso, President of the Ecclesiastical Institute of St. Francis of Assissi, a lad called Garelli, entering the Church, was called upon by the sacristan to serve the Mass. Upon the boy's refusal the sacristan flew into a rage, and gave him a box on the ear. Whereupon a scuffle ensued, which attracted the attention of the priest. Dom Bosco, upon inquiry, found out the truth : that Garelli was incapable of rendering the required service, being, in fact, entirely and profoundly ignorant of his religion. It was a revelation and inspiration at once, and the very opportunity for which the priest was waiting.

Consoling the child for the sacristan's severity as best he could, he made him promise to come to him for instruction on the following Sunday. Presently the lad, won by the gentleness and kindness with which he was received, brought two or three more waifs and strays like himself. They, in their turn, brought others ; and in three months a hundred had collected, which was the foundation of the celebrated *Œuvres Salésiennes*, thus called after St. Francis de Sales, under whose patronage the work was started which has, during the last forty years, accomplished such wonders in the cause of homeless and abandoned children.

As frequently happens in such enterprises as these, the first successful *début* was followed by an era of prosperity and development, which, in its turn, was succeeded by reverses, trials, and disappointments.

Friends started up. Sympathy was not lacking ; and the Arch-

bishop of Turin, Monseigneur Franzoni, testified to his approval of the undertaking by obtaining the use of two rooms in the hospital in which Dom Bosco was then performing the duties of chaplain, for the purposes of the school. The Sunday-school had meanwhile been supplemented by evening classes, to which three hundred children came after working hours. Indeed, the attraction youth always felt for him was simply wonderful; and at one time he could not pass through the streets of Turin without a following of children. He had a special manner of his own for them; and stories without end are told of the touching influence he exercised, without any apparent effort, over them. One of them may be repeated here. He had preached a Retreat to the young people in one of the prisons of Turin, which they had followed most earnestly and devoutly. Touched by their good dispositions, Dom Bosco was anxious to procure them some little pleasure and reward, and consequently applied to the warder to allow him to take them on an excursion to a neighboring wood. The latter's amazement may be conceived, and he rather angrily asked the priest, whether he supposed that the king's soldiers had nothing better to do than to "take those rascals pick-nicking?" "I don't want the soldiers," replied Dom Bosco, "I only want the children; and I give you my word to bring them all safe back to you."

The extraordinary proposition was referred to the authorities, who, somehow persuaded by the gentle priest's perseverance, granted the privilege. Accordingly, on the appointed day three hundred and fifty children and young people, after assisting at Mass, left the prison in charge of Dom Bosco, who had selected the Castle of Hupiugi, about five miles away, for the excursion. It would be impossible to describe the delight of these poor waifs, to whom a holiday in the country was indeed a novel and wonderful experience. Their good conduct was marvellous. Not a fruit-tree, plant, or shrub on the ground was injured: and their care for the Father was most touching. When he appeared tired, the donkey carrying the refreshments he had provided was unloaded in the twinkling of an eye, the burden transferred to the shoulders of some of the excursionists, and Dom Bosco was obliged to mount the animal. The party returned to the prison in good order in the evening, and the good priest had the satisfaction of strictly keeping his word to the authorities, for not one was missing from the roll.

But, to return. The propitious commencements of Dom Bosco's undertakings were destined promptly to receive a severe check. Although the King, Charles Albert, took an interest in the work, and was in the habit of sending him occasional presents and subscriptions — once, in particular, a sum of 300 franks, with the message: "*pour les petits drôles de Dom Bosco*" — the administration was hostile, and lost no opportunity of frustrating his plans. To add to his perplexity at this juncture, Mdme. de Barol, the lady who had lent him the rooms in which he held his classes, no longer found it convenient to do so, and after various mishaps and contradictions, he with difficulty found another temporary abode — two or three miserable rooms — in a house not far from the spot where the magnificent church of "Our Lady,

Help of Christians," to whom he has always had a most special devotion, and which has been built entirely by alms given to him, now stands. At that time, 1846, his prospects were extremely dark, and he little thought of building. Everything and everybody, even the clergy of Turin, seemed to be against him. He had been once more turned out of the rooms he had hired, and had been compelled — luckily it was in the spring of the year — to hold his classes in some fields of which he had been given the use. But now, even this last resource failed. The proprietor declared that the tramp of the children's feet destroyed the roots of his grass, and would have no more to say to them ; and the day came at last when it appeared that poor Dom Bosco was finally beaten, and that he must say farewell to his beloved young people.

It is characteristic of the indomitable courage of the man, and of his wonderful confidence in Providence, which nothing could shake, that it was at this precise moment that he was persuaded that he should ultimately succeed, that he used to amuse his friends and himself with the great projects he had formed of erecting a large edifice capable of receiving hundreds of children, with dormitories, refectories, recreation and work-rooms ; everything in short complete, and on the most magnificant scale. The result was that the report got abroad that the poor priest was cracked ; and some of the most zealous of his friends thought it advisable to have him shut up in a *maison de sante.* He got wind of this, and determined to retort by a practical joke. His friends having made all the necessary arrangements, called upon Dom Bosco, and proposed to him to come out to drive with them. He assented willingly, and accompanied them to the door of the carriage. They politely requested him to step in, but he, with equal politeness, insisted upon their taking precedence. He then, without following them, slammed the door, and authoritatively ordered the coachman to drive to the asylum, whither the over-zealous busybodies found themselves straightway conducted, and from whence they had some difficulty in escaping.

No further attempt was made to shut up the enterprising priest ; but when he received his *congé* from the fields of Valdocco even his ingenious mind was baffled, and he knew not where to turn. The last evening had come ; the sun was setting ; and Dom Bosco's affectionate heart was painfully oppressed as he reflected that he really must dismiss all those poor, forlorn, loving children of his without having it in his power to tell them to come again. Just then an offer was made him of a kind of barn close at hand, of which he might have the use for £12 a year. As may be supposed, the offer was eagerly accepted. It was a wretched place, but still it was a shelter, a *pied-à-terre.* And with his accustomed promptitude the barn was taken possession of, and on the following Sunday, which chanced to be Easter-day, it was transformed into a chapel, in which Mass was celebrated in the presence of 700 children.

It is interesting to know that this poor little oratory of Valdocco was on the precise spot, and may be looked upon as the foundation-stone of the so-called Oratory of St. Frances de Sales of Valdocco,

which, at the present moment, gives accommodation to a thousand boarders, without counting day-boarders; thus realizing the wild dream in which, as above related, Dom Bosco indulged less than forty years ago, and which so nearly procured for him a home in a mad house.

The next reverse was a very serious one indeed. Dom Bosco, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, became very ill, and seemed on the point of death. When he recovered, rest was prescribed, and he was compelled to retire to a little country-place some miles from Turin, where his childhood had been past, and where his mother still lived. She was a simple, good woman; and when she made the discovery that her son's heart was fixed upon the accomplishment of the work to which he felt himself called, she at once determined to accompany him back to the scene of his labors, and to devote her life to him. After a period of repose, during which Dom Bosco recovered his health completely, the pair set out on foot for the city; and so little care had they taken of themselves and their wants, that they were absolutely devoid of resources, and had to profit of the kindness of an old friend, whom they luckily met at the gate of Turin. He, struck by their tired, poverty-stricken appearance, made a few enquiries as to the state of affairs, and having ascertained the truth, made them a present of his gold watch, the proceeds of which provided the improvident pair with the immediate necessities of existence.

It would appear that his mother's co-operation and sympathy was destined to prove the turning-point of Dom Bosco's career, for, from that moment, all seemed to go well with him. Her activity and devotion to the cause worked wonders. The good woman sold her small property, and gave every penny she possessed, even her wedding presents, to the cause. Her example inspired others, and Mdme. Franzoni, the mother of the archbishop, and many more charitable ladies, set to work with their needles, and clothed the crowds of naked and ragged children whom Dom Bosco had attracted to him. Indeed, from this period his work developed with marvellous strides.

Mdme. Bosco became housekeeper, superintendent, and matron of the institution, which rapidly grew up around him. So far as was possible they always contrived some kind of a meal for the children, in doing which their resources were severely taxed. The guests were, however, not very *difficiles*, and quickly disposed of the roughest and simplest fare. It was about this time, too, that they began to lodge a few children at the Oratory, for Dom Bosco was painfully aware of the deplorable influences to which they were exposed in the wretched town lodgings in which many of them lived, and he determined upon straining every nerve to give them shelter. As a beginning he hired a neighboring loft, which he furnished with fresh straw and a few blankets, and there many forlorn waifs, accustomed to pass the night in stables and out-houses, found luxurious beds. The kind priest always visited them himself at night, and never dismissed them in the morning without giving them some pleasant words of counsel, to keep them, as far as possible, out of mischief during the day. When he no longer could supply all who came with blankets, he had bags made, into which the smaller children crept, and which afforded

them some protection against the cold. Indeed, all through his long life Dom Bosco has always managed to find some remedy for the pressing necessity of the moment, and that Providence, upon which he has accustomed himself blindly, and, according to human views, foolishly, to depend, though it has often tried his faith, has never failed him.

The subject of this short sketch is still alive, a simple hard-working, unpretending priest, whom it would not be becoming prematurely to canonize, and whose humility would certainly deplore any such attempt on the part of his admirers. All that the world can at present do, is to judge of the results of his labors, which are sufficiently miraculous to astonish the most sceptical. In about forty years he has founded in Italy, France, Spain, America, the Argentine Republic, even in Patagonia, between 160 to 200 houses, which afford protection and instruction to about 50 or 60,000 children, and all of which are supported by charitable donations. The children are fed, clothed, instructed, taught trades, &c. Not only this, in some of the houses a higher level is reached. Pupils are prepared for *lycées* and universities; and those who are found to have a religious vocation are carefully trained for the priesthood. Many of these latter have already given heroic proofs in the mission to which they have been sent, of the efficacious training they have received, and of the spirit of piety and devotion which the life and example of their holy founder has inspired them. All this is enough, and more than enough, surely, to justify the impression that is growing amongst Catholics, that a saint, a real genuine saint of the type of St. Vincent de Paul, and St. Philip Neri, has wandered into the present unbelieving century, to help to keep alive, as an author of the present day describes it, "this great, overgrown dead Christendom of ours." And indeed it does seem, that in this age, when the faith of youth is attacked in so special a manner, and the young are exposed to so many temptations of every description, an apostle is peculiarly needed to devote his life to their service, and to rescue them from the countless dangers which they have to meet. Such an apostle Dom Bosco undoubtedly is. As has been said above, upon the young he exercises an irresistible attraction. No one, indeed, as has been remarked by one who knows him, can see him without loving him; "for his heart is all love, and the divine light of a tender love beams in his countenance." But as the work of his life has proved, it is by children that he has been especially called, and even still amongst the crowds that flock round him to obtain sympathy, encouragement, advice, consolation, it is always the little ones whom he singles out and notices, as it is with their joys and sorrows that he most eagerly sympathizes.

He and his poor children, the most neglected, abandoned, forlorn, untaking he could find, were for long weary years, looked upon coldly even by Christians, and charitable societies, good, devoted women, priests even, shrank from the contamination of the dirty, noisy, half-savage troops of young people, amongst whom Dom Bosco has elected to reap his harvest. But one by one he has won them all over to acknowledge the wonders that a devoted, loving heart can, with God's

blessing, accomplish, and to admire the burning zeal which consumes him for the young.

As to the man himself, he is, it seems, the simplest and the gentlest of individuals, thoroughly Italian in his gaiety of heart, and his natural liveliness and *bonhomie*. This spring he paid a visit to Paris, in which excitable, volatile city, he was received with an enthusiasm with which we may suspect curiosity was very largely mingled. But through all the excitement and distraction of the visit, he retained his simplicity of manner, his good-humored calmness, his easy indifference, and his habitual willingness to go hither and thither just as people asked him or wanted him, without ever considering his own ease or convenience Probably one of the secrets of his success in life has been the singleness of his aims, and the earnestness of his will. He had come to Paris for a purpose — to beg — and to make his work known, and he never for a moment lost sight of this purpose or deviated from the straight path to accomplish it. In his sermons — and he preached several, to which such crowds of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, flocked, that standing-room was hardly to be found — he made no attempt at oratory or eloquence, but won all hearts nevertheless by the simple recital of what he had done, and what he yet wanted to do. What is peculiarly noticeable about him is that he never in the remotest manner seems to attribute any success achieved to his own or his fellow-laborers' efforts, but simply and entirely to the will of God, which has decreed the accomplishment of certain ends, and to the irresistible intercession of Our Lady, Help of Christians, in whom from his earliest days, Dom Bosco placed all his hopes.

Prayer has been all along his chief reliance, and though it is his practice never to neglect any detail of the human means of which Providence may appoint to serve his ends, his confidence rests, not upon the efficacy of his own prayers, but upon those of the young people who fill his institutions. "I will ask the children to pray." This is his usual reply to the countless entreaties he receives from the sad, and the sorrowful, and suffering all over the world. No doubt he possesses many natural talents, excepting administrative ability, and a thorough discrimination of character, which enables him to select proper instruments for the working out of his designs. He is, moreover, an educated man, having at different periods of his busy life found time to write several class and other books for the use of his schools. But it still remains that Dom Basco is supereminently a man of prayer, and one who, like all the saints, has found in communing with God the true secret of his influence with men.

Irish Monthly.

THE greatest picture is that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of greatest ideas. Therefore he is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of great ideas. —*J. Ruskin.*

A Glance at the Church in 1883.

It is well that from year to year we should consider our progress. What is said of truth is true of the Church, "the eternal years of God are hers." Progress she must continually, and hence even to the worldly-minded there must be striking evidences of her advance, though now and then for a time the world may consider that she is on the decline

The fall of the temporal sovereignty was considered a very grievous blow. When added to this came the bitter attack by the exultant powerful Empire of Germany, the arbiter of Europe in these later years, the enemies of Catholicity may well have rejoiced. The close of the year 1883 has been marked by a very close resemblance to Canossa. The proudly styled Culturkampf may be said to have closed with the visit of the Crown Prince to the Holy Father. Nobody now but can see that the result of the contest between the German government and the Church is the solidification and purification of Catholicity in Germany, a stronger union of Catholics with the Holy See, a better understanding of the benefits of that union, and finally no doubt a very instructive lesson to the Imperial power, a lesson that may easily prevent future collision for many years, and afford a very striking example to smaller powers that think to grapple with the power of the Church.

The year 1883 has also witnessed a long and desired but almost unexpected agreement between the Catholic Church and the Russian government — peace after a long and most cruel persecution that has reddened the snows of Siberia with the blood of exiled martyrs, and has given to the world a spectacle that recalls the times of the Pagan Emperors of Rome.

Thus the two most powerful non-Catholic powers, the two that have for years most persecuted the Church, have during the past year virtually put an end to hostilities. The official promulgator of the Lutherfest and the Head of the "Orthodox" schism have made terms with the Papacy. It has been very properly observed too, that with the first distinct steps towards peace with the Church these two powers have had a very marked lull in communistic agitation, though to the worldly the very contrary was expected, as nothing so annoys the socialistic world as the colors of the Holy See. But Providence rules.

As to the Catholic countries affairs have not taken so decidedly bright a turn. Yet there have not been in Italy, France, Austria, Spain or the lesser Catholic countries, any defection from Catholic ranks. It is very evident then that the spiritual life has not been rotting, but on the contrary is quietly maintaining and developing that internal strength which is the true power of the Church, and is in these countries as in Germany and Russia, sooner or later to call the attention of statesmen, and prove the conservative element that is looked to as the most needed in these days of extreme social agitation. There is but clearly one safeguard to conservative interests in Europe, but one obstacle to the great rush of misguided, blind, yet worldly-learned

men towards what to them is the unknown. They certainly can not see on what foundations future government is to rest; and yet the great tearing down continues. Thoughtful men must perceive that there is but one resource left, and the proper energy and courage will no doubt soon be centralized in some one who shall have a mission, and lead these states from the bondage of the Revolution. The deaths of M. Veuillot and of Count de Chambord have been sad losses, but God's councils are not ours.

Italy presents to the Catholic the most unpromising spectacle, for the only possible outcome there is disruption. That may come from anarchical movements within, and if so there will be dark days in that country. Every strengthening of Catholic lines in other countries of Europe is a weakening of the Italian usurption, and fills its leaders with dissatisfaction and ill concealed forebodings of disaster. As long as Germany was persecuting the Church, the Quirinal government felt strong, and proceeded boldly with its plans against the Church. Now, although the more radical elements are in control, a certain timidity is visible, and it is becoming more and more aggravatingly apparent that the occupation of Rome is a constant source of alarm, a real weakness. Far from being closed, the "Roman Question" has become more and more open to European statemen, while to the Pope, as to all Catholics, there is but one solution that is bound to come sooner or later — the restitution of the Eternal City to the temporal sway of the Pontiffs.

In unhappy Ireland there has been much to grieve its friends — a wave of Continental revolution, a diffusion of false ideas and of un-Christian hates and revenges. And yet there has been such a marked acquiescence on the part of the clergy in the directions of the Supreme Pontiff that we can see the prospect of better days. There is need in that country of a sturdy Catholic leadership in civil life, and when distinctively Catholic influence is withdrawn from the present agitation, and as a natural consequence the effervescence that is not born of true principles subsides, we may expect there as well the formation of a Catholic representation that will lead to genuine benefits. Unfortunately the day does not seem quite near.

As for our country, the call of the Archbishops to Rome, the preparations thus made for the coming Plenary Council, are a pleasing evidence of our Ecclesiastical life, and give promise of a needed strengthening and unification which cannot but be an added force to Catholicity here.

All things considered, therefore, the year now closing is one that affords consolation to Catholics the world over. At the same time, it occurs to us as a marked lesson of later events, as it is a clear lesson of Christian doctrine, the folly of overweening confidence in human Catholic life and liberty, and to the development of counsels, that over and above all, the surest way to the development of proper social life, as well as attention to the preservation of Catholic truths and Catholic morals. This attention may cause grievous struggles, and often great disappointments, but can only end in the greater blessings of God on Church and society.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D., in *The Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, Ohio.

There Was Method in His Madness.

Dom Bosco was at one time supposed to be deranged. He planned the building of an Oratory, capable of accommodating an immense number of children, with work-shops of all kinds, study-rooms, large courts, a chapel, etc.

Such an undertaking would require large sums of money, and it was known that he had no resources. Evidently such a project could only come from the illusions of a disordered brain.

Some of his friends deserted him; others were of opinion that he ought to be placed under a doctor's care, and it seemed to them most advisable that he should be placed for a short time in an insane retreat. He might compromise the clergy, or at least expose himself to ridicule; then hesitation was no longer possible.

The director of the retreat was forewarned, and was told to be very gentle, but, if necessary, very firm with the poor invalid.

It only remained to bring him to the retreat, and this is the way it was accomplished:

Two ecclesiastics procured a closed carriage, and sought Dom Bosco in his little room, where they found him.

They talked with him for a while, and did not find it difficult to draw him out on the subject in which he was most particularly interested.

"Monsieur l'Abbe, would you like to build an Oratory?"

Dom Bosco had no objection to speak to them of his projects, and of the good which he hoped would be realized.

In a few minutes the two ecclesiastics exchanged significant glances, which plainly said, "There is no longer any doubt of it; he is really crazy."

"Monsieur l'Abbe, we have below a nice carriage; will you take a drive with us?"

Dom Bosco appeared not to have the least suspicion of their intention, and when they repeated their invitation he finally accepted. The carriage was at the door.

"Enter, Monsieur l'Abbe."

"Not at all; after you, gentlemen."

"We beg you will enter first."

"I will do nothing of the kind. I know too well the respect I owe you; after you."

Tired of this formality, the two ecclesiastics entered the carriage; but, instead of following them, Dom Bosco quickly slammed the door, and called out to the driver in stentorian voice, "To the retreat!"

The coachman had his instructions, and safely deposited Dom Bosco's victims where they intended to put him, and whence, after expending much rage, they were with difficulty rescued.

Wisconsin was admitted to the Union in 1847.

Napoleon I. and the Potatoes.

THE evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon I., in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking *incognito* through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a Irishman, who was an grenadier, roasting some potatoes before a fire of red ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the emperor to the marshal; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. The huge Irishman stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier; "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to Napoleon, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," said the grenadier. "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier. "Besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I, then?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier. "The Little Corporal, as they call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; "but if you would have me dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done," said Napoleon, "on the word of a Little Corporal,—on the word of an emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time, there are the two largest ones, the rest I'll eat self."

The emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking, "The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterwards Napoleon the Great was in the midst of

a brilliant court at the palace of the Tuilleries, and was sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a grenadier was without trying to force the guard at the door, saying he had been invited by his majesty.

"Let him come in," said Napoleon.

The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the emperor, "Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the emperor; "and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms and said, "A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lackeys. Your Majesty told me I should dine with you,— that was the bargain; and, trusting to your word, I have come hither."

"True, true," said the emperor, "lay a cover near me; lay aside your arms, *mon ami*, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and turning to the emperor, presented arms.

"A mere private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon. "I name you chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the soldier. "*Vive l'Empereur*," he shouted, and then withdrew.

M'Mahon was the soldier's name. One of his nephews played an important part in French history, later.

Protestant Ascendancy.

Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P., recently delivered an address at Birmingham, under the auspicies of the Liberal Association, on the Government of Ireland. Mr. Jesse Collings, M. P., presided, and said that the Irish question was coming to that point when it must be considered, for it was absurd to suppose that they could any longer govern Irishmen by Englishmen and by English ideas, and what they must insist upon was that Irishmen should manage the whole of their domestic affairs. Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P., began his address by giving an analysis of the composition of those who were responsible for the administration of the law in Ireland:— "The number of Catholic magistrates in Ireland, where four-fifths of the population belonged to the Catholic Faith, was so small as to compel him to say that religious equality was very far from being a reality in that country. From a return which had been laid on the table of the House of Commons he gathered that in Dublin there were 150 Protestant, as compared with

only 64 Catholic magistrates; in Cork there were 286 Protestant and 207 Catholic magistrates; and in Mayo the numbers were 97 and 26. As long as the present system of Government lasted there would be, and must be, discontent, for the plain and obvious reason that there was no bond connecting the great masses of the people with the administration of the law. The problem which statesmen had to solve was — how to restore to Ireland her political freedom, and thus enable her people to work out their own material prosperity. They must see that the principle of local self-government was brought into active operation, and a sense of responsibility diffused throughout the country." He concluded by urging that if the government of Ireland were made really national, it would be possible to disband the army of 30,000 men now needed for its protection; and expressing an earnest hope that Ireland would be included in the Franchise Bill. The only chance now was to trust the Irish people, and there could be no peace in Ireland until the last stone of Protestant ascendancy was laid in the dust.

In the Folds of a Serpent.

DURING their memorable African travels, Captains Speke and Grant met with surprising adventures, but none more so than that in which Speke nearly lost his life through a huge boa constrictor. Both travellers had left their camp to hunt for food for the evening meal; a buffalo cow had already been shot, when an elephant with enormous tusks, hove in sight. Speke aimed and fired, when a loud cry from the attendant negroes made him look round. What was his horror to see a large boa constrictor apparently in the very act of darting upon him; before he could move the creature flashed out from the foliage where he had been concealed, and a terrific strife ensued, at the end of which Speke saw his companion levelling his rifle in his direction.

"In a moment," he says, "I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass, with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, and that was like iron in hardness.

"As I saw Grant about to shoot a terror took possession of me, for if he refrained I might possibly escape after the boa released his folds from the dead cow, but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see that my delivery depended upon the will of the constrictor.

"Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps upon my being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by any will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously.

"Now the reptile loosened its fold in my arm a hair's breath, and now a little more, until half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dare not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next was easing. Should I dash away now or wait a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightening speed I bounded toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant.

"For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome, and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes. When I had fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes, and saplings, and in fact, everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut fully off as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe. The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two and a half inches in extreme length, while around the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

The Crown Prince of Germany at the Vatican.

THE Roman Correspondent of the *London Weekly Register*, writes: It had been asserted that the Prince would go to the Vatican privately, but the visit was, in fact, strictly one of State. The Royal carriages were not used, for good taste directed that rather than take the Italian liveries to the gates of the Pope, the Prince should use a hired carriage from a stable; but otherwise every detail of ceremonial was observed both by the visitor and the Vatican authorities. The Prince was attended by Dr. von Schlözer and by his aides-de-camp, all in full uniform, and wore the uniform of a German general officer, with the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle and other decorations. At the carriage gate of the Zecca the Swiss Guards, in *grand tenue*, were drawn up, and within the Court of San Damaso were ranged the Pontifical Gendarmes; at the foot of the great staircase

Mgr. Cataldi received the Prince and ascended with him, the *bussolanti* and *palafrenieri* going before in their red costumes, and the Swiss guards marching at the side.

At the door of the great Sala Clementina, the Prince was met by the Maggiordomo of his Holiness, Monsignor Teodoli, together with the chief ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries of the Pontifical Court in the costumes worn on occasions of grand State formality, and by them he was conducted into the first antechambers, whence the Pope's Maestro di Camera, Monsignor Macchi, who was in waiting there, introduced the Prince into the Pontifical apartments. His Holiness advanced into one of the outer rooms to meet him, and the Prince made three low inclinations to his august host. Only a few words passed in public, the Pope expressing his pleasure at seeing the Prince again after the thirty years which have passed since his first visit. His Holiness then led his visitor into his private apartment. There the Pope and the Prince remained alone together for forty-seven minutes. Their conversation ended, the door was opened, and the Prince presented the members of his suite.

Leaving the Pontifical presence with the same form, the Prince paid a visit to Cardinal Jacobini, where he was received with all the ceremony due to royal personages. With the Cardinal he remained in conversation for twenty minutes, and then accompanied by His Eminence, walked through the library, the Stanze of Raphael, and the Sistine Chapel. Immediately afterwards he was conducted by the private staircase which leads into St. Peter's through a door into the great Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, the gates of the Basilica being closed for fear that the crowd now assembled in the Piazza should swarm into the church and inconvenience his Imperial Highness.

The German Prince, when he left the private apartments of the Pope, showed in his face signs of emotion and of sensibility not to be mistaken. He had evidently taken to heart, for the first time, the profoundly impressive personality of the aged pastor whose words go far and are read by all, but whose benignant face and gentle presence must be sought in one palace of a single city. It is said that the Pope considered the conversation so important, that immediately upon his visitor's departure, he dictated notes of what had passed.

Books, that speak through the eye, may be the worst of tempters. If books be bad — and sometimes they are especially bad — no tempters can be worse. And they are especially bad when the badness is concealed: when that which is concealed, if expressed in explicit grossness, would shock and repel; but when thinly veiled it is read without a blush, and the heart is poisoned before it is aware. Such books are whisperers with fair faces and foul hearts.— *H. E. Cardinal Manning.*

Our Young Folks.

PEEK-A-BOO.

THE cunningest thing that a baby can do
Is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands,
Then crow, and show that it understands

What nurse and mama, and papa, too,
Mean when they hide and cry: "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,
When they find that the baby can play like this!

And they every one listen and think it true
That the baby's gurgle means Peek-a-boo!

I wonder if any one ever knew
A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?

'Tis old as the world is. I believe
Cain was taught it by mother Eve.

For Cain was an innocent babe once, too,
And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo.

And the whole world full of the children of men
Have all of them played that game since then.

And while the sun shines and the skys are blue,
Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.

A LEGEND OF OUR LADY OF MONTSERRAT.

IN the high mountains of the east of Catalonia, between Barcelona and Montserrat, once stood the castle of a powerful lord — no less terrible and cruel than powerful. His name was Don Diego, but to the people of the neighboring country he was known only as Diego el Bandido (Diego the Bandit). Every few days he would make a descent from his ærie, followed by a troop of retainers cruel and fearless as himself — and, dividing over the plain, they attacked travellers, placed the villages under contribution, not hesitating to murder and burn when resistance was offered.

Strange to say, this bandit had a wife who seemed to be an angel in human form. The gentle and pious *châtelaine* might, in fact, be held up as a model of every virtue. Her days were passed in repairing, as far as possible, the evil done by her husband, and part of her nights in weeping and praying for his conversion. She was especially devout to Our Lady of Montserrat, in whom she placed great confidence, and whose miracles were renowned throughout the whole country.

Notwithstanding his vices, Don Diego was very much attached to his wife. He always treated her with great kindness and respect, and provided for her all possible enjoyments; but he refused her the only real pleasure that she desired — to change his life and conduct.

One winter evening, whilst a terrible storm raged without, the *châtelaine* was seated before a crackling fire awaiting her husband's return, and, according to custom, praying for him to Our Lady of Montserrat, when sudddenly there came a knock at the gate of the castle. A moment later an old servant announced to her that a poor monk, who had lost his way in the hills and was drenched with rain, had come to seek shelter for the night. The young *châtelaine* was very much perplexed. She knew that Don Diego hated religious, and she feared to arouse his anger by admitting one of them inside the gates of the castle. On the other hand, it appeared to her a great piece of barbarity to refuse lodging to the man of God in such a tempest.

"My lord shall know nothing about it," said the servant, who saw the embarrassment of his mistress. "I will dismiss the stranger early in the morning."

"May God bless you for that thought!" answered the lady. "Find a nice warm place for him in the barn; I dare not for my life admit him into the castle."

The servant had hardly done as he was ordered when the sound of the horn and the heavy tread of armed men announced the return of the lord of the castle. Don Diego, having laid aside his blood-stained coat of mail and assumed a dress more suited to home, proceeded to take supper with his wife. The latter received her lord with her usual deference and cordiality; but in spite of all her efforts at self-control, she could not quiet her uneasiness about the poor monk. What might not be the result of any indiscretion on the part of the servant, or if some of the men-at-arms chanced to discover him? This thought cast a cloud over her brow, which, strive as she might, she could not dispel. Don Diego noticed her uneasiness.

"What is the matter with you, madam?" he demanded. "One would think that you are hardly pleased at my return."

"Oh! not that!" she replied; and being unable to say another word, she burst into tears.

"Come, madam," insisted Don Diego, rising, "you must tell me what troubles you; and woe be to him who has failed in his duty to you!"

"Be not angry at anyone. I weep because I fear I have offended you. An unfortunate person lost his way in the mountains during this terrible storm; he asked shelter here, and I gave orders to have him housed in the barn."

"And why should that offend me particularly?"

"Because the man is — a poor religious."

The lord of the castle knitted his brow, and a malicious smile crossed his lips. "Set your mind at rest," he said to his wife, who cast on him a beseeching look; "I will not drive your *protégé* out. But," he added, with a sinister gleam in his eye, "he must at least

pay for the hospitality that I afford him : I mean to have some sport with him." Then he ordered a servant to conduct the monk to him.

The *châtelaine* too well understood what her husband meant. She knew that the poor religious would be treated with insult, perhaps worse ; therefore, when the door of the dining-room opened to admit him, she withdrew noiselessly to throw herself at the feet of Our Lady of Montserrat. However, at the entrance of the monk, Diego el Bandido appeared suddenly to lose some of his boldness ; he even arose involuntarily to receive his guest, who was evidently a priest. The holy old man, whose head was crowned with a scanty rim of white hair, looked so venerable and dignified that it was impossible to behold him without feelings of respect. But the good conduct of Don Diego was of short duration, and in his most disagreeable tones he asked the monk what had brought him to the castle at such an hour.

"The darkness and the storm caused me to lose my way in the mountains," answered the priest in a calm and sweet voice, "and I came to ask shelter in the name of Our Lady of Montserrat."

Strange thing it was ! This bandit, who had been guilty of all sorts of crimes, who at every hour braved the anger of the Almighty, whose lips hesitated at no blasphemy, was arrested by the name of Our Lady of Montserrat, so reverently was it spoken. For the first time in many years he paused before the commission of a wicked action. He sat down again without speaking, and made a sign for the monk to come to the table and take his supper.

When the old man, who hardly tasted the food that was offered him, began to speak of the things of heaven, of the justice of God, of the rewards and punishments of a future life, of the misery of the wicked, of the sweetness of repentance, he did so in a manner so persuasive and full of unction that the hardened Don Diego was touched and felt his heart softening. When the priest had finished speaking, he arose respectfully, took a lighted candle, and said : "Father, you must be fatigued ; I will show you to your sleeping apartments." And, his mind very much agitated, he led him to a room provided with a luxurious bed.

"My lord," said the priest, "for a poor religious like myself it is not lawful to make use of such luxuries. Our Rule allows us no softer bed than straw."

"Be it so, then," said Don Diego ; and he started down himself to the barn, and returned with an armful of straw, which he spread out as comfortably as he could.

The *châtelaine* was still pouring forth her prayers to Our Lady of Montserrat.

"Father," said Don Diego, after he had arranged the straw, "do you think it is possible for me to obtain pardon of my sins?" and he bowed his head, like a criminal awaiting sentence.

"Were your sins as numerous as the sands of the seashore, the drops of water in the ocean, the stars of heaven, — were they as enormous as that of Cain, horrible as that of Judas, sincere repentance can obtain pardon for you."

The wicked man fell upon his knees and made his confession.

Grace had touched his heart with such deep sorrow that the straw which he had brought was moistened with his tears. "Father," he asked, when his confession was over, "is it possible for any one to die of sorrow for his sins?"

"It is possible, and such a death would be a most happy one, my child," answered the priest.

Being left alone, the religious spent a long time in thanking God for the return of this lost sheep, and then he lay down on his straw. He had not been long asleep when he had a dream. He seemed to be standing before the judgment seat of God when a soul was about to be judged. It was the soul of Don Diego. Eternal justice held the scales, and Satan, casting on the poor trembling soul a look of intense hatred, placed in one of the scales such a heap of iniquities that all the heavenly host shuddered. But suddenly the Blessed Virgin of Monsterrat appeared. Close behind her followed an angel, carrying some moist straw in his arms. At a sign from Mary, the angel put this straw, moistened with tears of the penitent sinner, into the opposite scale, and wonderful to relate, it weighed the scale down to the ground. Satan fled in confusion.

Next morning when the monk awoke, all was confusion in the castle. The master had been found dead in his room. The servants ran about without knowing what to do. The *châtelaine* filled the air with her lamentations.

"Be consoled," said the minister of God to her: "Don Diego el Bandido died reconciled to God. Return thanks to our merciful Lord and to Our Lady of Montserrat." And then he related his consoling vision.

Ave Maria.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

A FEW nights ago a well-known citizen of this town, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for papa to tell her some bedtime stories; but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times from his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking tout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But

something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill, and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the fire-light knelt his child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell bound to the spot:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut closely together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa, lisped the little one.

"And — please send him home sober" — he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear inspired tone:

"God — bless papa — and please send him home sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

FATHER IS COMING.

"Hush, Nellie; father is coming."

There was an instant hush in the merry laugh of the golden-haired Nellie; the sweet smile died away from her lips, and a chill, as of ice, passed over her heart.

And all because "Father is coming." Mr. Parker kept the sunshine to garnish his office, and brought home the clouds to darken his home.

The art of making home happy is greater than the art of gaining wealth or honor, or position. It is one seldom learned or appreciated. It had not been learned by Mr. Parker. No; he had been too much engrossed in gathering up riches to heal the pleadings of the hearts of those who, gathered about the home circle, watched and waited his coming as the inhabitants of the Arctic zone watch the coming of the sun. And when, instead of bright eyes and sunny beams, there fell upon the hearth-stone harsh looks and cold responses, do you wonder

that the dreariness of home was made still more drear, and the bounding heart became chilled by their influence?

"Father is coming."

"Is he?"

"Yes! Shut the picture book and lay aside the playthings. No more laughter or innocent mirth now."

Mr. Parker had not always been so. In fact he still was, as of old, the kind provider, and even most attentive to the wants of his family. He surrounded his wife with all the luxuriance that wealth and taste could obtain, and even prided himself on the comforts he was daily showering on her.

But there was a painful comparison in the mind of that wife as she watched the fluttering of a golden-winged canary in its gilded cage. The sense of imprisonment was keenly felt. The bird was fed and kept in royal slavery. And how much better was she than the bird before her? How the change came would be difficult to narrate. Doubtless it was not intentional, but was no less effective. All this while no cross words were spoken except by the eyes and conduct of the husband. And Agnes, as she saw how indifference was gradually taking the place of love; as she watched the complete engrossment of her husband's mind in his business, grieved in her heart at the bleak prospect before her. So grew up a partial estrangement of heart. Their sympathies were not in common, their feelings were not the same. Not that they were wanting in husbandly duty and wifely faith. But there was a link, once possessed, but now lost.

But the lost link? Where was it? Under what rubbish of years did it lay hid? "Father is coming."

As he entered, the mother whispered to Nellie, and the child leaves the room. She returns in a moment and makes some reply. Mr. Parker looks on but says nothing.

"Dinner will soon be served," said his wife in answer to the thought that evidently engrossed his attention at that moment.

He seated himself by the window, picked up a paper and commenced reading.

A few minutes passed in silence, each busy with their own thoughts.

He was vexed at the delays; she conscious of giving no offence, was irritated at his morose manner, gave up all ideas of concilitatory measures, and so widened the breach. At last the dinner bell sounded.

The meal was soon over, and Mr. Parker arose from the table, took his hat, and was about leaving when his wife asked:

"What time will you be home this evening?"

"I cannot tell," was the response. "My business may detain me longer than usual. Why do you ask the question?"

"I though of taking Nellie out to see Aunt Eunice."

"Well, you can be home when I return."

"If I knew what hour you would come up, yes."

Mr. Parker paused. Then remarking "Well, be home early, at any rate," left the room.

The uncertainty of the reply almost tempted Mrs. Parker to adhere to her intention, and pay the visit contemplated. For a moment she pondered over it, and then her good angel triumphed. She would remain at home even at the sacrifice of the pleasure of Nellie. The child heard the decision; if it brought a tear to her eye we need not wonder, and in the heartache of one the other joined:

"Never mind, mother, I can wait."

"Thanks, darling," was all the mother could reply.

Early evening came, but no Mr. Parker. His wife patiently waited.

The hour went on. Still he came not. On the sofa Nellie lay, her golden hair falling over her face — asleep. She had grown weary watching. The mother, too, sat in an easy chair by the side of the centre table, endeavoring to read. But the words ran into one another, and she was forced to close the book, and as her head dropped upon her hand, and there came the vision of the years when every cloud had a rain-bow, she contrasted the happy "then" to the unhappy "now," and sighed over her condition. She learned the lesson that wealth does not confer peace; that gold cannot purchase happiness.

Her eyelids softly closed, and sleep — "best boon to mortals given" — came to her in her grief and waved her soothing wings over her perturbed heart. And as she slept she must have dreamed sweet dreams; for a smile played over her lips and she murmured: "Love me, love," as though of old a sweet confession was being made.

The door opened and Mr. Parker entered. He paused just as the threshold was crossed, and gazed for a few moments on the picture before him. It was one worthy the pencil of a master painter.

And, as he paused, Nellie speaks. But she does not move. Mr. Parker listens.

"Mother, mother, why don't father love us? Why don't he smile as he used to do? Mother — mother, why don't — he — love — "

The low voice of Nellie died away, and the heart of the father is smitten as with a rod. Truly conscience asks why? Nellie still sleeps. So does her mother. And as husband and father draws nearer to them again a smile played about the lips of his wife and again she murmurs, "love me, love."

Mr. Parker is on his knees. He takes the hand of Agnes in his own. She awakes with a loud cry of surprise, but as she hears the words, "forgive, my long suffering, yet patient Agnes," she buries her face in his bosom. Nellie, too, awakes, and is added to the group. And she wonders and looks with smiling eyes from the face of one to the other, she feels that something must have happened while she slept.

Truly, something had happened. The link had been found, and to it a little child had led them.

In our next issue we will give a beautiful story, entitled Bertie and Sophy, by the author of "Charley's Victory," which appeared in our January number.

Useful Knowledge.

OIL PAINTINGS hung over the mantlepiece are liable to wrinkle with the heat.

FIVE quarts of boiling water poured on a package of pearline will make excellent soap. Let it remain over night to harden.

FROGS are the best for the table in the fall. They are then fat and sleek, and there is a peculiar and desirable flavor about them at that season not possessed at any other In the spring they are poor and not so palatable, but are, nevertheless, eaten. At this season they are quite desirable, and form a very clever side dish at any meal. The Rocky Mountain frog is not a remarkable leaper; he is too fat and the altitude is against him. But he makes a remarkable savory dish, and, as said before, is becoming more popular every day in the West.

HOW TO JUDGE MEN. — Don't judge a man by his family relations, for Cain belonged to a good family. Don't judge him by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor made the other. Don't judge him by his speech, for a parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures. Judge him not by his acts alone, but by the motive of those acts.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE. — A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we may make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

CHARACTERS OF THE EYE. — The eye shows character. The eyes of great warriors have almost always been gray, their brows lowering like thunder clouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers, the most illustrious, have had large and deep-set eyes. The poets all have large, full eyes; musicians' eyes are large and lustrous. Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and blue eyes. We think we have seen black and blue eyes that were far from beautiful. Byron says the gazelle will weep at the sound of music. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress is to compare her eyes to a gazelle's. Cleopatra had black eyes. Mary Queen of Scots had liquid gray eyes. Dark eyes show power, light eyes gentleness and sweetness. There is great magnetic power in the eyes of several of the lower animals. The lion's, the tiger's and the serpent's eyes are all magnetic. It is well known the serpent will charm birds that are flying above it, until in great circles they will sweep down to the destruction that awaits them. A friend of the writer, a doctor, was one day walking in the field, when he saw an adder lying on a rock. He drew near to examine it, and presently looked at its eyes. He was attracted by their great beauty, and involuntarily stepped forward two or three steps. Beautiful light flowed from them, and seemed to bathe the very coils of the serpent. Gradually he drew closer, until, just as he was almost within the reptile's reach, he fell; falling, as he said afterward, as though he had been struck by a stone. When he became conscious his head was in a friend's lap. His first words were: "Who struck me?" "No one struck you, doctor. I saw you were charmed by the snake, and I struck it with a stone." He had struck the snake, and the doctor had felt the blow.

The Humorist.

"No TIME like the present," remarks the boy with the new gift watch.

I'M SITTING on the style, Mary," said Mary's father, when he refused to buy her a new bonnet.

TO WASH a mule safely do it with a garden hose, and stand on the other side of the fence while you do it.

THE best thing yet seen in print has been discovered. It is a pretty girl in a calico dress. She is the right stripe.

WHEN a politician says he stands upon his principles be sure that he does not mean that he tramples them under his feet.

THE late Baron Rothschild once took a cab to his office, and on alighting tendered the proper fare. The cabman received it, but kept his hand open and looked at the money significantly, which caused the Baron to inquire whether it was not right. "Oh, yes," replied the cabman, "it's quite right; but your sons usually give me double." "They do, do they?" was the Baron's reply. "Well, they have a rich father, and can afford it: I have not."

WHEN old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the paper an account of the last great fire, she raised her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head, and remarked, "If the firemen would wear the genuine home-knit stockings, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a-bustin' of their hose at every fire."

WASN'T it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how ethereal her appetite was, to have the cook bawl out, "Say, will yer have yer pork and beans now, or will yer wait till yer feller's gone!"

"O, GRANNIE, grannie!" exclaimed a Liverpool boy, glancing up from a paper he was reading, "Java has been visited by a shower of fire." "Dear me!" returned the old lady, not exactly catching the full import of the communication: "dear me! you don't tell me so! Well, I thought the coffee this morning tasted a little burnt."

"PAPA, I wish you would buy me a little pony," said Johnny. "I haven't got any money to buy you a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard, and become a smart man, and some of these days, when you grow up you will have money of your own to buy ponies with." "Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"

"WHAT sort of people are buried here?" asken the casual stranger of an attendant at Westminster Abbey. "Well, the building was intended for great men. But to fill up, they've sometimes had to put in poets."

A BALDHEADED man says his hair reminds him of a fool and his money — it is easily parted.

GENTLEMAN (calling at the house of a friend): "Is your mistress in?" Mary: "She is, sur. Gentleman: "Is she engaged?" Mary: "Faith, she's more than that — she's married."

A GENTLEMAN, just married, telling a Londoner he had that morning laid out £3,000 in jewels for his dear wife. "Faith, sir," says the citizen of the first city in the world, "I see you are no h ypocrite for she is truly your dear wife."

SHERIDAN was once asked by a gentleman, "How is it that your name has not an O prefixed to it? Your family is Irish, and, no doubt, illustrious." "No family," replied Sheridan, "has a better right to an O than our family; for, in truth, we owe everybody."

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug?" "How odd this," said the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

A SCHOOLMASTER, who was as fond of his grog as of his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes and my gravitation begins to operate."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE EFFORTS TO CANONIZE O'DONNELL.— It requires all the common sense as well as the trained moral perceptions of Irishmen to withstand the new doctrine that every cutthroat and dynamite agent "in the cause of Ireland" is entitled (if captured and hanged), to a halo of holiness and a registration upon the calendar of Irish saints. The editors engaged in this work of solemn canonization are apparently not very anxious themselves for the honors of martyrdom. Entrenched behind a writing table, they find it much more comfortable than a trench, and the shedding of ink more to their taste than the shedding of gore. Shame upon the silly tribe of scribblers who pervert all the traditions of Ireland, and endeavor to identify patriotism with villany, and the just doom of a murderer with the sacrifice of a martyr.

Without entering into the merits of the trial of O'Donnell, what means this cry for revenge which so-called Irish papers are raising? And what form is this vengeance to take? According to the *Chicago Citizen*, this is to be determined in the future; and the Parliamentary Party are impressively warned that popular sympathy this side of the ocean goes with the "active revolutionists."

The fact is, and the Parliamentary Party ought to know it, that the American portion of the Land League have no sympathy whatever with the active revolutionists. There is a strong impression here that hysterical, dynamitic papers are suborned to British interests; and that the identification of such men as O'Donnell with the cause of Ireland is the supreme aim of her worst enemies.

The "active revolutionists" either do not know, or they purposely dismiss the fact, that the Irish in this country fully understand the blessings of constitutional liberty which rests upon the foundations of law and social order,— respect for life and property. There is no man living quicker than an Irishman to perceive the immeasurable superiority of constitutional methods for political relief over those of the pistol and the dynamite bomb. It is a gross insult to Irish intelligence to represent us as so far in the rear of civilization as to dream that we should fight England as the Zulus or Afghans. Yet this is the plan of the active revolutionists.

The evils of seven hundred years cannot be remedied in a day — no — not in a century. Least of all can they be remedied by wild assassinations and the destruction of docks. The history of Ireland is a fearful warning to mankind that the violation of the eternal laws of justice is punished through ages; that the unjust victor suffers nearly as much as the victim. England for many a decade will bear the sin and the punishment of the conquest which has made Ireland her Fury instead of her Angel.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA.— The Apostle of sweetness

and light has somewhat shocked his devotees by engaging himself to Mr. D'Oyly Carte, as a mercenary lecturer, or rather "exhibit," for Mr. Arnold has not a single qualification as a public speaker. He has two essays which he will print, and for which he will be paid; and those he reads in a manner as oppressively dull as Saxe's fiend of the sanctum. To add to the irritation, both essays, "Numbers" and "Emerson," are insulting to American feelings.

Arnold's sphere and forte is light literature; but with that astonishing self-ignorance which cannot be cured outside the Catholic Church — certainly not outside of Christianity, he undertakes to solve the weightiest problems of religion and society, and to pass judgment upon men compared with whom he is the veriest pigmy. Our readers may form an estimate of the man's littleness, by his treatment of the profoundest religious movement which agitated the mind of England since the Reformation. We mean the Tractarian movement.

It would be absurd to deny that England has given birth to some of the deepest theological minds; and that her literature bears the impress of a deep religious feeling. There has been always a great school of theology in England, which holds that she was never separated from the Apostolic Church of Christ; that the orders and succession, established by Pope Gregory the Great in England, have never failed. To this day, Methodists, Lutherans, and other sects, are known in England as Dissenters. The whole question of the Apostolic succession in England, was settled by the Tractarian movement, which investigated the matter to the bottom, with the result that the best minds in the Church of England renounced their allegiance, and went over to the Catholic and Roman Church, the only fully authenticated and undeniably Apostolic See.

The most momentous question for any man believing in God is, obviously, has the Creator left on earth any unfailing organ of His will and revelation? He who believes in Christianity as from above, cannot rest until he finds out what form and order its Divine Founder gave to his revelation. If he believes that God interfered in His own creation, and resolved to impart to His sinful creature man, the means of a restoration to Himself, his own reason assures him that God would take no half measures. The only adequate barrier to the flood of unbelief, heresy, delusion, and human weakness, is a Church, unerring and capable of imparting to man all needed grace and helping. Such an institution, divinely organized and assisted, cannot possibly fail — and history presents these two startling facts — a Church which has always claimed infallibility in doctrine, and a continued and easily traced existence to the Apostolic day, and to the very feet of Christ. That Church, and that Church alone, is the one in communion with the Bishop of Rome.

What was Arnold's shallow comment upon these tremendous facts, involving man's spiritual well being and his immortal destiny? Such minds as Newman's, with trembling anxiety, pondered them for years, and, at length, fully satisfied with the Catholic claims, entered the one true Church. Arnold dismissed the whole matter, as lacking lucidity, clearness. Truly the Apostle well says, "The animal man understands not the things of God."

Bad as the world is, there is a profound conviction in it that its regeneration can come only through the Christian religion. Arnold belongs to that religion of nature, which contents itself with saying pretty things, and appeals to man to work out his own salvation through his natural powers. Let this nation become Catholic — or we will even say, let it become Christian — (for *some* grace is given outside the Church), and we need none of Arnold's nostrums.

The idea that literature will make a nation moral! or education! But enough

of him as a moralist. In his lecture on "Numbers," he said that this country owed everything to the Puritans, and to the Germans. Let this suffice for his accuracy as a historian.

His friends claim for him unequalled power as a critic. He certainly does not bear out his reputation by his critique on Emerson.

Mr. Emerson was not only one of the widest-read men of our time, but for power of literary expression he has no equal in the range of English prose literature. We have nothing to do with his philosophical or theological opinions, neither of which Mr. Arnold is competent to criticize, for, as we have shown, he could not understand the religious movement of his own day, and surroundings. Emerson's style is without equal or rival. On this all men of taste and judgment are agreed. Compared with the American's use of the English language; his power over its music and strength; and his exquisite and perfect understanding of the force and range of every word, there is not one English prose author to be placed by his side.

And this is the man that a literary compiler like Arnold attempts to criticize!

Well, it is an old story — it is a weakness against which Emerson warned us in vain. Let any English hack come here and we will laurel him. Even the wildest Anglo-maniacs were "sold," and sold badly, by the actor Irving, with his jumps and grimaces, and inarticulate grunts. Irving, however, gives us other men's thoughts, but Arnold, alas! — his own.

SAINT BRIGID.— The feast of Saint Brigid, of Ireland, occurs on February 2 — a day consecrated, in the Roman Calendar, to the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. The spelling Brigid is conformable to the Latin *Bridgida*. We call the attention of our readers to this illustrious saint, with the hope that, under God, the Catholic Church in the United States, which is a daughter of the Irish Church, may obtain from the Holy See the privilege of celebrating the Feast of St. Bridget, with proper mass and office, on some day to be fixed by the proper authorities. St. Bridgid is the patroness of the Irish Church; and thousands of the devout sex bear the name of this "Mary of Ireland." Her sanctity and miraculous powers won for her unnumbered clients throughout the early Mediæval Church. In England, she was known as St. Bride, and the Hebrides Islands are called after her. The fact that her holy name has been perpetuated in thousands of the daughters of Ireland, would seem to be a Divine Providence to keep her memory alive among her people. We have little doubt that the Church would gladly consent to our prayers to have this most holy, ancient and venerable patroness of the land of our forefathers assigned as a patroness over the new Ireland on the Western Continent. A feast, with proper Mass and office, would awaken new devotion to her who did so much to establish the Faith in the Island which has never forsaken it. Let us pray that God may, in our day, exalt the glory, and intercessory power, of his handmaiden.

JUSTICE has at last been done to Mr. PATRICK F. MEEHAN, one of the proprietors of the *Irish-American*, one of the oldest and ablest of our journals. James Stephens, who made the foul accusation against Mr. Meehan, has at last retracted his base slander. At the time the accusation was made, we were well convinced of its falsity. But Stephens has at last retracted in an article in the *London Contemporary Review*. Mr. Redpath, in his Weekly, says:

"Mr. Meehan is one of the best-informed men in everything relating to Ireland, past and present, that I have ever met on either side of the Atlantic; and he is as loyal as he is learned. And yet I have heard honest men, of good sense in everything outside of politics, try to convince me that he had been a traitor and informer! And, as a Suspect of some

stealthy organization, an order for his assassination was issued. He was shot as a suspected traitor and left dangerously wounded — this able and sincere patriot, who has done more genuine service to Ireland than all the leaders of all the secret organizations of imbecility and crime that have ever cursed the holy cause of Ireland: which needs neither criminals nor secrecy in its service, but is polluted and crippled by both. James Stephens ought to be ashamed of his cowardice in so long delaying this exculpation. Long ago, he acknowledged that he had done Mr. Meehan a great wrong, and he voluntarily promised to publicly admit his error. Yet he has withheld his retraction until *not* Mr. Meehan, but he needs a defender. There ought to be no pity shown to such moral assassins."

THE EARLY PIONEERS.— The first Roman Catholic Church built in New York was St. Peter's, Barclay Street, in 1780. Thither, says Bishop McQuaid, in a recent historical review, ex-Senator Kernan was carried all the way from Steuben County to be baptized; Bernard Clem was carried from Rochester, 400 miles, for the same purpose. The first Catholic priest in New Jersey was the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, who was sent on from Philadelphia, and who established, about 1803, a parish at Macopin, for the benefit of some German Catholics who had been at work in the iron mines from before the Revolutionary War. In 1805 the first Catholic services in that State were held at Battle Hill, now Madison. This parish was started for the benefit of a number of French emigrants who had settled at Battle Hill. The first Mass celebrated in Patterson was in 1805, in the house of a private gentleman. Services were continued for some time in several private residences.

BETTER THAN DYNAMITE. — Rev. Fr. D. O'Hara, parish priest of Ballaghadereen, Ireland, writes to Mr. John Rush, County Treasurer of Omaha, that he has made a practical solution of the Land League question in the matter of Captain Costello's estate and his tenants. The landlord was eager and willing to sell and the tenants were unable to buy; so Father O'Hara bought the estate for £30,000 on annual payments and low interest, and sold to the tenant farmers at the same rate, to be paid up in instalments, from 30 to 35 years; when unencumbered the land will belong to the landholders. Father O'Hara has already located 300 farmers on this plan; and, there is no reason why the project would not work as satisfactory in all parts of Ireland.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND. — From the first of December to the fourteenth Mr. Donahoe sent to Ireland in small sums, over forty-one thousand dollars. This does not include the draft sent by him to Mr. Parnell. The amount was principally sent by girls in domestic service. God bless them!

THE IMMIGRATION to this country is still large, but not so large as in some previous years. For the eleven months ending with November, it was about 536,000, against 686,676 last year, 672,197 in 1881, and 563,391 in 1880. The largest number for any one month was 99,601, in May. Nearly two and a half millions, or more than the population of Massachusetts and Maine, have come to our shores from foreign lands in the last four years.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE. — That wonderful musical instrument, the ORGANETTA, is advertised in this issue. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it inculcates a love of music in old and young, and develops and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful ORGANETTA will play any tune. At the price of $3.50 it is within the reach of all.

THE ARCHIVES OF THE VATICAN. — The office held in the Vatican Archives by Monsignor Balan is now to be administered by a vice-Archivist and a sub-Archivist together; and it is announced that Leo XIII. has appointed to the post of vice-Archivist no less a scholar than the Benedictine Father Luigi Tosti, Abbot of Monte Cassino, and author of the "History of Boniface VIII.," "The Council of Constance," and other works of European celebrity. The great signification of this appointment will at once be recognized in connection with the carrying into effect of the Pope's recent letter on historical studies. To the post of

sub-Archivist, Father Denifle, an Austrian Dominican, well known for his learning and erudition, particularly in historical studies, has been appointed. It is expected that either Cardinal Bartolin or Cardinal Parocchi will be appointed to fill the place of the aged Cardinal de Luca, in the commission of three cardinals to whom Leo XIII. addressed his recent letter on historical studies.

How some Men get along. — A remarkable illustration of what may be done with ten acres of land only, has been furnished by a fruit-planter named Dillon, of Woodland, California. Six years ago he planted five acres with Muscate grape, since which he has added two more acres. He has also planted one acre with prunes, nectarines and peaches. From the five acres first mentioned his gross returns last year were $1,200. Last year he planted three-fourths of an acre of beets, which yielded 35 tons. By the aid of a little bran or short, he kept a span of horses and two cows seven months, besides which he sold $30 worth of beets. One of the cows yields from 10 to 11 pounds of butter per week, besides the milk which the planter's small family uses. By the side of his fencing Dillon further planted 20 walnut trees, which have borne fruit for two years. From the wood cut from these trees this year, in the trimmings, he made a little over three cords of stove wood. Gum trees planted six years ago, and some of them 12 inches in diameter, will make them cut into wood from one-fourth to one-half a cord of wood per tree. In the condition in which he now has his fruits and vines, this enterprising grower on a small scale states that he can make a living for himself and family, and lay up from $800 to $1,000 annually. His family consists of himself, wife, and one child. It is evident that Mr. Dillon, of Woodland, California, does not allow anything within his reach to lie idle or unutilized.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., in the course of an address on Catholic education, observed that when Irishmen were at the same time educated, and sober in their habits, they invariably attained the highest positions in any country where they might chance to dwell. Mr. Edmund O'Donovan, "of Merv," who it was feared, had been killed in the Soudan, was a case in point. Although he was the son of an Irishman who was famous in the world of letters, Mr. O'Donovan came to London quite unknown, but it was not long before he was considered to be one of the most brilliant Special Correspondents of his day; and his daring adventures in places where no European had ever before penetrated had made his name known to the whole civilized world.

The British Parliament has been further prorogued until the 5th of February.

Emigration. — The Emigration to this country during the last 11 months was about 536,000, against 586,676 last year, 672,197 in 1881, and 563,391 in 1880. In November there were 35,393 arrivals, Germany furnishing 14,360, Canada, 4,877, England, Wales, 4,245, Ireland, 1,997, Italy, 1,334, Scotland, 511, and France, 378. In May 99,601 emigrants came, the largest number for any month.

Well Said. — The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says, severely, of a certain class of monthly and other periodicals which have of late made their appearrance; "The great fault of the children's magazines is that they give the least possible quantity of sense to the greatest possible quantity of amusement. . . . The principal constituents of the child's paper or magazine are mush and molasses, cake and candy."

Fish. — A recent number of our sprightly contemporary, the *London Universe*, says that, "Our American cousins are at it again. The New World once more teaching the Old World how to utilize natural resources. Private speculators are at present busily engaged in fish-breeding, and they get as much as five dollars a pair for carp of the right sort for stocking purposes. In a five-acred pond near the White House at Washington the increase during the past year was 65,000 fish. This, be it noticed, is a shallow pond of no great extent. Fish taken for stocking other ponds varied from the small fly of half an inch or so in length to fish weighing two or three pounds. In addition to the ponds of private speculators, there are Government ponds which are annually netted to gra-

tuitously supply all necessary existing demands. Instead of cultivating fish in England, the dealers in fish seem to go in more for wantonly wasting it. How much more do our American cousins realize the importance of fish as a good, wholesome food than we islanders! Yet we have plenty of people among us daily in sore want of food."

O'BRIEN, the Democratic candidate for mayor of Boston, was defeated by a vote of 25,000 to 27,000. Evidently "it is a bad year for the O'Briens." — *Milwaukie Catholic Citizen.*

No it isn't. Is our contemporary aware that an O'Brien is the High Sheriff of the Hub?

THIS year's receipts of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in France amount to £357,000, ($1,785,000) the sum expended in almsgiving being £301,000.

THE POPE has signed Canon Brosnan's petition approving of a memorial church to Daniel O'Connell, to be erected at Cahirciveen. He also promises the donation of a corner-stone, deputing the Archbishop of Cashel to lay the same.

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AUSTRALIA.— The German Jesuit Fathers who are endeavoring to civilize and convert the aborigines of North Australia, are making good progress, and in our next issue we shall be enabled to give some interesting details of their labors. With hardly, perhaps, the exception of some of the natives of New Britain and New Hebrides, the Australian blackfellow has generally been considered the most degraded specimen of humanity. Certainly this is the experience of most travellers, but in the more remote territories, to the north of the island continent, they are finer physically and much more intelligent men than in the south and west, and a great future lies before the self-denying work which the Society of Jesus has undertaken on their behalf.

WHIPPING AN EDITOR.— Editors, like other shrewd men, must live with their eyes opened. A good story is told of one who started a paper in a Western town. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smash" next day. Sure enough his next issue contained the promised "smasher," and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man with a club in his hand and demanded to know if the editor was in. "No, sir," was the reply; "he has just stepped out. Take a seat and read the paper,— he will return in a minute." Down sat the man of cards, crossed his legs, with the club between them and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime he quietly vamoosed down stairs, and on the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "you will find him seated up stairs, reading a newspaper." The latter, on entering the room with a fearful oath, commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and had pounded each other to their heart's content.

FOR YOUNG MEN TO REMEMBER. — That clothes don't make the man. That if they once get in debt they may never get out of it. That parting the hair in the middle brings on softening of the brain. That to deal honorably with all men they begin with their washer-woman. That t ey need something more substantial than cigars, kid gloves, and a cane to start housekeeping with. That they can't reckon on their father's fortune to bring them through life. Fortunes are slippery things — better have something besides to fall back on. That a girl who decks herself in the latest things out and parades on the street while her mother does the washing, isn't worth wasting much love on. That a fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a girl when he can't support himself, is either a first-class fraud or a fool — unless he marries for money and becomes her hired man.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAM H. ELDER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has six brothers and one sister living. The latter is eighty-two years old, and has been a Sister of Charity for sixty years. These seven brothers all met in Cincinnati recently,

for the first time in fifty years. The names and residences of the Archbishop's brothers are, Mr. Joseph E. Elder, of Chicago; Francis W., of Baltimore, Md.; Basil T., of Manhattan, Kan.; John C., of Baton Rouge, La.; Thomas S., and Charles D., of New Orleans, La. They came to witness the ceremony of investing the Most Rev. Archbishop with the pallium

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ADULTERATED CHAMPAGNE. — On certain occasions English and American society cannot do without champagne. We have, in fact, acquired the character of being a champagne-drinking people. It is a well-known fact, that more wine, passed off as champagne, is consumed throughout the world, ay, perhaps a thousand times more wine than is ever manufactured in the champagne conntry. As a matter of fact the greater portion of the so-called champagne sold in England is not champagne at all. Good, genuine champagne cannot possibly be sold cheap, and even there may be imposition with regard to the best brands. In an action brought by Messrs. Moet and Chandon against a Paris restaurateur for selling spurious champagne under their names, it came out that waiters who can open the bottles of that firm without spoiling the corks so that they may be used by the manufacturers of sham champagne, get well paid. So that it is highly probable a good lot of the Moet and Chandon going is in quality far from what it ought to be. Our advice to people who cannot afford to purchase the highest price champagne, is to abstain from it altogether.

THE IRISH SITUATION. — Redpath in his *Weekly* has an article on the "Irish Situation," full of good common sense. We extract the concluding paragraphs:

What does the present Irish situation teach?

The lesson of the scaffold is — that if Ireland cannot be helped through Mr. Parnell and his party it is absolutely impossible to aid her at this time, either in Ireland or America.

The recent banquet in Dublin demonstrated that Mr. Parnell has the general and enthusiastic support of every class in Ireland, who desire to see her wrongs redressed.

Every word uttered and every act done — whatever the intent and whatever the motive — that interferes with the policy of the Irish National League, is a help and support of English tyranny. It is rebellion, ostensibly against England, but really against Ireland.

Sincerity, courage, self-sacrifice — all are in vain, unless they are shown in the service of the Irish National League. Zeal without knowledge, bravery without discipline, are hindrances, not helps, to the National movement.

Without trained and skilful leaders, the best and bravest troops cease to be an army and soon become a mob. And mobs never conquer national independence.

England has wealth, and power, and leaders as skilful as they are unscrupulous. To wrest any right from her hands, therefore, the Irish race must oppose her tyranny, by union and persistence, and a loyal adherence to the plans and leaders that command the confidence of the people at home.

Thus and only thus can success be won.

Ireland will never be redeemed by men whose policy demands, as its first condition of success, the unconditional repeal of the Ten Commandments.

A RAILWAY OVER THE LIFFEY. — At a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, the president, Sir Samuel Ferguson, LL. D., read a paper on sub-aqueous tunnelling, stating that he wished to bring the engineering intelligence of the country to consider whether a way might not be found for preserving Dublin from the necessity for a high level railway over the Liffey. Mr. Bindon Stoney said the chief difficulty would be the expense of tunnelling, which cost £360 a yard, but Mr. Dogherty believed the expense would be less than that of purchasing the sites of the gin-palaces which the railway would displace.

MODERATE-PRICED DWELLINGS.—Mr. L. M. Fitzgerald, of Lismore, architect to the Duke of Devonshire, who obtained the Villiers Stuart prize at the Cork Exhibition, has given an excellent little book on Laborer's Prize Cottages. It deals with cottage building generally, and in detail, and supplies plans, twenty in number, of proposed dwellings for laborers. The prices range from £45 for a two-roomed house, to £100 for the "first-class" cottages.

THE *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, says that "we will be likely to salute our great and good Archbishop as 'your Eminence.'" That is, that the Archbishop of Baltimore is to be raised to the Cardinalate.

If the portrait of Martin Luther's wife published by the New York *Graphic* at all resembles that no doubt at one time estimable lady, we are of the mind that Martin threw the ink-stand at the wrong person.—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

Fires in Charitable Institutions. — A fire occurred in the south-east wing in the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston, on the evening of the 4th of January, at about 7 o'clock. It was fortunate it did not occur later in the evening, as, unquestionably, there would have been loss of life. As it was, no one was injured. The loss was about $2,000. Covered by insurance. There are nearly two hundred inmates in the house. — A fire occurred at the Carney Hospital, Saturday, January 5. Damage some $2,400. No casualties among the inmates. — A terrible fire took place at Belleville, Ill., a few miles from St. Louis, in the burning of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception. The fire occurred at 11 o'clock when all were in bed. Thirty-seven lives were sacrificed. The young ladies lost were attending school in the institution. Four of the sisters perished with the scholars.

The Charity Ball in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, comes off on the night of the 18th of February. It promises to be a great success.

European Alliance. — In a significant article published last week, the *Germania* maintains that the now famous Central European Alliance, whose avowed object is the maintenance of peace, consists of peoples which are mainly Catholic. Taking together the two empires, which share between them the hegemony of Central Europe, the German and the Austro-Hungarian, it will be found that this somewhat startling assertion is literally correct. Thus, dividing the respective populations into Catholics and non-Catholics of all other religions, the following figures will show their respective proportions: —

	Catholics.	Non-Catholic.
Austro-Hungary.	29,668,000	8,218,000
German Empire.	16,179,000	29,000,000
	45,847,000	37,218,000

If we now add the third member of the Alliance, Italy, the preponderance will be increased by more than 26,000,000. And if, as seems likely, the accession of Spain becomes an accomplished fact, the Catholic character of the Alliance will be still more remarkable. It is certainly worthy of note that a league, whose entire end and aim is on the one hand to hold in check the warlike propensities of France and Russia, and on the other, to make head against the revolutionary spirit which is threatening the European monarchies,— should consist mainly of nations belonging to the Catholic Church, which has ever been the champion of peace and submission to legitimate authority. The fact becomes more significant when we observe that the French Government stands forward on the one side, as the champion of infidelity in Europe, and Russia on the other, as that of the Schismatic Greek Church.

A Word to Girls. — Many a young girl is careless as to how much money a young man spends for her. Three and five dollars for a horse and carriage he can poorly afford, perhaps, yet she will go with him week after week, with no particular interest in him, unmindful apparently whether he earns the money or takes it from his employer's drawer. He makes her expensive presents. He takes her to a concert, in going to which, usually, save for her pride and his gallantry, a horse-car ride for ten cents would be wiser than a carriage ride for several dollars. A young man respects a young woman all the more who is careful of the way he spends his money, and will not permit too much to be used on her.

O'Donnell, the slayer of the informer Carey, paid the penalty of his crime within the walls of Newgate, at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 17th December. It may strike many people as strange, says the *Chicago Tribune*, that while Irish-born members of Congress labored very zealously to obtain the reprieve of the "avenger "O'Donnell and in inducing the United States Government to use its good offices in his behalf, the Irish members of Parliament have never once by word or action interfered to save or respite him. They addressed or held no meetings in his interest; they subscribed no funds for his defense. They took the verdict, as did their Irish constituents, iwth extraordinary equanimity. There was not a single public meeting held in

any part of Ireland, or a single petition sent from that country in O'Donnell's behalf.

WHILE a Jesuit Father was preaching in Vienna Sunday night to an enormous audience of women and children, an excited crowd rushed into the church, shouting, "Down with the Jesuits." The priest was assaulted, and compelled to seek safety in flight. Women and children were crushed and tramped upon, and one of the altars catching fire, a fearful panic ensued. The only reason assigned for the perpetration of so dastardly and sacriligious an act, is that the priest, who is very eloquent, preaches in the evenings, and that the women and children flock to hear him instead of remaining at home.

A MONUMENT TO CATHOLIC PILGRIMS.—The *Catholic Mirror* states that Mr. William L. Ritter of Baltimore, proposes to raise a subscription fund for the erection in that city of a monument to the memory of the pilgrims who founded Maryland, March 25–27, 1634. It was at first intended to locate the monument at St. Mary's, near where the pilgrims landed, but the metropolis is deemed the more appropriate site. The project is a praiseworthy one, and should be given a liberal recognition by those who are ambitious to have a material monument to early Catholic colonization and enterprise. Although Clayborne, from Virginia, had attempted to settle on Kent Island three years previous, it was not until 1634 that a permanent colony was established by about 200 persons, "nearly all Roman Catholics and gentlemen of fortune and respectability." It was by them intended that the colony should be named Crescentia, but as it was styled *Terra Mariæ* in the charter, in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, the settlement was ever afterwards called "Mary's Land.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 10, 1883.

EDITOR OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—Please permit me to reply to the letter of H. F. Fairbanks, in your December Magazine, about Father Ryan's article on the "Lost Cause."

It seems to me that the writer of that letter has allowed his patriotism to get the better of his reason. Had he ever read Father Ryan's poem on Erin's Flag, he would know that there was little cause for such an outburst of indignation.

Father Ryan has never considered Ireland's cause as lost, nor Ireland's banner as conquered. What he did mean, was, that another cause, resembling the cause of Ireland and Poland was defeated; not that another cause was defeated, like that of Ireland and Poland; and I think the distinction is very visible.

With regard to the evil effects which the writer of that letter fears might be produced by articles such as those upon the "Lost Cause," I think we might find at home greater reason for complaint.

I would like to know if the action of those men who, during the past summer, for the entertainment of the crowds,—but principally for the money there was in it—gave representations of some of the battles fought during the war, was the best means to insure those feelings of love between the North and the South which we all so ardently desire. I think such work was far more likely to arouse memories and feelings than any thing that has been written by Father Ryan.

As it is quite apparent that the author of the letter is unfortunately ignorant of Father Ryan's character and work, much can be excused.

In concluding, I would wish it understood that the cause of Catholic education has, in the famous poet priest, a fervent advocate and an earnest worker.

Respectfully,

A. MURPHY.

A SPECIAL from Rome announces the appointment of the Right Rev. D. Manucy, D.D., Bishop of Dulma in *partibus inf.*, and Vicar-Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, to the Episcopal see of Mobile, Ala., made vacant by the death of the Right Rev. John Quinlan Bishop Manucy was consecrated December 8, 1874.

THE CATHOLIC COUNCIL.—Archbishop Gibbons, in a letter to Rev B. J. McManus, under date of Dec. 21, says that the national council of Catholic prelates will be opened at the Cathedral in Baltimore, Nov. 9, 1884. He will preside as apostolic delegate, the purpose first entertained at Rome of appointing Archbishop Seplecci having yielded to the strong representations of the American prelates in favor of one of their own body in this country being designated for the position. The Archbishop reiterates the statement that no action will be taken by the Holy

See in regard to the Irish question in the United States, and no remonstrance will be sent to this country on that subject. The American prelates had an hour and a half's interview with the Pope the day before the archbishop's letter was written. The latter makes no reference to the cardinalate, and it is not supposed that the red hat will be conferred until after the council has performed its work and adjourned. There is no doubt, however, that the dignity will then be bestowed on the primate, Archbishop Gibbons, who has received so many evidences of the honor in which he is held by the Pope during the meetings of the American prelates in Rome. The cardinalate gives no increase of power to its recipient, but does confer greater rank, and carries with it a vote in the election of a Pope.

ST. PAULINUS.— The Catholics of the old Roman, or if we may believe its own boast, pre-Roman, city of Trier on the Mosel have been celebrating a whole week of festivities on account of the solemn translation of the relics of their great Bishop St. Paulinus, in the curious rococo church which bears his name. A native of Aquitaine, and born in the fourth century, Paulinus came as a missionary to the ancient Treviri, then the western capital of the Roman Empire, where he became Bishop in 351. St. Hilary and St. Athanasius have sung his praises, but on account of his opposition to the Arian heresy, the Emperor Constantius banished him to Phrygia, where he died in 358. His body was, however, restored to Trier in 395, and since then his grave has been opened only in 1072 and 1402. This year, owing to necessary restorations in the crypt, the sarcophagus has once more been opened, and the bones of the Saint, with various other articles spoken of by tradition, have been found perfectly complete. The most interesting fact is that the body reposes in a wooden coffin placed in the stone sarcophagus, and as this wooden chest according to the opinion of archæologists, is the original one in which the body was brought in the fourth century from Phrygia, it is of unusual interest, as scarcely another example of a wooden coffin of so great antiquity is known. Many other curious and valuable articles were found, such as silk stuffs, leaden plates, and especially three tablets, one of silver and two of them gold, bearing the monogram of Christ, and the *alpha* and *omega*. After being exposed for a week the relics were again solemnly deposed, and closed up in the crypt on the 9th inst.

THE visit of the Crown Prince of Germany to the Vatican has attracted in many quarters fresh attention to the condition of the Catholic Church in France. Even among French politicians the event of the week at the Vatican has caused some searching of heart. This was shown the other day in the Chamber during the debate on the annual motion for the suppression of the French Embassy at Rome,—a motion opposed by no less prominent a leader of the Opportunists than M. SPULLER. He was surprised, he said, to hear such a question raised in the French tribune at a moment when "Germany was officially recognizing the important position held in the world by the head of Catholicity." It was no time to withdraw their Ambassador from Rome, when "the strongest Power in Europe admitted the necessity of coming to terms with the Pontifical Court." This view was apparently shared by a great majority of the Chamber; for the defeat of the motion was complete. It is possible that in other respects the national jealousy of Germany, if no higher motive, may lead the better class of French officials to pause in the reckless Anti-Christian agitation they have either publicly supported or tacitly approved.

LEO XIII. is not unmindful of the Missions in the most distant parts of the world. Within the last few days he has assigned the work of the evangelization of the vast and little-known country of Patagonia, to the Fathers of the Society of St. Francis of Sales, whose general is the famous Don Bosco. The whole mission is divided into an Apostolic Prefecture and an Apostolic Vicariate. The former embraces the southern part of Patagonia, and is committed to the charge of Father Fagnano. The Vicariate consists of the north and centre of Patagonia, and is entrusted to Father Cagliero. In quite another part of the world, the Holy Father has also divided Mongolia into three vicariates; the Northern one embracing the tribes of the Ordos, Elenthus and Urats; the western vicariate embracing the great Mandarinate of Geghol; the remaining part of the country being assigned to the Vicariate of Central Mongolia.

A COLOSSAL WORK. — The death is announced, at his residence in the Palazzo Carpegna, Rome, of Commendatore Gaetano Moroni, the distinguished author of the "Historico Ecclesiastical Dictionary," a work — in one hundred and three large volumes — to which he devoted the greater part of a long, studious, and industrious life. The colossal work with which his name will ever be associated is well known to all students of ecclesiastical history, who find in it reliable information on all subjects connected directly or indirectly with the history of the Church. The deceased author was in his eighty-second year.

"UNGRATEFUL IRELAND." — In the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* magazine is an article by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, based on Mr. Barry O'Brien's recent work, "Forty Years of Concessions to Ireland." He gives his paper the ironical title of "Ungrateful Ireland," and he then proceeds to show, in a trenchant, vigorous style, how little she has to be grateful for. He first treats of the question of Catholic education, tracing the history of the various efforts — half-hearted and insincere — of English statesmen to provide a system consonant with the religious feelings of the vast majority of the Irish people. He gives a graphic description of the diabolical methods adopted for the carrying out of a huge scheme of proselytism; tells the lamentable story of the Kildare street Society, the failure of Lord Derby's plan, and so on to the concession of last session, obtained through the agency of Lord O'Hagan, which was the first sterling attempt to provide an acceptable class of instructors for Catholic children. Sir Charles then deals in succession with the questions of Parliamentary Reform, the tithe war, the history of the Irish corporations, and of the poor law. The article is purely historical, and only brings us down to 1845, the writer intimating that he proposes to take a flying survey of the later reforms by Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone in another article.

We will print this article as soon as we can find room. It will keep.

THE VITALITY OF THE CHURCH. — The vitality of the Church, if we consider the matter well, is what a great writer has called it, — "awful." "Shall the past be rolled back? Shall the grave open? Shall the Saxons live again to God? Shall the shepherds, watching their poor flocks by night, be visited by a multitude of the heavenly army, and hear how the LORD has been new-born in their own city? Yes, for grace can, where nature cannot. The world grows old, but the Church is ever young. She can, at any time, at her LORD'S will, inherit the Gentiles, and inhabit the desolate cities. A second temple rises on the ruins of the old: and saints shall rise out of it, if GOD so will, and the doctors once again shall give the law to Israel, and preachers call to penance and justice, as at the beginning."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. — There can be little doubt that English is the language of the future, whatever may be its music, and a curious proof of the prevalence of our tongue is given in Hubbard's *Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World*, which, among other interesting statistics, states that out of 34,274 newspapers and periodicals published in 1880, no less than 16,500 were printed in the language which Charles V. described as only fit for geese. Nearly half the remainder were in German, only a quarter were in French, and the great bulk of the rest in Spanish. *English as She is Spoke* therefore occupies the leading position in the journalistic world.

ADULTERATIONS IN BUTTER. — When oleomargarine was first brought into public notice there was a good deal of opposition to its introduction, as affording the ready means of deceiving buyers, no matter how much better it might be than poor butter, how entirely harmless, and how thoroughly cleanly were the methods of its manufacture. Laws were therefore passed in several of the States prohibiting its manufacture and sale, only as all the packages should be distinctly branded with the name "Oleomargarine." The farmers and dairymen were most anxious for this legislation. But since these laws were passed there has sprung up a large business in what is called "butterine," which usually consists of a little good creamery butter and an admixture of oleomargarine oil and neutral lard.

ASH WEDNESDAY, beginning of Lent, February 27th.

Personal.

THE Marquis Tseng, Chinese ambassador to France, is a Catholic, and was educated by the Jesuits.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has recently received into the Church an Anglican clergyman, a distinguished member of Magdalen College, Oxford.

The Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Assistant Bishop of St. Louis, and a prelate whose eloquence and learning have earned for him world-wide celebrity, delivered a lecture on the 30th December, in the church of Sandymount, Dublin, of which the Rev. Father O'Hanlon, his old friend, is pastor.

PRINCE BISMARCK is often, not only happy in in his sayings, but remarkable for his sagacity as a prophet. A story reaches us from a good authority which demonstrates the great Chancellor's prescience in Egyptian affairs. Being asked in conversation, some time before the victory of the Mahdi in the Soudan, whether Mr. Gladstone would stick to Egypt, Prince Bismarck replied: "If you ask me whether Mr. Gladstone intends to stick to Egypt, I cannot say, but this I can tell you with certainty, that Egypt will stick to Mr. Gladstone.

WHEN Canon Brosnan the other day begged the blessing of the Pope upon the memorial church to Daniel O'Connell he is building at Cahirciveen, his Holiness, who approved the scheme, and promised to contribute the corner-stone, spoke in high praise of O'Connell, whom he had seen in the House of Commons, and admired for his stately frame and his majestic flow of language. It will be news to many persons that the Holy Father ever visited England; but he did so while he was Nuncio at Brussels, and remained for ten days.

THE Duke of Norfolk, whose income from land and real property was last year nearly £275,000 may count, according to the *St. Stephen's Review*, on a substantial addition to that sum in 1894, as his leases are falling in everywhere. An arrangement made in Norfolk will illustrate what must be going on in numbers of instances on his enormous estates. A lease fell in; the rent had been £200, but the tenant was allowed to remain during the present duke's life at £400, and very glad he was to retain it at that price.

A PRIVATE audience was lately granted by the Holy Father to Mr. John Nicholas Murphy, of Clifton, Cork, who was presented to his Holiness by the Right Rev. Dr. Carberry, the newly-consecrated Bishop of Hamilton, Canada. Mr. Murphy was recently raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, in recognition of, and as a reward for, his munificent contributions towards works of charity,— contributions which, we learn, amount to nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Mr. Murphy, it will be remembered, is the author of an excellent work in defence of the Holy See, entitled "The Chair of Peter." At the conclusion of the audience the Holy Father pronounced a benediction on all the faithful in Catholic Ireland.

MR. PARNELL said, at the recent Testimonial banquet, in the city of Dublin: — "This is the great force: that if we can not rule ourselves, we can cause England to be ruled as we choose."

THE Rev. Father Anselm O'Gorman, O. S. B., who for many years has been Prior of the English Benedictine College at Douai, has just been summoned to England to fill the important post of President-General of his Congregation.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS will preside at the Plenary Council to be held in Baltimore next November.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, arrived in London from Rome. His Eminence is still in rather delicate health, and the journey made severe demands upon his strength, which has never been thoroughly re-established since his serious illness last spring.

CARDINAL NEWMAN officiated at Pontifical High Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception at the Oratory, Edgbaston, and appeared in excellent health.

THE Rev. James Moore, of Ballarat, Australia, has been nominated Bishop of that diocese. Father Moore studied at All Hallows College, Dublin; and was Vicar-General to the late Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Ballarat, which diocese he has been administering *sede vacante*.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE ETERNAL PRIESTHOOD: By Cardinal Manning. 1 vol. 12mo, net $1.00.

Cardinal Manning's book on *The Eternal Priesthood* has reached a second edition in this country. It is a most beautiful book. The Cardinal's recognized publishers, the Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York, have put on the market an edition that ought to be preferred on every ground, but particularly on that of excellence of workmanship. It is a pleasure to read it, which is more than can be said of a rival and unauthorized edition that we have also received, and which, we suspect, has not the justification of cheapness.— *Catholic Review.*

Rome, Dec. 3, 1883.

DEAR MR. OATES: I should be glad if you would inform your correspondent in New York (The Catholic Publication Society Co.) that I have given no authority to any other house in America to publish *The Eternal Priesthood*, nor was any copy of the book sent by me. I can in no way understand how it should have reached Baltimore, and why it should have been published there.

Yours faithfully,
H. E., CARD. ARCHBISHOP.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

DON BOSCO: A Sketch of His Life and Miracles. By Dr. Charles D'Espiney. Translated from the French by Miss Mary McMahon. 18 mo. cloth. With Portrait, 40 cents.

Filled with anecdotes, brimming over with marvellous incidents—if not miracles — this book is sure to find many readers. To the care and education of poor, abandoned boys, the street Arabs of the great cities, Don Bosco has devoted his whole life. Friendless and without money, his labors in this heroic work have been abundantly rewarded, and to-day more than one hundred thousand poor children saved from ruin, thousands of priests whom he has led to the Altar, and countless multitudes in every sphere of life bless his name, while noble buildings reared by his efforts stand gigantic monuments to his devotion and zeal. No romance ever written possesses more interest than this true story of a noble Christian hero.

SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE: A Collection of Examples, Illustrating the Catechism. Translated from the French by Miss Mary McMahon. 12mo., cloth. With 6 full-page illustrations, $1.00.

Apart from their merits as an exemplification of Christian Doctrine, these short stories are excellent and interesting reading for the young, being nothing else than anecdotes drawn from the lives of the good and truly great.

Lynch, Cole & Co., New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC for 1884 is now ready, and, as can be seen from the table of contents published in another page is (in our judgment) one of the very best issues of our Annuals that has as yet been published. We think this is saying a good deal when we take into consideration the flattering reception the publications of previous years have received at the hands of the press and public. A glance at the number of valuable bigraphical, historical, statistical, and miscellaneous articles which the "Irish-American Almanac" for 1884 contains, will show that our claim for the publication, as being the best year-book of the day, is not an idle one. For the rest, we leave it to the public to judge; and we are not afraid of the verdict. The "Chronology of 1883," a record of the events of the year most interesting to Irish-Americans, as a review of the year's happenings, is alone worth the price of the book itself. The price of the Almanac is, as usual, twenty-five cents, for which it can be purchased from any newsdealer; or we will send it direct (post paid) from this office.

The Almanac will be given gratis to every subscriber of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE who pays $2 — sent to the office. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, Clement Maria Hofbaner, Vicar General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By Rev. Fr. R. P. Michael Haringer, Consultor General of the Congregation. Translated into English by Lady Herbert. Price $1.25. Embellished with a portrait of the Saint.

"Father Clement was chosen by God to transplant and consolidate north of the Alps the work begun by St. Alphonsus; that is the Congregation of SS. Redeemer. He began his Apostolic ministry two years before the death of the founder of the Order. And whilst St. Alphonsus, by his writings, combated the false doctrine of the revolution, and died in 1787, before

the breaking out of the reign of anarchy and terror in France, so it fell upon Fr. Clement to struggle and suffer in the very midst of the storm which that fearful revolution had raised. He witnessed the fall of royalty in France; the fearful excesses of the reign of terror; the birth of the Empire and its fall; the ruins of Poland; and the overthrown of religion in Germany and elsewhere. But in the midst of those terrible events, Father Clement was as firm as a rock; and amidst the storms and darkness around him, he was a luminous lighthouse pointing out the only path of safety." The book must be read through to be appreciated.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE ETERNAL PRIESTHOOD: By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Price $1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONTINENT MAGAZINE has been signalizing its removal to New York by the issue of several unusually attractive numbers, in every way worthy of emanating from the metropolis — no longer of commerce alone, but of art and literature as well. The first number bearing the new imprint offers some amends to the Philadelphia home of the Continent, in an appreciative article on "The Mission of Great Art Schools," in which the career of the Philadelphia Academy is made a model, the illustrations being reproductions of paintings by Philadelphians abroad. A wonderfully illustrated article on Tennyson, entitled "The Princess and its Author," derives interest from the recent elevation of the poet to his Baronial dignity. The career of "Robin Hood," is handsomely illustrated by Howard Pyle, and other illustrations, maintain the Continent's favorable reputation. For the Christmas number, just out, there are Christmas Poems by Mary D. Brine, and the author of "Arius, the Lybian," Christmas Stories, and other seasonable matter in abundance. The Continent seems to have struck a new vein of prosperity, to which its labors in behalf of good reading entitle it.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.— Here it is again, brighter and better than ever; the cover alone, with its delicate tinted background and its dish of gracefully arranged flowers, would entitle it to a permanent place in every home. The book contains three beautiful colored plates, is full of illustrations, printed on the best of paper, and is filled with just such information as is required by the gardener, the farmer, those growing plants, and every one needing seeds or plants. The price, only ten cents, can be deducted from the first order sent for goods. All parties any way interested in this subject should send at once to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for the Floral Guide.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL. Notre Dame, Ind: J. A. Lyons, Professor in the University. 9th Year. Price, 25 cents.

THE MALEDICTION. A Drama in Three Acts. Notre Dame, Ind.: J. A. Lyons, Professor in the University. Price, 50 cents.

All the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, as well as of the publishers.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Instrumental: "Libellen," by Fritz Spindler. No. 1 "Polonaise." No. 2 "Polka." No. 3 "Waltz." "Silver Army March," by E. H. Bailey.

Vocal: "In the Gloaming," Song, words by Meta Owed, music by Annie Fortescue Harrison. Also "Winner's New American School for the Cornet," a very tastefully issued work for this instrument.

Spear & Delurhoff, New York.

"Champagne," Song, by H. Millard. "My Boy Is Out To-night," Song, words by Geo. Cooper, music by H. Millard.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

ARCHBISHOP.

THE Archbishop of New Orleans, Most Rev. N. J. Perché, died at 9.20, P. M., Thursday, Dec. 27, 1883. A great man, a great patriot, and above all, a great representative of the Catholic Church. Napoleon Joseph Perché was born at Angers, Department of Maine-et-Loire, France, Jan. 10, 1805. For nearly fourteen years Mgr. Perché has occupied the Archiepiscopal throne of the Archdiocese of New Orleans; honoring it as much as he has been honored. The funeral took place on the 2d of January, from the St. Louis Cathedral, and was largely attended. Right Rev. Bishop Leray, consecrated Bishop of Natchitoches in 1877, was appointed Coadjutor of the Archdiocese of New Orleans in 1879. Through his right of succession Bishop Leray becomes possessed of the title of Archbishop.

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF A BOSTON PRIEST. — No death among the clergy of the Archdiocese has given more true sorrow than that of Rev. Fr. Daly, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church. He accompanied Archbishop Williams to Rome, on the occasion of the assembling of venerable archbishops of the United States in Rome. In Father Daly's farewell sermon, previous to leaving Boston, he intimated that he might never address the congregation again. How prophetic! After a few weeks he was stricken down, and is now no more. Death was due to heart disease. He became unconscious on a train while on his way from Naples to Rome, and was taken to a hospital, where his identity became known from cards found on his person. The rector of the American College was notified, and he immediately hastened to the hospital, and found Father Daly revived and much better. He had scarcely left him, however, when Father Daly called for a glass of water, and immediately after drinking it died. His funeral took place from the chapel connected with the hospital, Archbishop Williams officiating. A Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Church of which he was pastor, on the 22d December, by the Right Rev. Lawrence McMahon, of Hartford, Conn., assisted by Very Rev, William Byrne, V. G.; Rev. T. Shahan. of St. James'; Father Moran, of St. Stephen's, and Father Gilligan, Master of Ceremonies. There was a large attendance of the Rev. Clergy. The sermon was preached after Mass by the Rev. Father Shahan, Rector of St. James' Church, Boston, and an intimate friend of the deceased. In the course of his remarks Father Shahan said: Father Daly had a tender heart, and he could refuse nothing to misery and want. The highest eulogy was pronounced by his assistant, who, in speaking of his beloved friend, said, with tears in his eyes and inadvertently: "He possessed nothing; he gave all to the poor." This should be his epitaph. All his charity will be fully known on the last great day. *Requiescat in pace.*

VERY REV. JAMES MACKEY, Vicar-general of the diocese of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and one of the pioneer priests of northern New York, has passed away after a long career of usefulness in the sacred ministry, leaving behind many monuments of his energy and zeal. There are now twelve priests and a bishop in the district over which Father Mackey's pastoral charge was extended in his early days; and he had seen the city of Ogdensburg quadruple its population in the forty-two years of his residence there. Father Mackey was beloved by the faithful, and highly respected by non-Catholics wherever he was known.

ON December 8th, the Rev. William H. Hoyt, one of the assistant priests at St. Ann's Church, in East Twelfth Street, New York, was stricken with apoplexy while saying 9 o'clock Mass. Great excitement prevailed for a few moments in the church. Some of the gentlemen of the congregation rushed forward to the assistance of the unconscious priest, and carried him through the sacristy to his room at the rectory, next to the church. where Dr. Lynch promptly attended him, Father Hoyt was unconscious for twenty-six hours, and at the end of that time opened his eyes and seemed to recognize his son and those about him. He died

on the 11th. Father Hoyt was seventy years of age on June 8. He had been for some time in delicate health, and on account of an affection of the throat he seldom preached; but he shared in the other duties of the parish, and was chaplain to the House of the Holy Family, in Second Avenue. A native of Sandwich, N. H., he was ordained in early life a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he was settled over a congregation of that denomination in St. Albans, Vt., where in 1846 he became a Catholic, together with his whole family. After the death of his wife he studied for the priesthood, and received orders in Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J., May 26, 1877.

Rev. James Mackey, Vicar-General. The Ogdensburg, (N. Y.) *Journal* contains an account of the death and obsequies of Very Rev. James Mackey, who died on Tuesday, December 4th. The *Journal* says James Mackey was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, in the year 1808, and emigrated to America in 1833. He studied about seven years for the priesthood, and was then ordained in the rites of the Catholic Church. He was sent to Ogdensburg by the late Archbishop Hughes of New York, as the successor of the late David William Bacon, afterward Bishop of Portland, in the latter part of the summer of 1841. He was educated in Lafargeville, Jefferson County, and Chambly, Lower Canada. He was ordained a priest on the 5th of January, 1841, the same year that he was sent here. Ogdensburg was his first and only mission.

Rev. J. C. O'Dwyer. — The Rev. John Curtis O'Dwyer, rector of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Bennington, Vt., died of pneumonia at his residence in that village, on Monday, Dec. 3d, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Father O'Dwyer was born at Milltown, Malbay, county Clare, Ireland; pursued most of his theological studies at All Hallows College, Dublin, and came to this country in 1864. He continued his studies at Montreal, and also at the Troy Seminary, and was ordained a priest in 1865. His first pastoral charge was at Fairhaven, Vt., from whence he came here eleven years ago.

Death of Father Walsh. — We deeply regret to announce the death of Rev. Lawrence Walsh, the late respected and patriotic Treasurer of the Irish National Land League of America. Father Walsh, who had been failing in health for some time past, died, after a brief illness on Thursday, January 3d, in Boston, whither he had gone for the purpose of obtaining medical advice. The deceased clergyman was born in Providence, R. I., forty-three years ago. Father Walsh's remains were taken to Westerly, R. I., for interment.

LAY PEOPLE.

Death of Balfe's Sister. — The youngest and favorite sister of our distinguished native composer has passed away and was interred in Glasnevin Cemetery, early in December. With the exception of an occasional visit to her talented brother, Amelia Balfe (Mrs. N. Dodd) has all her life resided in Dublin. She followed the profession of music successfully as a vocalist and teacher of singing, up to about 1879; was principal contralto in the Antient Concert Society, when established by Mr. Joseph Robinson, and was a member of the choir in Westland-row Chapel for several years. An asthmatic affection — to which she has at last succumbed — obliged her to discontinue her calling. On each visit of Balfe to Dublin, Amelia was his first object of discovery. The next was "the old fiddler," as he familiarly entitled his old friend Levey, the result being in general some very pleasant evenings, at which the last new songs of the author of "The Bohemian Girl" made their first appearance. Retiring, unobtrusive, and to a degree domestic, Amelia Dodd avoided recognition to any extent, and she has passed away deeply regretted by her relatives and friends; and leaving a kind and affectionate husband — to whom she was for many years happily united — to deplore her loss. We may add that on the occasion of one of his visits Balfe composed the song "The Blighted Flower," expressly for Amelia, dedicating it to her, and presenting her with the profits, which were not inconsiderable.

The death of Mrs. Eulalia Iasigi, widow of the late Joseph Iasigi, is much lamented by the community at large. Her demise occurred on the 27th of December, after a short illness. Her age was 62 years. The poor will regret her loss, as she was always liberal in every charitable object. A requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on the 31st of December, after which her remains were conveyed to the family tomb at Mt. Auburn.

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"YES," repeated His Eminence, "I have great hope for Ireland now. If the government will only go on as it has begun and rule the country with justice, all will be well, I trust. I love Ireland, and long to see her treated with fairness. As Sir John Davis once said, 'No country in the world, can be more easily ruled than Ireland, by justice.'" CARDINAL MANNING.

Answer to the St. Patrick Myth.

A FRIEND showed me lately, an article in the *North American Review* of October, 1883, entitled "The Saint Patrick Myth," by a writer of the name of Moncure D. Conway. As I believe there are several errors in that article about St. Patrick, I beg your kind permission to allow me to point out some of them. The writer after mentioning a couple of the ancient lives of the saint, in one of which mention is made of Pope Celestine who commissioned him, in the other of which no mention is made of the pope, proceeds to ask, "But did St. Patrick ever exist?" And he answers, "This cannot be determined with absolute certainty." I answer that the grounds of the existence of the Saint, can be determined with as absolute certainty as history can make it. He proceeds. The grounds of doubt are as follows: "All authorities agree that Palladius was the first Christian missionary among the Irish; that he was ordained for that work by the Pope Celestine; that he was the friend of Germanus." I don't question these assertions; "and that he was styled Patricius in the Roman Martyrology, his day being March the 16th, the day before that of the received Patrick, when he (Palladius) is said to have died at Auvergne. The words are *Arvernis depositio Sancti Patricii episcopi.*" The last member of the sentence above is wholly incorrect. It is not true that Palladius is styled Patricius in the Roman Martyrology. It is not true that his day is the 16th of March, the day before that of the received St. Patrick. Nor is it true that the name of Palladius is in the Roman martyrology at any day, or any place that I could find. Thus the first ground of doubt, and the superstructure raised upon it, sinks

under Mr. Conway's feet. He goes on: "No contemporary ecclesiastical writer mentions Patrick, though nearly all mention Palladius." If Mr. Conway had told us who these contemporary writers were that mentioned the one, and were silent of the other, we could examine if his statement were true. As it stands I don't believe the statement. "The most remarkable instance of silence is that of Bede, who mentions the missions of Palladius, Ninian, and Columba, but says nothing whatever of Patrick. That so minute and exact a historian, writing in the early eighth century, should not mention even the name of Patrick, has not been explained." Bede was writing the ecclesiastical history of the Anglo-Saxons, his own people. He mentions also the names of Palladius, Ninian, and Columba. The first died in Scotland after his departure from Ireland, according to the Irish annals, and the other two he mentions as the apostles of the northern and southern Picts in the north of the same island of Britain. Pinkerton, a Scotch writer, if I mistake not, in his *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum*, in a note to the life of Kentigern, remarks, *Beda non meminit Kentigerni; sed æque siluit de Patricio, Davide, Dubritio, Asapho, et aliis Sanctis Brittonum: nam historia ejus solummodo ad Anglos spectat.* Bede mentions not Kendigern, but he is equally silent of Patrick, David, Dubritius, Asaph, and other British saints, for his history has reference only to the Angles. It would be a very erroneous inference to draw that these British saints never existed, merely because Bede does not mention them. It would be equally as erroneous an inference to draw as to the non-existence of Patrick. Bede heard of Patrick, for he has him in his martyrology on the 17th of March. "Even in the writings of St. Columbanus, who flourished in the century after Patrick, the name of the latter does not occur." I have never seen any of the writings of St. Columbanus, except a fragment of a letter to Pope Boniface the Fourth, so I cannot here examine the correctness of Mr. Conway's statement. It is nothing better than a negative argument like the former. I feel thoroughly convinced that neither Columbanus or any other Irish missionary who labored on the mission in Ireland, or out of it, from the 5th to the 19th century were ignorant of St. Patrick, whether they mentioned him in their writings, or not. Again: "There is no mention of any person supposed to be an individual Patrick, earlier than about two hundred years after he is said to have died." The annals of Ireland, sometimes called the Annals of the Four Masters, state that St. Patrick died in 493. In the sentence following the one quoted above, Mr. Conway speaks of a letter of Cummian of the year 634, to Segienus, abbot of Hy, in which mention is made of a cycle, introduced by our pope St. Patricius.' Now from the death of St. Patrick, as recorded in the

Annals, to the date of that letter, is only one hundred and forty-one years, so Mr. Conway is wrong again. I will show hereafter that St. Patrick is mentioned by writers who lived in his own time. Again: "Tirechan himself in the Book of Armagh, speaks of the 1st Patricius and the 2d Patricius, i. e — Palladius and Patrick. Patrick, of course, is no more a personal name than Cardinal." Mr. Conway is here at his old tricks again, trying to jumble three persons into one, that is two Irish Patricks into Palladius. The Annals also mention two Patricks, not as the 1st and 2d Patrick, but as *Sean* (pronounced Shan) Patrick, which means old Patrick, and Patrick the apostle of Ireland, and Palladius, as three distinct persons, and records their deaths at three distinct and different dates. And the two first names, doubtless, are the Patricks meant by Tirechan, for the Annals were compiled from the old books of Ireland. The Roman martyrology has four Patricks. The Patrick of Auvergne on the 16th of March. The Patrick apostle of Ireland on the 17th of March. Patrick Bishop and martyr at Prusa in Bythynia on the 28th of April, and Patrick, abbot at Nivernis, on the 24th of August. The apostle Patrick and the Patrick of Auvergne he tried to confound with Palladius before, on the testimony of the Roman martyrology; now it is the two Irish Patricks he is trying to confound with Palladius on the testimony of Tirechan and the Book of Armagh. Mr. Conway must give some better proof than his own *ipse dixit*, that Patrick, Palladius and Cardinal, are synonymous terms. Mr. Conway after trying to annihilate St. Patrick on what he calls his ordination name, next attacks his baptismal name, says it is British, and that it means the God of war. I can tell him, whether the word be British or Irish, it does not mean that. If it is translated at all, it indicates a fitness or facility for battle. In those remote ages when personal valor was more highly esteemed than it is at present, parents were fond of giving a name to their children indicating that quality. In the Irish Annals the word cu is frequently prefixed to names. Cu means a hound or fierce dog, and metaphorically, as applied to men, a champion, a hero, a warrior. Thus Cuchullan, Cucorb, Cumidhe, &c. There is no doubt that St. Patrick deserved the name in a spiritual sense, for he fought the good fight, he propagated and preserved the faith, and a glorious crown was the reward of his victory. Passing by for the present other errors in Mr. Conway's article I will now show some of the many proofs of the existence of St. Patrick.

1st. The writings of St. Patrick himself.

His confession, and epistle to Coroticus, mentioned by Mr. Conway. These are considered authentic not only by Skene and

Todd, but by Sir James Ware who first published them; by the Bollandists, who afterwards published them from a different copy, and by Tillemont, who from reading them considered St. Patrick more like the prophets and apostles, than other saints who succeeded them. The hymn composed by St. Patrick on Easter Sunday, 433, on his way to Tara, with his seven clerical companions to shield himself and them against the wiles and plots of the Druids and assassins appointed to compass their destruction. It can be found in Dr. Petrie's work, "History and Antiquities of Tara Hill, p. 33;" also in appendix to Canon Burke's Irish Grammar among specimens of the Irish language from the 5th to the 17th century, with an English translation in verse. Dublin, Mullany, 1865.

2d. The hymn of Seachnal, or Secundinus, the nephew of the saint, composed in honor of St. Patrick while yet living. To be found in the Labhar Breac, an Irish manuscript in Dublin. Eugene O'Curry mentions it in his Lectures on the manuscript materials of ancient Irish history, p. 352 (Kelly, Dublin, 1873). See Burke's Irish Grammar Appendix for same.

3d. Hymn of St. Fiech, Bishop of Sletty in the 5th century on St. Patrick. (See Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History. Cumming, Dublin, 1829.)

4th. Canons attributed to St. Patrick.

Of these I will give one, taken from the Book of Armagh, first by Usher, and later by Professor O'Curry, who gives it in his *Mss. Materials of Irish history*, p. 373. The Canon is in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "Moreover, if any case should arise of extreme difficulty, and beyond the knowledge of all the judges of the nations of the Scots, it is to be duly referred to the chair of the archbishop of the Geidhil, that is to say, of Patrick, and the jurisdiction of this bishop (of Armagh). But if such a case as aforesaid, of a matter at issue cannot be easily disposed of (by him) with his councillors in that (investigation), we have decreed that it be sent to the apostolic seat, that is to say, to the Chair of the Apostle Peter, having the authority of the City of Rome."

"These are the persons who decreed concerning this matter, viz: — Auxilius, Patrick, Secundinus, and Benignus." But after the death of St. Patrick, his disciples carefully wrote out his books. Mr. O'Curry says that the above was taken by him from that part of the old manuscript, which was copied from the book written by St. Patrick's own hand.

5th. Letter of Cummian to the abbot of Hy mentioned by Mr. Conway, 141 years after the death of St. Patrick, mentioning him as

our Pope. The writer of this letter lived in Ireland, and took an active part in the paschal discussion, and in favor of celebrating it as Rome did. He is believed to have been a monk of the order of St. Colum-cille, and was giving an account to his Superior in Hy, why he differed from his brethren in that matter. From his calling St. Patrick papa noster, it appears that other bishops beside the bishop of Rome got the title of pope at that time.

6th. Document of the same, 7th century, published by Mabillon, containing Litanies of Saints. It contains the names of St. Patrick, St. Brendan, St. Carnach, St. Munnu, St. Colum-cille, St. Bridget, and other saints previous to their time; but none of the English saints towards the end of that century, such as Cuthbert, Aidan, Aldhelm, Laurentius, Millitus, etc. He found these with a copy of the Psalms at Rheims, written in the old English character. Vet. annal, vol. 2. pp. 669 seq. Lanigan's Eccles. History.

7th. Adamnan, Abbot of Hy in the 7th century, who died early in the 8th century, wrote a life of St. Colum-cille, in which he mentions St. Patrick, quoted in Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History, page 60. 8th Document, in Cotton Library, very old, referred to by Usher, as of before the time of Bede, mentions St. Patrick. (See Lanigan.)

8th. He is recorded in the martyrologies, viz:— the Roman, that of St. Jerome, which existed before Bede's, of Usuard, Rubanus, Ado, and of Bede, at the 17th of March. And yet, forsooth, he is not mentioned by Bede and contemporary historians because he was not acknowledged by the Church of Rome, but even despised. Bah!

9th. Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, Smith, Hodges, & Co., Dublin, 1856, otherwise called, Annals of the Four Masters. At the year 431, mention is made of the sending of Palladius to Ireland, by Pope Celestine I. to preach the gospel. His repulse by Nathi, the son of Garchu, his departure, and his death in the country of the Cruithrugh (Picts), where he contracted a disease.

"The Age of Christ, 431. The third year of Laeghaire (chief king), St. Patrick was ordained bishop by the Holy Pope Celestine the I., who ordered him to go to Ireland to preach and teach faith and piety to the Geidhil, and also to baptize them."

"The Age of Christ, 432. The fourth year of Laeghaire. Patrick came to Ireland this year, and proceeded to baptize and bless the Irish, men, women, sons, and daughters, except a few who did not consent to receive faith or baptism from him as his life relates." See also Leabhar nace-ceart.

The Age of Christ, 438, records his purifying along with others,

the Seanachus (the history) and the Feinachns (the laws) of Ireland, from pagan superstitions, the books having been brought to one place.

Age of Christ, 457. In this year he commenced to build Armagh, and the churches in it. In the same year is recorded the death of *sean* (old) Patrick.

The Age of Christ, 493. In this year is recorded his death, and the dispute for the possession of his body by the Ui Neil and Oerghialla on the one side, and the Ulta on the other, and finally the burial of his body at Dien-da-leath ghlas (Down). When it is remembered hat before the Danish invasion, sixty-six tracts or memoirs were written about St. Patrick, and among their authors were SS. Columcille, Ultan, Adamnan, Eleran the Wise, Evin, Kianan, etc., most of which tracts were destroyed by these ruthless pagans, considering also the destruction of Irish MSS. since the invasion of their no less ferocious cousins, the Anglo-Normans. Considering the comparatively few hat have been translated of those that escaped the general wreck, the wonder is, that so many references to the existence of the Saint can be found. If Mr. Conway seeks for further monuments of the existence of the Saint, let him look around and behold them in the multitude of people that have borne his name, from his time to the present; in the multitude of churches bearing his name built at great expense in and out of Ireland; and, above all, in the undying affection the Irish people have always cherished towards himself and the religion he taught them, even at the greatest sacrifices. Let him then ask himself, would any rational people do and suffer and sacrifice all these things for the sake of a myth.

I will now proceed to examine some others of Mr. Conway's declarations. At page 362 he sums up his conclusions about the "probable" Patrick, meaning improbable. "On the whole it appears reasonable to conclude that St. Patrick became the specialized title of a preacher of gentle birth, but of comparatively little learning, who, born near Glastonbury, and converted by British monks, started a British mission in Ireland where Palladius failed," &c.

What does he mean by the word specialized? Are not names given to persons to distinguish or specialize them from other persons? Any how the individual alluded to was a person, and his name or title was St. Patrick, he was of gentle birth, but of comparatively little learning, he was born near Glastonbury, and he was converted by British monks, and he started a mission. "Specializing" and describing that individual, Mr. Conway gravely tells us at page 368, "There is no trustworthy evidence that St. Patrick came from, or ever visited the Continent of Europe." Consistency, thou art a jewel!!

It is somewhat rough on St. Patrick to say that he was comparatively of little learning; but seeing that Mr. Conway knows so little of his real history, I reckon the Saint can stand all that.

If Mr. Conway wants to know where St. Patrick was born, what studies he made, and how long, I refer him to Dr. Lanigan's ecclesiastical history, where these subjects are ably discussed. On same page, 362, Mr. Conway says, "In the course of time the Church of Rome was willing to reap what St. Patrick had sown; but it was always mainly a gleaner in Ireland." The Church of Rome had the best of right to reap where she planted, first by Palladius, and when the good seed brought by him was not accepted, then by Patrick, whose seed took root and fructified abundantly. And from that hour to this, the Church of Rome has reaped the blessings and gratitude of the Irish people, because as the Annals express it, her chief pastor, Celestine the 1st, sent them Patrick to preach the gospel, to disseminate religion and piety among them, a man who separated them from the worship of idols and spectres, who conquered and destroyed the idols which they had for worshipping, who had expelled demons and evil spirits from among them, and brought them from the darkness of sin and vice to the light of faith and good works, and who guided and conducted their souls from the gates of hell (to which they were going) to the gates of the kingdom of heaven. Aye, and in addition to gratitude she has reaped Peter's pence, freely and cheerfully given, whenever they were needed, for that large-hearted people were never niggardly with those who labored for their eternal welfare. Had Mr. Conway said that another Church, namely the Church of England, as by law established, was mainly a gleaner in Ireland, he would have come nearer to the truth, but gleaning is too gentle a term,— fleecing and spoiling would be more appropriate.

For her persistent attempts to sow another kind of seed among them which they ever rejected, she has indemnified herself by appropriating to herself thousands of their fertile acres, which she called glebelands, she exacted from them a tenth of what remained which she called her tythes, and as if these were not enough, her rectors exacted a third impost which they called church rates, this was to pay for wine, to pay their sextons, and to pay the expenses connected with keeping their churches in order. Who in Ireland has not heard of the fearful exactions of the tythe proctors, and of the bloody riots frequently occasioned thereby? As a sample of the mode and spirit by which the church rate was collected, I will relate an anecdote as told to me by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who was an eye-witness of the scene. He was one day in the cabin of a poor day laborer, who

was very poor indeed. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and some small children. A party came to the door and enquired for the man of the house. They were told he was not within. They announced themselves as collectors of the church rate, and that the amount was one shilling. The woman declared there was not a shilling in the house. Said they, we must take something to make it. They looked around and espied a pot. It was the only one that was there, and was used to boil the potatoes. They said we will take the pot, and they were on the point of carrying it off, when it occurred to them it would prove rather heavy and unhandy to carry. They instituted a new search, and in their rummaging, they unearthed a calico dress. It was the only change the woman had. It was not lately washed, and was therefore none the cleaner. This they seized and carried off to the next town to make the shilling for the rector, and so the pot was spared. It must be borne in mind that this family were Roman Catholics, who never stood inside the Rector's church, and believed not in his doctrine. It is only a few years since the nuisance of the Rector and his exactions were abated. It was by resistance and agitation that this was accomplished, and it will serve to show the American reader why the Irish people have to agitate so much, to relieve themselves of their manifold, unjust, and intolerable burdens.

On page 370 is the following: "But the Celt (i. e. the Irishman), was conquered by the Saxon, while both were yet tribes." And on page 371: "It is a lost paradise (i. e. the Erin of Patrick); a Saxon serpent destroyed it." A few references to English history will show that Mr. Conway is wrong here also. In Doctor Fredet's Modern History, Murphy & Co., Baltimore, 1867, I find the following: The heptarchy, by which Mr. Conway must mean their tribal state, ended in 827 under Egbert, King of Wessex. Alfred the Great, a Saxon Prince, after a reign of twenty-nine years, died in the year 900. Edward, his son, after a reign of twenty-four years died in 924. The Kingdom of England was established in 937 by Athelstan after the battle of Brunanburg in Northumbria. Canute the Dane reigned in England eighteen years, and died in 1035. Harold and Hardicanute his two sons reigned successively after him. St. Edward succeeds and dies in 1066. Battle of Hastings fought that year between the Norman known as William the Conqueror, and Harold, in which the latter is beaten and killed, and the Saxon dynasty ended. William died in 1087. Strongbow came to Ireland in 1169.

So the Celt was not conquered by the Saxon, while both were yet tribes. It was not a Saxon serpent that destroyed the paradise of the Celt, it was a Norman serpent, and sad was the destruction he

wrought. Bede in his Ecclesiastical History, thus records one raid of the Saxons into Ireland. "In the year of Our Lord, 684, Egfridus, King of the Northumbrians, sent under command of Bertus an army to devastate the country, and destroy an unoffending people, who had been most friendly to the English; neither churches or monasteries were spared; they were repulsed by the natives." The Saxons were converted to Christianity by the monks sent by the Pope St. Gregory, and by Irish monks of the order of St. Columcille. From what I have read of the Saxon christianized, he was a far better man, and better Christian, than the Norman, for the latter had scarcely any conscience that hindered him from appropriating both the person and the goods of his neighbor, whenever it suited him, whether that neighbor chanced to be white, red or black, and the same trait appears stamped on the English nation, since he assumed the reins of its government. On page 371 we read: "The best service of the Fenian, the supplanted landlord, is indirect; he is a mirror of the English landlord who has supplanted him, and whose equal violence is systematized in the forms of law. It is clan contending against clan." Here is another specimen of Mr. Conway's ignorance of history. Neither ancient nor modern Fenians were landlords. That is an English institution. There were tribes or clans in Ireland to be sure. The tribal lands were divided among the families of the tribe, even the Chief elected by the freemen of the tribe, had his share assigned him. The Fenians were a militia raised chiefly to protect the country from foreign invasion. It was principally from the Romans that invasion was apprehended. They ordinarily consisted of seven battalions, and each battalion contained three thousand men. It was of this force that Finn McCool, celebrated in story and tradition, was general in chief in the 3d century. The modern Fenians took their name from those ancient heroes, and their object was, I believe, to recover the patrimony which their fathers possessed over two thousand years before the foot of Norman marauder ever stepped into Ireland.

On page 368: "The Apostles of Ireland went into various parts of Europe: they had a different tonsure, a different Easter from other Christians, and refused to change their customs at the Pope's order." Even admitting all this, it does not prove that their doctrine or belief was different from that of Rome, or that they received it from any other source. They believed in the resurection of Our Lord as Rome did. They also had the tonsure, but made it in a different way from the Roman. It was their duty to practise uniformity in these things when admonished by Rome. They did not do so at first, but afterward they wheeled into line, the southern half of the island and portions

of Connaught in 633, and the northern portion later. About the middle of the sixth century Rome adopted a new and more correct system of calculating the time of Easter, from Dionysius Exiguus, a monk of Alexandria. Up to that time the churches of Ireland and Britain celebrated Easter substantially as Rome did. The Roman legions having withdrawn from Britain in 421, it was invaded by the Picts and Scots. To resist these the Britains called in the aid of the Saxons in 449, who served them faithfully till 455, when their numbers so increased, that in this year they made their first settlement in Kent. Then commenced the Saxon Conquest, and they took possession of the eastern and southern parts of the island, which cut off communication with Rome. The same was true of Ireland, for the British and Irish celebrated Easter the same time, when St. Augustine and his companions sent by Pope St. Gregory the Great, to convert the Saxons, arrived in 596. The British and Irish thus cut off from Rome, were ignorant of the new change till the arrival of these missionaries, and naturally held on to the old way, which was really Roman, as St. Patrick introduced it into Ireland. (See Lanigan, 75 ch.) As to the stories, legends, various pictures, and bogus miracles which Mr. Conway has collected in such numbers, I don't intend to notice them, further than to say, that they present other evidences of the existence of the Saint if any were needed. For if the authors of these, had no basis of fact to work on, we would never hear of their productions about him. That he wrought many and great miracles cannot be doubted, for so state the Roman Martyrology, the Annals, and other histories. The Apostles of the nations have been generally so gifted, as history relates, and to doubt this would be to doubt the words of Christ himself, who declared that even greater miracles than he wrought, would they work. If Mr. Conway would look into Count Montalambert's monks of the West, — one of the many good books which Mr. Donahoe of Boston has given to the American public,— he would find there what kind of myths the men were, who laid the foundations of the Christianity and Civilization of Europe, when the Roman Empire was broken up by the barbarians of the North. He would find out what communion they belonged to, and he could contemplate how little gratitude the governments of those countries show nowadays to the source from which they derived such great blessings. The perusal of the book would be as pleasant as reading a good novel, and when he would write again on missionary subjects, he would not be likely to fall into so many errors.

ALLEGHANY CITY, Dec. 24th, 1883. M. CARROLL.

The Nun and the Child.

TELL me, sister — oft I ponder,
Thro' the wild bush as I wander,
What it was that brought thee here?
As I think how friends caressing
Must have parted thee with blessing,
All the vainer grows my guessing
What it was that brought thee here.

Child — I'll tell thee, come and listen;
From above the stars that glisten
O'er the desert and the sea,
From His Father's home descending,
Thro' those stars His bright way wending,
God, in love with mercy blending
Came on earth to look for me.

And I heard His sweet voice calling
On my ear like music falling;
Go, child, do as I have done;
Bidding me to seek and find thee,
Leaving all I loved behind me,
As my very soul to mind thee
Till thy heart for Him is won.

Sister, ill my heart expressed it;
But, God's angel, half I guessed it.
May he make thy exile bright,
Make less strange unto thy seeming,
Lonely lands and wild birds screaming;
Bless thy waking thoughts and dreaming
Through each coming day and night.

All my native songs I'll sing thee;
In the spring, wild flowers bring thee,
Thy dear Lady's shrine to dress.
Sea shells on the white-beach weeping,
Golden sand in streamlets sleeping,
Pearls from the dark hills keeping,
So thou'lt miss thy dear home less.

Cease, child, cease — tho' tears are falling,
Gushing at thy fond recalling,
All I left for God and thee.
Yet, but let me make thee know Him,
Only to thy fond heart show Him,
On thee for all time bestow him,
And this land is Heaven to me.

DUBLIN, 1883. F. E. EMON.

The Novelists of Spain.

II.

THE *Novelas Caballerescas* — the famous books of chivalry — first claim attention in right of their burlesque hero of La Mancha. Immediately after the revival of letters in Europe, they were almost the only kind of literature appreciated by the old Castilians. The enthusiastic love of country, the wide-spread spirit of romance, and the adventures and escapes, incident to the stirring events of that epoch, are sufficient to explain their delight in these exaggerated performances. To modern eyes they are only the products of diseased imagination — wild, grotesque, and absurd, fitted but too well to the bombastic language that encases them. They abound in far-fetched illustration, and superexalted sentiments; they attribute to their heroes marvellous strength and agility, displayed by the most wonderful deeds;* monsters, giants, and dwarfs, evil spirits and good, teem

* The heading of one of Dean Swift's biting essays should be the motto of all these works: "The most wonderful wonder of all the wonders the world ever wondered at."

across every page. History, geography, every science, were laid at the feet of this wild creature, to be rifled or trampled at will; and the indispensable rewarding emperors, kings, and princes, are brought upon the stage in plain defiance of the commonest kind of common sense. And when the worthy knight-errant, after slaughtering scores of giants and dragons and wicked men, was to receive the guerdon of his valor, in addition to the lovely maid, he was often presented with a province to rule, albeit he had not even the endowments of Sancho Panza.

Let us take a look at some of the names. Our canny Scotch friends will be pleased to learn that there was once a King who reigned over Scotland, by name, the most excellent Florindo; and that the famous Knight, Don Florambel de Lucra had the honor of being his son! Observe how much more agreeable and smooth are these elegant sounds than the rough names of the old Scots and Picts. The English will be no less pleased to discover, in addition to their Vortigerns and Hengists, their Ethelwalds and Ethelwolfs, such fine cognomens as the Most Gracious King Palladiano, and his gallant son Florando, who after enduring many hardships, espouses the amazingly beautiful Rosalindo, daughter of the Emperor of Rome!

Such were the chief characteristics of the fiction called into life by this troubled period of Spanish history. Such performances are to modern eyes almost as satirical as the professed master-piece that laughed them out of existence, and our only wonder is, that they should ever have been received seriously, so seriously that some as we know regarded them as the quintessence of truth. Yet when the annals of the age are consulted, the cause of their existence is speedily explained; and they derive from this a significance and value which they could otherwise never obtain. They show at once how deep-seated and radical were the forces of anarchy at that time; and another interesting conclusion may fairly be drawn. It is commonly said that Cervantes laughed out the chivalry of Spain; not so. That chivalry was but the exaggerated expression of individuality; and when the power of the Kings began to grow, individuality declined, and consequently chivalry and its literature speedily fell into popular contempt. There was an increasing aversion to knight-errantry long before Cervantes assaulted it; and his assault, instead of wielding the power usually attributed to it, was but one expression of a slow movement, having little power in comparison to the public condemnation, even after we allow it the fullest measure of praise as the product of a great and healthy genius. But, after all is said as to the whimsicality of the books of chivalry, there is still room for commendation. Many

a rare gem lies buried in these almost forgotten works; and the names here brought forward, though they represent books now chiefly read by curious students, are well worthy of more general popularity.

Amadis de Gaula is a romance whose reputation is enchanced by the favorable opinion of Cervantes in his immortal work. There once raged a controversy as to whether it was written by a Spaniard or a Portuguese; the palm was borne off by the latter, though, on the other side, it was generally admitted that it was first composed in the Castilian tongue. Lope de Vega awarded the honor of its production to a lady. Nicholas Antonio and several Spanish bibliographers, as well as the Portuguese themselves, ascribe it to Vaseo Lobeira; while others are inclined to believe that Francisco Moraës was the author. It has been suggested that perhaps, in accordance with the custom of the time, Lobeira may have composed the first book, and Moraës continued it in the three following. The first edition, corrected by Montalio, was, with the addition of four more books, printed at Seville in 1526. These last included the history of *Esplandian*, the son of Amadis, and were followed at random intervals by many more describing the wonderful but tiresome adventure of sons, nephews, grandsons, etc. In fact it, and many of its kind, was the ancient prototype of Dumas' dreary, interminable tales, only continued by another hand. There were, for instance, as the pendants of Amadis, *Florisando, Prince of Cantabria; Lisuarte de Grecia; Amadis de Grecia; Florisel de Niguea; Don Rogel;* and such a crowd that it would be tedious to mention them all. By these additions the work was swelled to enormous size; and perhaps the discreet curate took the best way to get rid of it, in that inimitable scene of the book-burning, when he forthwith consigned it to the flames, along with its Kith and Kin.

Palmerin de Oliva, like *Amadis de Gaula*, was the head of a numerous family. The original work was written by an author whose name cannot now be ascertained. Mr. Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, thinks he can trace the hand of a female in it. But here are some of the hero's descendants: *Primalcon, Polendos, Platir, Palmerin de Angleterra, etc.* Of this last Cervantes speaks in high terms:— "Let this Palm of England be preserved as a unique gem — *como cosa unica*;— and let a box be made for it, like unto that found by Alexander among the spoils of Darius, and which he destined to hold the works of Homer. This is a book of undoubted importance, and for two reasons: first, because it is in itself a very good book; and secondly, because it is commonly reported that it was written by a learned King of Portugal."

The next romance of this class worthy of consideration, is *Tirante*

el Blanco, written by Juan Martorel. In merit, critics generally rank it immediately after *Amadis*, but by some it is preferred to all others. The curate in *Don Quixote* makes a mistake when he says that *Amadis* "is the first book of Knight-errantry that was ever printed in Spain." On the contrary, the first edition of Martorel's book has the date of Valentia, 1480, the *Amadis* being issued at Seville forty-six years later. The *Tirante* is not only the first, but, in our opinion, the best work in this class of romances. Martorel seemed to have performed his task with an eye to the reality of things, and consequently he produced a work which does not lack interest even yet. It was originally written in the pure Catalonian dialect, from which it was translated into not only the other dialects of Spain, but also into every European tongue. At a time when no other novel, it may be safe to say, enjoyed a European reputation, it was received by critics and readers alike, and was one of those books of chivalry to which, when its nature was considered, little could be objected. That we are not mistaken in our estimate, we have no less an authority then Cervantes himself, who, while he slipped on his dates, yet must be admitted the highest judge in such matters. "I say in truth, Senor Compadre, that of its kind, this is the best book in the world. Here knight-errants sleep and die in their beds, making their wills," etc., even as the valorous champion of Dulcinea did on a subsequent occasion.

Here many honorable knights solicit our attention. *Don Belianis de Grecia*, *Don Gironcilio de Tracia*, etc., etc.; all right worthy men, and brave to recklessness. They must forgive the neglect with which they are here treated on account of the exigencies of time and space. But exaggerated as they are, and vast in number, they should be treated with cordial esteem, if for nothing else than because they gave rise to that masterpiece of satirical fiction, written as some one has said, to show that no other could ever hope to rival it.

Don Quixote, the immortal work of Cervantes,—the culmination and ruin of chivalry,—the child and the slayer of knight-errantry —with one sweeping charge put the whole army of knights, giants, and magicians to rout. Such a famous book needs here no notice, except to indicate its influence.

Cervantes had many imitators, who, as in the case of all close copyists of a greater mind, passed into utter oblivion. One of these imitations, however, was rescued by a curious quarrel from the limbo of dead things. A native of Aragon, under the assumed name of Avellaneda, published a continuation or second part of *Don Quixote*, in 1614, at the time when Cervantes had announced his own as ready to appear. This gross injustice was aggravated by the insolence of

Avellaneda, who in his preface stigmatizes Cervantes, as old, lame, peevish, and a backbiter; reviling him for having been in prison, and pouring on his venerable head a torrent of bitter abuse. Although this may show the presence of a bad heart, it is no absolute sign of inability; and critics swayed more by emotion than principle, have underrated the quality of this curious work. The grave irony and exquisite art of its prototype was inimitable, it is true; but there are many passages in it, which, had we not the true picture of the veritable hero of Camancha, would be limnings of his shadow still worthy to be read. A fierce controversy as to the real name of Avellaneda once raged, but has now passed away. It makes small odds what it was; and the book itself, overshadowed by the great Don, will soon pass out of sight, much less any controversy as to the authorship of it.

We have said before that but a few books of each class could be brought forward as specimens, and perhaps sufficient has been done in this class. Wild and extravagant as these books of chivalry were, yet did they contain in them much that was valuable and effective at that time. They seem to us, in many respects, nothing but the products of brilliant madness. Yet this is because we do not take into consideration the disturbing forces of that age. In many instances, especially in the better and saner works, they operated favorably on the mental character of Spain at that epoch, by giving scope to the more generous passions and feelings of human nature; and by exhibiting traits of greatness and courage, tended to elevate and strengthen the national aspirations. Veneration for religion prevailed throughout, and a tender and respectful regard for women was held to be the primary duty of every true knight. These commendable features of the *Novelas Caballerescas* were derived from Christianity, for the Catholic Church, while allowing men to cling to fond but harmless delusions, always seeks to ennoble and purify them.

A second branch of this class may be considered in the *heroic* or *national* romance. Spain is here singularly deficient. Nevertheless, there are some fictions which rank under this head.

Los bandos de Zegries y Abencerages de Granada; written by Ginez Perez de Hita, though far from ideal perfection, yet, is without a rival of its kind in Spain. It is a work, in the first place, of splendid imagery. Very rarely are chivalrous adventures and love incidents treated in a glowing style, and set forth with less affectation. Many fine Moorish ballads which come down to us by no other channel, are interwoven in the text. On the whole, it may be considered the best and most faithful picture of the Moors of Granada contained in the Spanish language.

Among a few others, we should perhaps mention *La Historia de Orion el Grande*, written by Don Jose Pellicer, about the middle of the eighteenth century. None of the others, at least of those which have fallen under our attention, deserve notice in this connection.

Surprise has naturally enough been expressed at the paucity of works of this kind in Spanish literature, considering the magnificent materials lying unused in the chronicles of the country. But the heroic feats of Iberian champions, and their love adventures, and the traditionary and legendary love of the land, were touched into living fire by the poetic imagination of the sunny peninsulas; and they are preserved to us in those rhymed romances and stirring ballads, the latter of which are rivalled by few countries, and surpassed by none. Several other causes were also at work, so that this field is still open to the Spanish novelist. And in this direction, the Spanish intellect may be expected to work first, when it again, if ever, takes up the thread of its ancient and famous literature.

The *classic* novel, or that which takes its subject from ancient history, a third branch of the class under treatment, has been even less cultivated in Spain than the *heroic*. The curious fish up such works as *El Menandro*, by Matias de los Reyes, and the *Eudoxia* and the *Antenor*, by Don Pedro Montengon. *El Antenor* opens with a picturesque description of the burning of Troy, and has other striking incidents, and a few passages of considerable pathos. But it is unfinished to a degree. There are long tedious chapters, without any connection or any humor to justify the digression; and both in style and composition there are many blemishes.

Having so indicated our field, and what might be expected to come to light in it, and having treated only one, and that by no means the highest class of Spanish prose fiction, we shall proceed in the next number to consider the works not yet mentioned. We shall find that, in variety and excellence, and in all those qualities generally attributed to the highest prose fiction, the Spaniards have a body of work peculiar in many particulars, but surprisingly rich and original.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

IT is light which constitutes the chief beauty of landscape, — for a bed of dried canes in the Campagna of Rome is more lovely in its colors to an artist's eye than all the magnificence of nature on the northern side of the Alps. *K. Digby.*

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

II.

AMONG the most interesting pages of the "Journal" are those which Mitchel devotes to criticisms of such books as happen to come under his notice — one of which was Macaulay's Essays. Mitchel's mind was of too robust a type, too far in advance of that immature stage of culture, at which style is everything, to be dazzled by the splendid rhetoric of the Edinburgh reviewer. The scalpel of his sarcasm is applied with telling effect to the peculiar ethics of Macaulay, which seeks to extenuate, if not wholly justify immoral actions, such as bribery in the case of Bacon, or forgery in the case of Clive, by dwelling on the low state of morality in the age or country in which the acts were committed. Here is Mitchel's comment.

"When one is tempted to commit any wickedness he ought apparently to ascertain this point — what is the state of morality? How range the quotations? Is this an age or climate for open robbery? or does the air agree better with swindling or cheating, or must one cant and pray and pretend anxiety to convert the heathen, to compass one's ends?"

It may be interesting to contrast with this Lord Brougham's indignant outburst against what he calls "Macaulay's most profligate political morality." "In my eyes"— he goes on,—

"Macaulay's defence of Clive and the audacious grounds of it merit execution. It is a most serious and to me a most painful subject. No. No. All the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste, and not in Tom's snip-snap taste of the lower Empire, all won't avail against a rotten morality. What! are we gravely to be told at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public and therefore most atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Every ruffian, who has filled the world with blood and tears, will be sure of an acquittal, because of his talents and his success."

In this same essay on Clive, Macaulay, after pleading on behalf of his hero that he had to deal with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to gain their ends, he proceeds to relate how Clive swindled Michund by a forged paper. "Clive was not a man to do anything by halves. We almost blush to write it, he forged Admiral Watson's name." "*Almost* blush, but not quite. Oh, Babington Macaulay!" exclaims Mitchel.

"This approximation to blushing, on the part of the Blue and Yellow Reviewer, is a graceful, touching tribute to the lofty morality of this blessed century."

Among Goldsmith's charming essays is one on the subject, "*The advantage to be derived from sending a judicious traveller into*

Asia." The chief of these advantages he considers to be the acquisition of certain peculiar secrets of nature, or of art, which might be transplanted with success. Thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary the natives extract a strong spirit from milk — a secret unknown to the chemists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India the inhabitants are possessed, he assures us, of the secret of dyeing vegetable substances scarlet: likewise of refining lead into a metal which for hardness and whiteness is little inferior to silver. The traveller qualified to act in such a capacity must be a man of a philosophical turn of mind — not interested solely in any particular science — his mind tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by intercourse with men.

A celebrated traveller through central Asia in his day (1805–1841) was Sir Alexander Burnes who published a narrative of his travels entitled, "Journey Through Bokhara; and Voyage up the Indus," a book which fell into the hands of Mitchel, and gives occasion for some of his most characteristic comments. Far different from that of Goldsmith, is the view which Mitchel entertains of the qualifications with which a British traveller should be endowed, the end he should propose to himself, and the motives with which he should be actuated in his explanations. "This Burnes," says Mitchel,

> "Was sent to these countries (in plain English as a spy) to make observations and get intelligence which should be available to the Saxon government in the project they had of invading, civilizing, plundering, clothing in cotton and finally subduing Lahore and Cabul. For a thorough-bred British spy must be a kind of 'commercial traveller,' and besides his reconnoissances taken for purposes of pure brigandage, he must be cunning in cotton patterns, wise in the statistics of turban clothes and shawls, and must ascertain where consignments of various sorts of fabrics may be successfully poured in."

During his voyage up the Indus, Burnes entered that portion of India called Scinde, and informs his readers that as he passed along, one of the priests or holy men of the country remarked to his companion: "Alas! Scinde is now no more, since the English have seen the river which is the road to its conquest." If such an event does happen," continues Burnes, "I am certain that the body of the people will hail the happy day."

Thereupon, observes Mitchel:

> "Well we know that happy day has since dawned upon Scinde. Instead of hailing it the 'body of the people,' forgetting their true interest, fought desperately to put off the day — but Sir Charles Napier made them happy whether they would or no, and out of pure zeal for their amelioration cut a great many of their throats."

On another occasion, certain chieftains of the country came to offer Burnes an alliance, saying, they had better do so in time, for it

was foretold by their wise men that the English would in time possess all India. "I tried," quoth Burnes, "but without avail, to remove their sad prognostications." "As he writes this," observes Mitchel, "he winks his eye to the British reader, and the British reader twigs."

Like the canny Scotchman that he was, and as a trusted agent of a government with plunder in its eye, Burnes particularly notes and describes in detail the various forts in which as far as he can learn, the riches of the country are deposited. The Koh-i-noor is shown him at his request — famous jewel, half the size of an egg, and reputed to be worth three and a half millions of money. Alas! for the gorgeous East showering on her Kings barbaric, with richest hand, pearl and gold — the British army of invasion sacked and robbed the forts stored with the wealth of Ormus and of Gude, and the Koh-i-noor, itself now glitters on the Crown of the Empress of India.

"And so," writes Mitchel,—

"Did Captain Burnes approve himself a prudent and serviceable spy, and that in respect of all the matters cognizable by a true British Spy. In his capacity of geographical traveller, under pretext of carrying presents, he took soundings of the Indies for British Steamers. As a commercial traveller, he explored new markets, and made himself learned in patterns and textures to be counterfeited by the British weaver; and as a mere brigand scout he took notes of the amount of plunder to be got, marked the exact spots where good booty was to be found, and estimated the strength of walls and bolts and bars with a view to future British burglarious operations."

Leaving the "epauletted bagman" to his fate (he was shot for what he was — a spy — by the Afghans), we continue to trace the fortunes of Mitchel himself as set forth in his "Journal."

DELTA.

"The Wages of Sin is Death."

ANOTHER death has gone to the account of the strange organization which professed to right the wrongs of Ireland by means of crime. Joe Poole perished on the scaffold recently at Richmond. The scene was unusually painful, as the amateur hangman bungled over his work, and by an unfortunate coincidence the execution of the unhappy culprit was deferred for two minutes in accordance with the scruples of the Governor, who, not unnaturally, shrank from giving the fatal signal until the hour had come. It is not difficult to imagine that under the circumstances the feelings of the bystanders should have been wrought to the highest pitch, and that some of them at least must have felt an agony only second to that of the doomed man. In Poole's own demeanor there was nothing to detract from the

solemnity or to impair the lesson of the scene. Under the ministrations of a priest, whose life has been one of utter devotion to the reclamation of the erring criminal, Poole died a death which was marked by humility and penitence. No public reference was made to the crime for which he was to suffer, but his last moments were such as to show the capacity for good which was in the man had he not been led astray by evil counsels. Poole was convicted of the murder of Kenny, his friend and his comrade in the desperate association to which he belonged. It is not necessary to debate now the justice of the verdict which assigned the guilt of the treacherous deed and its punishment to Poole. Facts of which no doubt can be entertained

Convey Amply the Moral

which the history of this organization is calculated to teach. Kenny was suspected of giving information, and therefore he was murdered, and his murderers were no doubt the men with whom he had sworn comradeship, with whom he drank, and in whose patriotic aspirations he was supposed to be a sharer. He was only one of many victims similarly sacrificed for the sake of the safety of others. We have often, alas! had occasion to say that

More of This Band Itself Fell Victims

to the suspicions of their fellow-conspirators than of the "tyrants" whom it was supposed to be their mission to remove. Poole himself was the object of a conspiracy such as that under which Kenny fell. If we were possessed of all the secrets, it would probably be found that many others had as narrow an escape as he had, though they did not finish their lives upon the gallows. This dismal story is probably made the more gloomy because all its incidents arise out of the misapplication of a feeling in itself noble. These wretched criminals were undoubtedly for the most part animated by a feeling of patriotism. It certainly is

Patriotism of the very Lowest Type.

It is analogous with that love which would degrade the object of its passion. The true patriot is zealous to raise his country morally as well as materially; he cherishes its virtue as well as its substantial advantage; he is as jealous of its honor as he would be of its freedom. In the hearts of passionate and ignorant men, led astray by ill guidance, this is not understood, and those dark bands which associated for purposes of assassination, appear to have been incapable of conceiving how evil, not merely for themselves but for their country, was their work. It is to be regretted

If the Terrible Lessons of the Past Two or Three Years

have been lost on them. *What has been our gain from these terrible societies?* Is Ireland freer, or more honored, or more happy? Alas! no one has triumphed save some wicked schemers far removed from danger, who have traded in the guilt and misfortunes of their unhappy

countrymen; nobody has been the gainer save the hangman, whose vile office has been rendered so lucrative as to be a post for competition. Let us hope that we have seen the worst of the gloomy days we have fallen upon, and that all who love Ireland may soon learn that the chief element in her glory must be the virtue of her sons, and that the true weapons of success must be the employment of those peaceful means which are approved by mankind, and bring no crime or sorrow in their train.

Cork Examiner.

Providence a Good Banker.

WHAT charming things we might relate if we were to tell of the thousand and one circumstances under which Dom Bosco received, in the most unexpected and often in the strangest way, the exact sums he needed, and frequently on the day and at the hour they were due, as if the most punctual banker had charge of his affairs!

I will give a few instances selected at random. The house at Turin owed the contractor thirty thousand francs, and he began to be very angry at the delay in the payment. One morning he came to the Oratory in a great rage, prepared to make a scene. He went to the prefect and declared he would not go away until he had received the amount due him. The prefect assured him that he had not a cent in the treasury.

"I am not to be put off in that way," replicd the contractor in an angry tone; "I must speak to Dom Bosco."

He was conducted to a room where a great many persons awaited their turn to see Dom Bosco, and seated himself in a very bad humor, grumbling aloud.

Meanwhile a man of imperious bearing entered, speaking brusquely and impatiently.

"I wish to see Dom Bosco at once."

"Will you be seated and wait a few moments? You must take your turn."

"I have not time to wait."

And without further formality he went and knocked at the door where Dom Bosco was in conference with some one.

Dom Bosco opened the door. "What do you wish, my friend?"

"Father, I wish to speak to you."

"You must take your turn, please; I cannot receive you before all these people who have been here so long."

"I am in a hurry and what I have to say to you will not take long."

In the face of such persistence Dom Bosco asked the others if he might be allowed to see this person; who, without waiting an answer, walked directly into the room.

His brusque, rather harsh tone did not re-assure Dom Bosco, who said, "Be seated, I pray you."

"I do not wish to sit down."

"Then tell me what brought you here."

"It is not of much account: it will only take a minute. Here; will you take this?" and he laid a little package on the table and left the room, saying, "Good-by, Father; pray for me."

The Countess V. then entered: "Nothing has happened to you, Father? That man really frightened me; he acted so singularly I was afraid that he would do you some harm."

"No great harm," said Dom Bosco smiling. "Here is what he came to bring me:" and unfolding the little package he found it contained thirty thousand francs.

When the contractor came in his turn Dom Bosco gave him the thirty thousand francs due him.

The man, rather confused at having insisted so much, made many excuses.

"Father, I was told you had not wherewith to pay me; they were evidently mistaken."

An Exile's New Year.

I.

OUTSIDE the snow is falling, the wind is blowing cold;
A robe of ghastly darkness, the wide earth doth enfold:
Within the blaze is dying; the shadows fill the room,
And my heart is sick and heavy with shadows of the tomb.

II.

Oh, my heart is sick and heavy, my breast is full of woe,
For the friends I've left behind me, and the joys of long ago:
There were golden days, and loyal hearts, and some who loved me dear;
While now I've naught but shattered hopes to soothe my sorrows here.

III.

Then rage ye blasts of Winter across the Norland snow;
And harrow up the vasty deep, ye stormy winds that blow;
The tempest fiend is on the roof, he howls and rumbles there,
But fiercer round my withered heart, the demon of despair.

IV.

Round many a happy hearth to-night, there's joy and festive cheer;
And music soft, and laughter gay, to hail the glad new year:
But he who's far from friends and home, whose eye and star are dim,
Whom no one loves and no one cheers, sweet Saviour, pity him!

January, 1884. PASTHEEN FIONN.

Ireland and the Tory Party.

THE Tories have always been regarded as the enemies of nearly every popular claim made on behalf of Ireland. Their present leaders maintain the stereotyped principle of opposition to all "concessions to the Irish," but as the expediency of persisting in a particular line of policy on merely traditional grounds may not appear self-evident to all their followers, it may not be untimely to ask latter-day Conservatives, "Is the historic Tory attitude towards Ireland wise or unwise, in the altered circumstances of the present time?" At the outset some of them may deprecate this method of putting the question, and submit that, much as they cherish party interests, the subject should be discussed from the stand-point of principle alone, and that they are convinced that the only way to rule Ireland is by a stern resistance of every popular demand. To such politicians I do not address myself; but I would respectfully solicit the attention of that larger class of persons who concern themselves practically with the consideration of public affairs to the views presented in the following pages.

Three reasons existed in the past for Conservative resistance to reform legislation for Ireland. First, the natural antagonism of an Opposition to every Ministerial measure. Second, the fear that the principles affirmed in Irish agrarian and ecclesiastical legislation might come to be adopted for the English Church and English land. Third, the steadfast support given by a numerous and influential band of Irish representatives to the Tory party. The first of these reasons will remain potent while party government and human nature endure. Its consideration takes us into the Mäelstrom of party recriminations, the stock argument on one side being that "concession" has produced disturbance, and on the other that the disturbance would have been infinitely greater only for concession. As to the second reason, undoubtedly at one time there seemed substantial force in the objection to a portion of Mr. Gladstone's legislation, that if the Irish Church were disestablished or the powers of the Irish landlord restricted, the day must speedily come when the English Church and the English landlord must submit to the same fate. Time alone could show how much or how little wisdom there lay in arguments of a prophetic nature, and perhaps it is not too soon now to claim that from the point of view of the English Churchman and the English landowner no British interest has suffered by the legislation of the last fifteen years. So far as the great body of popular representatives from Ireland is concerned, their aim is and has been to put the case of their country for exceptional measures, not on general but on special grounds, and instead of striving to have the principles of the Irish Church Act or the Irish Land Acts applied to England, it is distinctly their interest to allay the opposition which further Irish claims may challenge by demonstrating that in the future, as in the past, no English institution is threatened or need have anything to fear by legislation directed against an apparently kindred interest in Ireland.

So far from alleging that the English Church and the English soil should be dealt with according to principles newly obtaining in Ireland, the Irish party has held aloof from the Liberationists, and did not attempt to engraft on either of the Agricultural Holdings Acts any off-shoot of the Irish Acts of 1870 or 1881. They are thus in a position to point out that past experience is opposed to the contention of those who argue that the "conflagration" in Ireland must soon spread elsewhere, and that in reality England has nothing to fear from the consequences of Irish "contagion." Mr. Gladstone's Coercion Acts are in fact little likely to be recommended for application to England by Irish members as his Church or Land Acts.

Reason No. 3 comprises not merely (A) the numerical advantages which British Toryism has gained from an alliance with the representatives of Irish Ascendency, but also the further considerations, strongly weighing as they must in the mind of an aristocratic party, (B) that many of the Irish Tory families are connected by blood, or marriage, or friendship with their own; (C) that very considerable Irish properties are held by English owners; and (D) that it is the loyal classes who would be injured, and the disloyal aggrandized by "exceptional" Irish legislation. Reasons B and C involve purely non-political and selfish considerations, and therefore it is no use arguing them with any persons with whom they have weight. Those under the head of A and D are much graver and more important.

As to the first it indisputable that the Tory phalanx returned from Ireland have given their English leaders the same steady and consistent support in opposing Liberal principles which the remainder of the Irish representatives gave the Whigs up to the last few years in advancing them. Thoroughly united, determined, taciturn, and unquestioning, the organization and narrow-mindedness of the Irish Ascendency representatives made them an invaluable, if silent force, in the hands of their leaders. Except such as were trained to the law, few of them ever rose to speech in the House, and still fewer to any sort of distinction. They hunted foxes, trained horses, and collected their rents at home in the winter, and in the summer came over to London to vote as their leaders listed, and, indeed, as their opinions inclined. Mr. Disraeli called them his Pretorian Guard, and their unswerving allegiance undoubtedly enabled that statesman to consolidate his power over the party for which he did so much.

For this support they in turn were duly rewarded in the way which they most prized, and accordingly the Beresfords, and the Hamiltons, and many another Tory family have been able to leave their mark — in various shades — upon the history of their country. In those days the star of Irish Toryism was high. Modern changes, however, dimmed its power, and now Toryism holds its own in but four Irish counties out of thirty-two,— Antrim, Down, Dublin, and Fermanagh,— while it divides the representation in Armagh, Tyrone, and Leitrim. The Irish Tories therefore at present hold eleven county seats in all, but they cannot long retain very many of them.

So great is their discredit in agricultural constituencies that it is safe to say that at least seven of these county seats will be lost at the general election, while if the franchise be extended no single one of them could be held by a Conservative. The Irish boroughs at present return twelve Tories, and the University two; and here their party need fear no decrease of strength. Unless a reform bill is passed, at least a dozen Tories will continue as at present to be sent over from urban constituencies, as the loss they may sustain in two or three places at a dissolution will be compensated for by corresponding gains elsewhere. A reduction in the franchise, however (which now stands in Irish boroughs at over £4), would only leave them Belfast and the University, while, of course, when a Redistribution Bill is introduced, the majority of the Irish members will protest against any scheme which allows Trinity College to return two representatives. The greatest strength of the Irish Tories in the next Parliament, therefore, cannot exceed twenty, and of the remaining seats the Liberals will only retain seven or eight.

This estimate gives the Nationalists a party of over seventy in the House of Commons, and the question arises, is it wiser for English Conservatism to allow itself to be used to defend the interests of a decaying faction in Ireland, or to win the help of the vigorous and determined party which has behind it the vast mass of the Irish people? Which alliance would be the more profitable for party purposes, is plainly a mere matter of arithmetic.

Of course, no faction returned from Ireland, be it Whig, Tory, or Nationalist, will give a ministry its votes unless its own views as to the manner of governing the country are carried out. Hitherto a microscopic party consisting of Irish landlords have been able to persuade the English people that the best thing for the Empire is that they should have supreme control in the adjacent island. In return they talk loudly of their "loyalty,"—as well they may,—and toast the Queen warmly at annual banquets (an inexpensive form of homage); but what good all this does the English people or their sovereign has never yet been proved. At a pinch, in a foreign war or the like, would it not be much more serviceable for the Empire that it had the affection and the sinews of the the peasant millions at its command rather than the lip-service of perfumed seigneurs?

Governing Ireland through an aristocratic and somewhat hungry minority, without reference to the feelings and opinions of the great body of the people, has had a sufficiently prolonged trial. Can it be said that England is able to regard the experiment with pride or satisfaction? For party purposes of course it has hitherto been the claim of Conservatism that there were no imperfections in the Irish system of government. This was natural, and nobody will judge too harshly the Pickwickian pleas of an Opposition constrained to find something to say against Irish reforms by its constitutional position of critic to ministerial proposals. But at this time of day it surely will not be contended that Irish discontent is mere childish peevishness, or that the promptings which lead the Dynamiters to penal servitude, or Invincibles to the scaffold, are the mysterious effect of a

causeless and querulous sentimentality? If, therefore, Conservatism were wise enough to determine on changing its base of support from Ireland, it would have no more difficulty in justifying its new position than is felt by Mr. Gladstone in similar cases. It may, however, be said that the support of seventy or eighty Irish Nationalists in the formation of a ministry, and their aid in maintaining it in office, might be too dearly paid for. Granted, if the price were "anarchy," "spoilation," "bloodshed," "dismemberment," and all the other terrible things freely foretold by interested prophets.

Responsible statesmen, however, are not taken in by claptrap of this kind, though it may suit them to have it written to order at one time or other. They can accurately appraise its value, and are well able to estimate the real consequences of concessions such as would permanently secure Irish support. What the Irish could help the Conservatives to is, moreover, of much more importance to them than anything to which they could help the Irish. It is of little moment to us what policy is adopted for England or the Empire. The Whigs say one course is best, and the Tories the opposite. To the Irish Nationalist, concerned for his own country, it is a toss-up which side he supports. The Celtic husbandman grubbing out his living on some stony hillside recks not of *haute politique*. What he would exact from his representatives is, that life should be made some whit sweeter and more endurable for himself. With such toilers we are kin; and should it be alleged that for us to take a course dictated solely by the narrow interests of our own people must commit Ireland to a selfish, and ungenerous, and ungrateful policy, the only possible reply is, that as soon as Irishmen can afford to be unselfish, generous, and grateful, they will be delighted to enjoy the luxury of exhibiting these fine qualities.

Some English Radicals may expostulate: Why should the Irish even care to speculate on the possibility of a Tory alliance? Have not all their gains been through the Liberal Party? Do they not naturally gravitate towards Liberalism, and are not many of their party avowed Radicals? Quite true, and for that reason co-operation with the Liberal Party would certainly be less unnatural. Is then resentment against coercion the explanation of the suggestion for a new alliance? Scarcely. Ireland could not afford to allow resentment to enter into the considerations which would affect her national policy. Mere revenge is a small business at best; but those who may feel surprised that any reasons should exist which might make a Tory Government more acceptable than a Liberal one for Irishmen, would do well to study a remark of Mr. Gladstone's in 1879, on the second reading of the Intermediate Education Bill. "The Beaconsfield Government," said he, in substance, "boast that they are giving the Irish this excellent measure, and that we never attempted anything of the kind when in office. Well, in reply to that, I have only to say that we would have been delighted to pass such a Bill, but *the Tories would not let us*." Should, therefore, the time arrive when Irish votes can determine what party shall rule the Empire, Mr. Gladstone's confession may well become the defence of those who then allege that it

would be more profitable for Irishmen to throw in their weight with a Conservative Government rather than a Liberal one.

For, no matter what measure of a political complexion is proposed by the Liberals for Ireland, the Tory Party, as at present constituted, makes opposition a matter of principle. Where its rejection cannot be secured, as many amendments as can be devised are proposed, to embarrass the Government and to weaken the effect of their proposals, and in the end a number of these are certain to be accepted, if only for the purpose of saving time. As a rule, every Irish Bill leaves a Liberal House of Commons much worse than when it was introduced, while in addition it has subsequently to run the gauntlet in the House of Lords. There the Tories have a permanent majority, and can either procure an absolute rejection or have the Bill so cut and carved that to avoid a Legislative conflict or to prevent the loss of the measure altogether, what is called a "compromise" is effected, whereby some just right of the people is always sure to be sacrificed and the seeds of renewed mischief and agitation are sown. For these reasons it continually happens under a Liberal Administration that what the majority of English representatives would be willing to grant to Ireland is not allowed to be given, as importunity and delay when practised by a considerable minority inevitably compel a Minister who fears a waste of time to surrender what he would be most anxious to preserve, and what he must know to be necessary.

Moreover, partly out of belief in the untruthful and distorted accounts of Irish affairs furnished to English journals by Irish correspondents, and partly with partisan and tactical objects and to create embroilments with the Irish Members, a Conservative opposition is untiring in its recommendations of coercion, and unsparing in its criticism on the alleged anarchical condition to which Liberal administration brings things in the sister island. Out-of-office Liberals, on the other hand, have no motive whatever for inciting a Tory Government to introduce repressive Bills, and the absence of clamour and incitement from opponents exercises a most important effect on tbe action of a ministry in handling this thorny subject. To the Irish view the question of the introduction of coercion upon outrage appears so mechanical that it may be stated arithmetically thus: one hundred outrages per month plus the Liberals in office equals a Coercion Act; two hundred per month with a Tory Administration need mean nothing of the kind. It is the historical fact also that of the fifty-three repressive Acts passed for Ireland since the Union, the great majority, and all the more stringent ones, are the fruits of Liberal regime. Taking all things into consideration, therefore, it cannot but appear better for Ireland that Tories rather than Liberals should have cause afforded them to introduce ameliorative proposals for her benefit. A Liberal Opposition could not factiously oppose them, and would not seek to water down or clip out every good thing from Irish Bills; while the Tories, not being "suspect" in their dealings with Ireland, could dare to propose a great many things which they should at present vehemently denounce if attempted by their opponents. Thus,

if it were amusing, one could easily sketch out in advance the kind of speeches which a Liberal Local Government Bill for Ireland must provoke from the leading Conservative spokesmen of the present dispensation. If, however, the Conservative leaders had reason to change their attitude on the subject, and were induced as a ministry to deal with it, the result would probably be that a measure would become law much more complete than any their opponents could carry. Ingenuous Liberals will doubtless protest against the cynicism which leads Irishmen calmly to discuss the desirability of keeping their party out of office simply because the Tories prove more intolerable in opposition, and may even liken the idea to the African one of appeasing the evil spirit; but before they can appreciate the temper of Irish Nationalists driven to cast about for some means or other to unshackle their people from hateful oppressions, they should imagine their own feelings as patriotic Englishmen with their country ruled for generations from Paris, and reflect how unamiable they even might become.

With regard to the argument that a junction between the Irish and Tory parties could only be formed on the basis of concessions which must injure the loyal classes for the benefit of the disloyal, I would say that the plea is "taking," but illogical. Loyalty and disloyalty in the present century mean nothing more than satisfaction and dissatisfaction. A small minority in Ireland is satisfied *pour cause*, but the large majority could have been made to feel exactly the same sentiments had they been treated like the favored few. The minority of course now protest, in order to retain their privileges, that the majority are now insatiable and inappeasable; but this view can only be accepted by those who have come to believe that human nature is not the same in Ireland as elsewhere. If the tables were turned, the present class of "loyalists," if ill treated and harried for generations, would produce their Moonlighters and Invincibles with periodic regularity. Yet, although these men now talk as if their loyalty was a pure intrinsic virtue, whole masses of them, in pique during the Disestablishment period, joined Mr. Butt's Home Rule movement, at the time denounced by Mr. Disraeli as "veiled rebellion." Their temper at the time was well shown also by the threat of the Rev. Mr. Flanagan (which was loudly cheered by an Orange meeting), that "if her Majesty were so false to her coronation oath as to sign the Church Bill, they would kick her crown into the Boyne." Colonel King-Harman, M. P., who is now the leading champion of Irish Toryism, was secretary to the Conference in the Rotunda, where the Home Rule League was founded in 1873, and later on in the House of Commons, seconded Mr. Butt's motion on the Home Rule question. At present, the favorite menace which others of his class shake in the face of the government when certain things are not ordered as they desire, is that they will be "driven into the arms of the Home Rulers."

It being well known that the English people sympathize with the minority because, like themselves, they are non-Catholic, Ascendency journals play upon this feeling by crying out to England, "Home Rule is Rome Rule! Are you going to hand us over to the priests?"

What sincerity there is in this kind of writing may be judged from the fact that in the next breath these same organs rail upon the Nationalists with the taunt that the Pope has denounced them; that his famous circular did not even treat their leader to the courtesy of the prefix "Mr." or its equivalent, and had no better appellation for himself and his followers than one which, plainly Englished, read "Parnell and his gang." It is true that, among some uneducated Protestants in Ulster, there may still lurk a fear that the Scarlet Lady would preside over the deliberations of a native Parliament, and it will, of course, be impossible to convince such people of their error until an Irish House of Commons assembles to reassure them.

With a reduction in the franchise, the Nationalists could carry every county in the north except two, and even there would poll respectable minorities. At present, but for the chicanery practised under the Irish system of registration of voters (a Bill to amend which has twice been rejected by the House of Lords), Tyrone, Donegal, and Fermanagh would join with Monaghan in returning Parnellites. If more attention in future be given to registration by the popular party in these places, it would enable them, without any change in the law, to win further Ulster seats. Several Whigs and Tories now sit for northern seats only by means of years of party "management," and a manipulation of the registries so as to exclude the majority of persons entitled to vote. The Irish registration system having been admitted, even by our Chief Secretary, to be "a genuine grievance," the subject is probably more or less understood in England; but I may mention two less known devices commonly practised in Ulster to exclude from the franchise persons who, it is assumed, would take the popular side. One is for hostile officials to rate the farms of Catholics, wherever possible, at £11 10s., £11 15s., or some fractional sum barely under £12. This deprives them of the right to vote, while non-Catholics, holding farms of similar or even smaller area and value, are rated at the franchise-carrying figure — £12. Another plan is for the landlord, when a Catholic farmer dies, to refuse to acknowledge any of his sons who may work the farm as tenants, and to get the widow's name or "the representatives" of the deceased So-and so on the rate-book.

While claiming the support of more than half of Ulster for Home Rule principles, however, no one would pretend to ignore the fact that a section of the northern population is strongly adverse to the National party. Chiefly influenced by religious feelings, a number of the Orangemen take care to make their opposition pretty evident; but why Englishmen should expect amongst Irishmen an unamity they never display on any subject themselves, is only explicable on the supposition that it is convenient for them to be afforded an excuse for withholding demands they would prefer not to grant. If the fear is that Protestants would be ill-treated under a native sway, ample means can be taken to prevent this when granting a Constitution to Ireland. England would always have her forts and her garrisons in the island, as of yore, to see that no wrong is done, but no generous Protestant, and no one who has studied Irish history and character, would make against Irish Catholics such an offensive imputation of intolerance.

Catholic voters have for years returned a majority of Protestant representatives, whereas in England during the same period not a single Catholic was elected, and Great Britain now returns only one. In Ireland Protestant leaders have always been most popular; and at the last general election, Mayo, the most Catholic constituency in the kingdom, sent into parliament, unopposed, a Belfast Presbyterian clergyman as its representative. In fact there is not an atom of reason for making a charge of bigotry or intolerance against the Catholics of Ireland; while, on the other hand, the whole world is familiar with the persecutions they themselves have endured under the rule of the enlightened and cultured minority which sometimes presumes to lecture them. Admitting then, that there is a minority opposed to Home Rule, just as there was a pro-English minority in the American Colonies before the War of Independence, the question for fair-minded Englishmen should be, Is it a fractional minority or a huge majority that is to be consulted? Irishmen are prepared to guarantee the just rights of every one in the community, Catholic or Protestant, and even to make concessions to the fears and prejudices of a minority; but they cannot be expected to admit the beauties of London legislation because a number of persons in Belfast and Portadown fire off revolvers and commit outrages to enforce their view of the question.

Not without a great wrench of course, could the Tory party divorce themselves from the aristocratic interest in Ireland, and it is perhaps not probable that many of its present advisers will care to enter upon new paths. They are men trained in the old ways and in the old ideas, and two of their most eloquent leaders are themselves the direct representatives of landed ascendency in Ireland. Curious changes, however, take place in the *personnel* of ministries and in the attitude of parties. The reflective cannot fail to have been edified by the recent spectacle of Sir Stafford Northcote at Belfast, surrounded and fêted by Orangemen as he was, declining to lay the foundation stone of their great Orange hall, and refusing even to be present at the ceremony "lest he might give offence to English Catholics." Conservatives who mock at the heterogeneous elements which go to make up the great Liberal party may well be chastened by these incongruous tactics, yet no one condemns the attempt to extract party advantage from this combination. That hope that Orangeism and Catholicism have at length found rest in the ample bosom of latter day Toryism is far less paradoxical than anything suggested in these pages, and an alliance with Nationalists at least would not impose upon the leader of a party pledged to religious education the inconsistency of accepting addresses such as that of the Carrickfergus Orangemen, which pledged him constantly to to "oppose the demand of the Ultramontane party for denominational education."

T. M. Healy, in *The Fortnightly Review.*

Daniel Webster's celebrated reply to Hayne, in the United States Senate, took place in 1830.

Water Drinking.

So good authority as *The Lancet* (London) thinks it is somewhat surprising that in a country in which rain falls almost every day in large or small measure, the use of pure water as a drink is not better understood than it is. Even now that the sway of temperance is well established, and continues to extend, we should be surprised to learn that a majority of Englishmen do not habitually discard the use of the natural beverage for one of the others in which it is compounded with foreign ingredients. Yet its very purity from all but a solitary trace of mineral matter, is what renders it capable of exactly satisfying, and neither more or less than satisfying, the needs of thirsty tissue, and of assisting by its mere diluent and solvent action, without stimulation or other affection or function, the digestion and excretion of food. No other qualifications are necessary. Given digestible, solid food, and fair, that is normal, digestive power, water alone is all sufficient as liquid. During the feebleness consequent on disease or overwork everything is changed. There is blood, though impoverished in quality, to receive and convey nutritive material, and there are tissues to be fed, but the *vis a tergo*, the driving power of the heart, resides in a languid muscle, and the alimentary canal, itself but poorly irrigated from that centre of supply, receives what food is taken only to prove its incapacity to utilize it. Nature is flagging and a stimulant alone makes ends meet in the circle of tissue-building processes. As a general rule, however, abstinence holds the first rank, both in theory and practice. We do not assert that the man who regularly, and in strict moderation, partakes of a light stimulant — claret, for instance,— may not, especially if he is equally regular in regard to out-door exercise, live comfortably to the full term of human life; but what we say is that the more simply the man fares, the more he employs such adventitious measures for physical necessity, the more he will gain in health, in life, in working power, and in aptitude to benefit by stimulation when strength is failing from disease or from decay. But if water be the drink, how shall it be drunk? The means must have regard to the end required of them. To moisten food and prepare it for digestion it is hardly necessary to say that it should be taken with a meal; a couple of tumblerfuls at dinner is not an excessive quantity for most persons. For thirst-quenching properties nothing can surpass this simplest of drinks, and all which approach it in efficacy owe their power almost entirely to it. As to temperature, there is no real ground for supposing that one should not drink a sufficiency of cold water when the body is heated by exertion. Inhabitants of hot climates have no such objection. Some tropical wells are dug so deep that the water within them, even in hot seasons, is as cool as that of a European spring. In fevers, too, the use of the ice in quantities sufficient to allay thirst, is a part of rational and legitimate treatment. The shock which has to be avoided in all such states is not that which cools the mucous membrane, but that of sharp

chill applied to the surface of the body. Some persons, however, find it convenient and beneficial to imbibe a certain amount of warm water daily, preferably at bedtime. They find that they thus obtain a bland diluent and laxative, without even the momentary reaction which follows the introduction of a colder fluid, and softened by abstraction of its carcareous matter in the previous process of boiling. This method, which is an accommodation to jaded stomachs, has its value for such, though it is not great even for them; but it affords no noticeable advantage for those of greater tone.

Coffee and Tea.

PERHAPS the most brilliant address which has yet been delivered at the Parkes Museum since the evening lectures have been inaugerated was that given by Dr. G. V. Poore, on December 6. Sir Henry Thompson occupied the chair, and among the audience were to be seen Dr. Russell Reynolds, Mr. Berkeley Hill, Professor Corfield, and other distinguished medical men. The subject chosen by the lecturer was "Coffee and Tea." After stating his belief that stimulants, both alcoholic and alkaloidal, had their uses, and that we ought to be very sure of our ground before we attempt to override appetite by dogma, —as the Mohammedans had done,—Dr. Poore proceeded to contrast "coffee with tea." The cup of coffee, provided it were genuine, contained more alkaloidal stimulant than the cup of tea, and owing to the absence of tannin, the action of coffee was more rapid than that of tea. The specific gravity of a cup of tea was about 1003, that of strong tea 1009, and of cafe-au-lait, sweetened, 1035. Tea was more of a pure beverage than coffee, and hence it was possible to use it as a mere luxury, for it required scarcely any digestive effort, and did not "cloy" the palate. The danger of excessive tea-drinking lay mainly in the large amount of astringent matter. This was a most potent cause of dyspepsia among women of the seamstress class, who frequently consumed tea which had been boiled. When the system stood in need of a stimulant, there was nothing equal to a cup of strong coffee; and if it were desired to wean the drunkard from his spirits, a real stimulant must be supplied, and not the sickly, bitter, unwholesome stuff which was called "coffee" in this country. In order to make good coffee the berry must be fresh roasted and ground. There was no difficulty whatever in roasting coffee, and this ought to be part of the daily routine of every well-regulated household. It was important to use enough coffee; one and a half to two ounces of coffee to a pint of water made a first rate beverage. Elaborate coffee machines for grinding were by no means necessary. If the coffee required for breakfast were put into a common earthenware jug overnight and cold water poured upon it, it might be heated to the boiling point in the morning by being allowed to stand in a saucepan of water over the fire.

London Lancet.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

CROMWELL SETS OUT FOR IRELAND.

Departure from London — Journey to Bristol — The Rendezvous — Mutiny — Idolaters to be extirpated — News of Jones' Victory — The Fleet sets sail — The Regiments and their Commanders — Reception in Dublin — Proclamations — The Buff Coat in the Dublin pulpits.

CROMWELL'S departure was thus announced in *The Moderate Intelligencer* of July 10th: This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey by way of Windsor and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey; divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof was a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his life-guard many are colonels; and, believe me, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormonde! You will have men of gallantry to encounter, whom to overcome will be honor sufficient; and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. If you say, "Cæsar or nothing," they say, "A Republic or nothing." The Lord Lieutenant's colors are white. Thus he was conducted to Brentford, where the gentlemen who accompanied him took their leave, wishing him a prosperous issue to his undertaking, whom he answered again with great civility and respect. From thence he posted directly for Bristol, by Windsor, Reading, Newbury, Marlborough, and Bath.

On Saturday evening, July 14th, he entered Bristol, where he was royally entertained by the soldiers and officers in arms and others who held offices by order of Parliament. The citizens likewise expressed much joy at his coming, and entertained him with great respect. The people thronged from the surrounding country to see him. His wife and several other members of his family came to pass some days with him. There, for reasons which it is not possible to ascertain, he remained for a whole month, coming and going between the different places along the coast, and receiving numerous visitors. He seemed still to hesitate, and to quit the soil of England with great doubtfulness and effort. Thence, by way of Tenby, which he reached on the 2nd of August, and Pembroke, he went to Milford Haven. He had already issued orders for the troops to ren-

dezvous there.[1] The parliament ordered transports to put into that port, to be ready for the conveyance of the troops. Twenty ships were sent round the coast with a convoy. The Council of State issued orders to James Powell, Bristol, to stay all ships in the ports of Bristol, Minehead, Barnstaple and Appledare, fit for transporting horse and foot to Dublin, and to send them to Milford Haven. He had sent a dispatch to Chester, directing Colonels Venables, Huncks and Reynolds to embark. Their regiments, consisting of 1500 foot and 600 horse, well supplied with clothing and all other necessaries, set sail without delay, and being favored with a prosperous wind, reached Dublin on the 25th of July, the day before Ormonde sat about investing the city.[2] Some of the troops were disheartened at the news of Ormonde's approach to Dublin at the head of an army of 30,000 men, and made no secret of their unwillingness to engage in so hazardous an enterprise as the landing in Ireland under such disadvantages. Colonel Horton's regiment refused to embark, and disbanded themselves. Colonel Cook's regiment rose in mutiny at Minehead; many of the men deserted. With difficulty the officers appeased those who remained and got them on board. At Bristol a whole battalion refused to embark.[3] Cromwell suddenly appeared among them, and their complaints were hushed; at the same time preachers labored strenuously to work on their prejudices. They were compared to the Israelites proceeding to extirpate the idolatrous inhabitants of Canaan, and described as the chosen instruments by which heaven was to overthrow the empire of Babylon and establish in its stead the New Jerusalem. Wednesday, August 1st, was kept by Act of Parliament a public fast throughout England and Wales, to call upon God for a blessing upon the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's forces against the enemies of the parliament in England and in Ireland.

But the welcome tidings of Jones' success gave them courage; they loudly expressed their desire to proceed to Ireland. Cromwell embarked the day after the good news reached him. From on board the ship John, at Milford, he wrote to his "loving brother," Richard Mayor, whose daughter had just been married to his eldest son, Richard Cromwell, expressing to him his joy at Jones' victory. "This is an astonishing mercy," he wrote, "so great and seasonable, that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say? The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of his praise, and our lives too; and grant we may never forget his goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love against

[1] July 21st. The Lord Lieutenant appointed Milford Haven the general rendezvous of all the forces for Ireland. Whitelocke, p. 399.

[2] Reynolds and his party were detained by contrary winds for some time. This delay caused a report to go abroad that it was intended to make a descent on Munster, which unhappily divided Inchiquin and a good body of men from Ormonde, as he marched towards Dublin. Clarendon's *Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 322.

[3] Many of Colonel Tuthill's soldiers have manifested great disaffection, and threatened to run to the enemy, when transported . . . . Colonel Levesy's regiment, designed for Ireland, a great burden, by their disorderly carriage, expressing great disaffection to the Commonwealth . . . . Some of Colonel Reynold's troopers disorderly, swearing they will not go to Ireland. Colonel Horton's regiment refused to go to Ireland and disbanded themselves. . . . . Major Bethel and other officers refused to go.

more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, that I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that he hath called me to."

On Monday, August 13th, he sat sail with the van of his army in thirty-two ships. Commissary-General Ireton,[1] his son-in-law, followed two days after, with the main body of the army in forty-two vessels. His chaplain, Hugh Peters,[2] with twenty sail brought up the rear. Three regiments were left behind for want of shipping. "There was much seeking of God by prayer for a blessing upon them, and the country people prayed heartily for a fair wind for them. The wind proved favorable; the second day following they landed at Ringsend, near Dublin, Sir George Ascough[3] having secured the harbor for them with his ships. Cromwell's original design was, that a part of the army, under Ireton, should effect a landing somewhere in Munster, "for the Irish did account that province to be the key of the kingdom, both by reason of the cities and walled towns (which are more than all the little island besides), the fruitfulness of the country, being reputed the garden of Ireland, and the commodious harbors lying open both to France and Spain." Besides, he had secret assurances from the friends of the parliament in the southern towns, that his forces would be received there with favor.[4] But Jones' success and the necessity of recovering some garrisons near Dublin, for want of which the forces within the city would soon be reduced to great extremity, made him alter his plan, and order that all should land at Dublin. Inchiquin, too, was master of a great part of the south, and for the moment he was on the King's side.

The invading army was made up of Ireton's, Scroop's, Horton's, Lambert's, and Cromwell's own regiments of horse; of Abbott's, Mercer's, Fletcher's, Garland's, and Bolton's troops of dragoons; and

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[1] Ireton, two years before, had married Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter. This connection and his own merits, for he had distinguished himself at Naseby, soon obtained for him speedy promotion in the army. He was the chief cause of the King's death, having intercepted a letter in which Charles declared his intention of putting Cromwell to death. He was made president of Munster in 1650, and later Lord Deputy. He died in the zenit of his successes at Limerick, Nov. 15th, 1651. His body was taken to England and buried with the English sovereigns in the chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey. After the Restoration it was exhumed and burned at Tyburn. Lingard's *Hist. of England*, vol. ix. p. 8. His widow married Fleetwood, who succeeded him as Lord Deputy.

[2] Peters, at the beginning of the troubles in Ireland, had a brigade against the rebels, and came off with honor and victory, and the like was now expected of him. Whitelocke, p. 410. He fell sick, and returned to Wales immediately after the capture of Wexford, and there seems to have been employed looking to the shipping of recruits, supplies, &c., while Cromwell was in Ireland.

[3] Ascough had fought against Van Tromp and De Ruyter. When the fleet revolted o the Prince of Wales, he declared for the parliament, and brought the Lion man-of-war, which he commanded, into the Thames. The following year the parliament appointed him Vice-Admiral, and ordered that he should have the command of the Irish seas, giving him "a ship proportionable to that great honor, and at present greatest service." *Perfect Diurnal*, March 2nd, 1649. He did much towards reducing the whole island to the obedience of the republic. Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. v. p. 158; London, 1824.

[4] Ireton seems to have sailed for Munster, and to have been forced by stress of weather to land at Dublin. "Major-General Ireton designed for Munster, hovering at Cabell Island, near Youghal, some days, did not see ground to put in there; the 10th day from his putting out from Milford, he landed at Dublin with seventy sail; after him the third squadron, commanded by Colonel Horton, consisting of 18 sail; in all 113."

of Ewer's, Cooke's, Hewson's,[1] Deane's, and Cromwell's regiments of foot, and Colonel Phayre's Kentish regiment. The divisions of Jones and Monk, already in Ireland for some time, were also under his command. The whole force at his disposal must have been over 17,000 men, most of them well trained to war, and in good heart on account of their past successes. He had, besides, several pieces of artillery, an abundant supply of military stores, and £200,000 in money.[2] Among the officers were many whose names are familiar to the readers of Irish history, Henry Cromwell, the Protector's second son, and later Lord Deputy; Jones, Blake, Sankey, Ingoldsby,[3] and others equally prominent in bringing about the King's death and raising up the Commonwealth.

On his arrival in Dublin, "he was most heroically entertained with the resounding echo of the great guns round about the city, and a great concourse of people to see him." When nearly in the heart of the city, where the concourse was greatest, he halted, and rising in his carriage, with his hat in his hand, he made a very grateful speech to the people. "He did not doubt," he said, "that as God had brought him thither in safety, so he would be able, by divine Providence to restore them all to their just liberties and properties. All those persons whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying of the great work against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and all their adherents and confederates, for the propagating of the Gospel of Christ, the establishing of truth and peace, and restoring of this bleeding nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquility, should find favor and protection from the parliament of England and from himself, and withal receive such rewards and gratuities as should be answerable to their merits." This speech was received with great applause by the people, who all cried out, "We will live with you and die with you."

It must be borne in mind that two years before this time, soon after Dublin was surrendered by Ormonde to the parliament, the new governor, Colonel Michael Jones, ordered all the "Papists" to quit; they were forbidden to return under severe penalties; under pain of death no one should pass the night within the city walls. This order was renewed by the parliament, with the additional clause, that anyone giving shelter to a priest or Jesuit, even for a single hour, should

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[1] Hewson, the one-eyed cobbler, who from a mender of old shoes became a reformer of government and religion. His bravery in the field soon raised him to the rank of colonel. Cromwell had such a high opinion of him that he made him governor of Dublin. Later he became a member of the Barebones Parliament, a Lord of the Upper House, and a member of the Council of Safety. After the Restoration he fled to Amsterdam, where he died in obscurity.

[2] Hill says he brought with him also an immense supply of Bibles and a vast store of scythes. *McDonnells of Antrim*, p. 275; Belfast, 1873. "Last Monday, Colonel Hewson, with a considerable body of horse, marched into Wicklow. He doth now intend to make use of the scythes and sickles that were sent over in 1649, with which they intended to cut down the growing corn in those parts, which the enemy is to live upon in winter time, and thereby, for want of bread and cattle, the tories may be left destitute of provisions, and so forced to submit and quit these places." Letter of the Commissioners for Ireland to the parliament, Dublin. July 1st, 1650; in *The Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 78.

[3] "Dick Ingoldsby, who can neither pray nor preach; I'll entrust him before ye all."

lose his life and forfeit his property. At Ormonde's approach to the city Jones again "put out all the men, Roman Catholics, out of Dublin ;[1] but their wives and children were allowed to stay."

On the 23d of August he published the following proclamation ; it was dated from Dublin Castle :

"Whereas God Almighty, in the abundance of his mercy and goodness, hath been pleased from time to time to vouchsafe preservation and deliverance unto this city from the rage and cruelty of a bloody enemy, and in a special manner to manifest his . . . [2] numerous army of rebels encamped about this city; which continual mercies do justly call for a thankful acknowledgement of his gracious goodness, by a sincere and earnest endeavor as well as to maintain the honor of his most holy name as to oppose and take away such offences, being contrary and displeasing to his divine will. And yet notwithstanding, by the frequent practice of profane swearing, cursing, and drunkenness, his holy name is daily dishonored and blasphemed to the scandal and grief of all good men, although the said offences are prohibited by the law of God, the known laws of the land, and the known articles of war; whereby we have just cause to fear that, without a thorough reformation of such sins, he may deservedly break off the continuance of his wonted kindness towards this place and give us over to destruction. And forasmuch as it is a duty required at the hand of the magistrate, who ought not to bear the sword in vain, but to improve the power committed into his hand for the punishment and prevention of offences, we therefore sadly taking the premises into consideration, and resolving that the said offences be strictly proceeded against and punished according to the utmost severity and rigor of the law, do, by this our proclamation, strictly charge and command that as well the mayor of this city and other officers and ministers of justice in the same city whom the same shall concern, as also that all officers of the army, do respectively cause the said laws and articles to be put in execution against all such persons as shall offend against the same. And we do further charge and command all officers of the army to be aiding and assisting to the said mayor of this city and other the said officers and ministers of justice therein, for the appehending of all and every the said offenders which shall be members of the army, and for the bringing of them before their proper officers, whereby they may be severely punished according to the said articles of war. And we do hereby declare our full resolution to punish the neglect and contempt of this our proclamation with the severest punishment which by law may be inflicted upon the contemners thereof."

The following day he issued another proclamation. The army was deeply imbued with a horror and detestation of the Irish rebels, the result of the continual reports of the atrocities alleged to have been perpetrated on their Protestant brethren. Hence they were ready to interpret most liberally the orders given them to treat the Irish people as the Israelites in Joshua's time were bidden to treat the Canaanites, to utterly destroy them, to show them no mercy.[3]

"Whereas I am informed that, upon the marching out of the armies heretofore and of parties from garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the soldiers to abuse, rob, and pillage, and too often to exercise cruelties upon the country people; being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness

[1] An exception seems to have been made in favor of Father Nicholas Netterville, S. J., who was on terms of great intimacy with Cromwell, often dining at his table and playing chess with him. Captain Foulkes having accused him of saying Mass, he replied : "I am a priest, and the Lord General knows it. And tell all the town of it, and that I will say Mass here every day." Gilbert's *History of the City of Dublin*, vol i. p. 56; Dublin, 1861.

[2] Some words are wanting in the original here.

[3] Deuter. vii. 2. On Cromwell's arrival in Dublin he addressed his soldiers, and declared no mercy should be shown to the Irish, and that they should be dealt with as the Canaanites in Joshua's time.

for the future, I do hereby warn and require all officers, soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth to forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid, and not to do any wrong or violence towards country people or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the enemy, and not to meddle with the goods of such without special order. And I further declare that it shall be free and lawful to and for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers as farmers and other people, such as are in arms or office with or for the enemy only excepted, to make their repair and bring any provisions unto the army, while in march or camp, or unto any garrison under my command; hereby assuring all such that they shall not be troubled or molested in their persons or goods, but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for the goods and commodities they shall so bring and sell. And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly, and paying such contributions proportionably with their neighbors as have been, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them for maintenance of the parliament's forces and other public uses, shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods, and shall be protected in their persons and estates, by virtue hereof, until the 1st day of January next, by or before which time all such of them as are minded to reside and plough and sow in the quarters, are to make their addresses for new and fnrther protection to the attorney-general, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorized for that purpose. And hereof I require all soldiers and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same, as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils; strictly charging and commanding all officers and others in their several places carefully to see to it, that no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary thereunto, very severely, according to law or articles of war; to displace and otherwise punish all such officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not see the due observance hereof, and not to punish the offenders, under their respective commanders. Given at Dublin, the 24th of August, 1649."

This last proclamation was a shrewd piece of policy. No previous invader had thought of conciliating the peasantry by promises of justices and protection. The Royalist army, especially that portion of it that was commanded by Inchiquin, had plundered friend and foe alike without mercy; even the Confederates had shown little scruple in their dealings with the tillers of the soil. The opinion spread rapidly abroad, that Cromwell was more favorably disposed to the native Irish than the Royalists under Inchiquin or the descendants of the original invaders who sat in the Council of Kilkenny. Nor were his threats of punishment idle words. On his way to Drogheda he ordered two of his private soldiers to be put to death in the face of the whole army for stealing two hens from a poor Irishwoman. On the strict observance of this proclamation, and on the positive assurance given by his officers that they were for the liberties of the Commons: that every one should enjoy the freedom of his religion, and that those who served the market at the camp should pay no contribution, the country people flocked in with all kinds of provisions; and due payment being made for the same, his army was much better supplied than even that of the Irish had ever been.[1]

According to tradition, he occupied during his stay in Dublin,

[1] When Cromwell possessed himself of Ireland, several merchants in Dublin and other towns, to supply a scarcity of small change, coined pence and halfpence of copper and brass, with their name and place of abode on them, which they were obliged to make good afterwards.

the old house which stood at the corner of Castle Street and Werburgh Street.[2]

"The buff coat, instead of the black gown, appeared in Dublin pulpits, that being a furtherer of preferment if valor accompanied it; to use two swords well is meritorious. Not a word of St. Austin or Thomas Aquinas, nor any such hard words; only downright honesty was now given forth." In spite of this display of religion, the troopers' horses were stabled in St. Patrick's cathedral.

[2] This house was demolished in 1812 by order of the Commissioners of Wide Streets, and the materials sold for £40.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEIGE AND CAPTURE OF DROGHEDA.

Muster of the Army — The March — Finglas Cross — Defences of Drogheda — The Garrison — Sir Arthur Aston — The Fortifications — Cromwell's Account of the Siege — The Assault — No Quarter — Death of Ashton — Official List of the Slain — The Bloody Street — The Survivors.

AFTER a few days' rest — for the men and horses had been so so sick at sea that they could not march any sooner,[1] — and a public thanksgiving for their safe arrival, Cromwell determined to take the field. His present plan of action was wholly different from that which he professed to have in view while the expedition was in preparation. He felt that the fiercest passions of the Protestants and Republicans were roused against the Catholics and the Royalists, and could be readily made to serve his purposes. The instructions which he now received from the parliament were inspired by the news of Jones' victory. The scheme to gain O'Neill over was at an end ; the negotiations with the Catholics were broken off wholly.

Friday, August 31st, was appointed for a general muster of the forces under his command. They assembled to the number of 15,000 men. From these he chose twelve regiments, in all about 10,000 "stout, resolute men for the present service" ; at their head he crossed the Liffey, and encamped about three miles to the north of Dublin "in the field of Lord Barnwell."[2] The next day he began the march to Drogheda, probably by the high road passing through Swords and Balbriggan ; in the evening he pitched his camp "at Ballygarth, close to the Nannywater," twenty miles from Dublin. There is still standing in the churchyard of Finglass an ancient cross ; it was held in such veneration that two baronies of the county of Dublin, Upper and Nether Cross, have had their names from it. The emblem of our salvation was to the Puritans "the mark of the Beast," and they directed against it their pious rage. It is said that a detachment of the soldiers pulled it down, intending to break it in pieces. Fortunately they did not carry out their purpose wholly. The inhabitants buried it, in order to save it from further desecration. On the return of the army, a fortnight later, it could not be found.[3] Baldungan

[1] *Perfect Diurnal*, Aug. 22d. "The Lord Lieutenant was as sick at sea as any man I ever saw in my life." Letter of Peters from Milford, Aug. 16th.

[2] Letter from Ireland in *Cromwelliana*, p. 64 ; probably at Turvey ; the castle, formerly the residence of the Barnwells, is still standing. The proprietor then was Nicholas Barnwell, created Viscount Barnwell of Turvey in 1645.

[3] Taylor's *Civil Wars*, vol. ii. p. 15. It was discovered by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, author of the *History of Dublin*, in 1816. It is of granite, and stands on a pedestal about eight feet high.

castle was battered by the ships.[1] Coming to Gormanstown, Cromwell attempted to get possession of the heir, then a child in arms. The boy was saved by the exertions of the parish priest, who fled with him to France, and later had him brought up in the Catholic religion.[2] As the enemy advanced, the Irish forces along the coast and in the adjoining parts of Meath hastened to obstruct his passage. But owing to the promptness of his movements, they could do no more than make sudden onsets and retreat before him.

Drogheda[3] is a seaport town, on the east coast, about twenty-three miles due north of Dublin. Cromwell felt that the possession of this place would be of the utmost importance to him. Being the passport to the Northern parts of Ireland, it was essential to the security of the metropolis and the keeping up of communication with those parts; as a seaport situated opposite the English coast, it afforded the most direct means of intercourse with England. Hence, it was resolved by the confederates in a council of war, consisting of fifteen members, held August 23d, that "Drogheda was to be maintained." The governor of the town gave orders to destroy the castles of Belgard, Athcairne, Dardistown, and Bellewstown, and sent out a party for that purpose. But the enemy had anticipated him, and coming up, got possession of some and secured, by advancing with a great body of horse, the rest of them. Ormonde, judging it would be the first place attacked, applied his utmost industry to supply it with all things that it needed. He ordered the fortifications to be repaired, and provisions and ammunition to be thrown into it, as well as the shortness of the time would allow. All suspected persons were forced to quit. He hoped to put it in such a state of defence that it would occupy the besiegers a considerable time and cause them some loss; meantime he would employ himself in recruiting his shattered forces and in preparing further means of resistance. He then withdrew to Trim with his horse and a small body of foot, whence he sent orders to Lord Inchiquin to bring up whatever forces he could muster, all fears of Cromwell's landing in Munster being now at an end. He remained in the town till the last moment, making arrangements for its defence.

[1] Baldungan castle, fourteen miles north of Dublin, formerly belonged to the Knights Templars. After their suppression it passed into the hands of the Barnwells, and through them by the female line to the Berminghams and St. Laurences. In the war of 1651 it was held by Thomas Fitzwilliam for the Confederates. D'Alton's *History of Drogheda*, vol. i. p. 113: Dublin, 1844.

[2] This must have been Jenico, 7th viscount Gormanstown. His father, Nicholas, the 6th viscount, took a leading part among the gentlemen of the Pale in the war of 1641; for which he was outlawed and excepted from pardon for life or estate. In 1688, the 7th viscount took the side of James II., and was in consequence outlawed. The outlawry was reversed and the estates recovered, after a tedious suit by his nephew.

[3] Droched Atha, i., e. the Bridge of the Ford: it is Latinized Urbs Pontana and Vadipontum; by the English it was called Treoid and Tredagh. In 1228, Henry III. granted to the good men of Drogheda tolls for one year for the building of their bridge. In 1234, a murage charter was gran ed to the town at both sides of the river. The part to the north of the Boyne is called in ancient documents Drogheda towards Uriel, the southern part Drogheda towards Meath. Great dissentions subsisted between the two parts, which were often attended with bloodshed. By the exertions of F. Philip Bennett, O. P., a reconciliation took place in 1412; the result was a petition to Henry VI. to unite the town under one mayor and form it into one special county. A burlesque used to take place yearly, on Shrove Tuesday, in memory of this ancient feud.

Though anxious to share the dangers with the garrison, he could not allow himself to be shut up there and thus prevented from issuing orders to the rest of the forces. Some days later he went to Tecroghan[1] and thence to Portlester,[2] and awaited there Inchiquin's coming up before making any attack on the enemy.

Yet, in spite of the efforts, the town was but indifferently supplied. Only a week before Cromwell appeared, the governor wrote to Ormonde: "Yesternight there came from Dundalk ten barrels of powder, but very little match; and that is a thing most wanting here; and for round shot not any at all. I beseech your Excellency to be pleased to give speedy orders for same, as also for the sudden coming of men and moneys. Bellyfood, I perceive, will prove scarce amongst us, but my endeavors shall never be sparing to approve myself." He was much embarrassed, too, by the movements of Lady Wilmot and other ladies, his near relatives, then in Drogheda, whom he discovered to be in communication with Colonel Jones and other officers of the Parliamentary army in Dublin.

The town was garrisoned by 2,221 foot and 320 horse, nearly all of whom were Irish, viz.,[3] Ormonde's regiment of 400 men, under the command of Sir Edward Verney; Colonel Byrne's Colonel Wall's, and Colonel Warren's regiments, amounting to about 2,000 men; Lord Westmeath's, 200; Sir James Dillon's, 200 foot and 200 horse; besides 500 foot sent in under Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin Cavenagh while Cromwell lay before the town. The horse were divided into five troops, commanded respectively by Major Butler, Captain Harpole, Sir John Dungan, Sir James Preston, Lieutenant-Colonel Dungan, Captains Plunket, Fleming, and Finglas. The entire force of artillery in the town consisted of one master-gunner, two gunners, and three gunner's mates. The commander to whom this important place was confided by Ormonde, with the full consent of the Commissioners of Trust, was Sir Arthur Aston, a Catholic,[4] of an ancient

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[1] Tecroghan, five miles north of Trim, belonged to Sir Luke Fitzgerald. As it guarded the passage by the head waters of the Boyne, it was called "one of the pillars of Ireland." See the "Declaration" of Jamestown.

[2] Portlester, a great secure fastness, five miles west of Trim. It was one of the strongholds of Silken Thomas, in 1556. The lordship of Portlester, which extended to Bellewstown, near Bective, passed to the earls of Kildare, by the marriage of Gerald, 8th earl, with Alison, daughter and heiress of Sir Rowland FitzEustace, who died in 1495. See Dean Butler's *Trim and its Antiquities*, p. 134; Dublin, 1861. The castle has been demolished.

[3] Ludlow, *Memoirs*, p. 116, Bate, *Elenchus*, &c., vol. ii. p. 24, and others say the garrison was composed almost wholly of English. Mr. Froude repeats this statement, perhaps to extenuate Cromwell's cruelties to the Irish. *The English in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 123; London, 1872. But Ormonde expressly says the contrary in his answer to the 13th Article of the Jamestown "Declaration"; "Drogheda was put into the hands of Sir Arthur Aston, a Catholic; and of the soldiers and officers of the garrison, the greater part were of that religion." See the Appendix to *The History of the Remonstrance*, p. 117. In the Essex MSS. at Stowe, too, it is stated that the majority of the officers and soldiers were Catholics. D'Alton's *Hist. of Droghedà*, vol. ii. p. 162; from which we may fairly conclude they were Irish. If the garrison consisted mainly of English, how could Cromwell say that "their death was a righteous punishment for having imbrued their hands in innocent blood?"

[4] "Whom the Papists, notwithstanding, would not acknowledge for a Papist." Clarendon's *Rebellion*, vol. ii. p. 153. "He had the misfortune to be much esteemed where he was not known, and very much detested where he was." *Ibid.*, p. 527.

Cheshire family, allied to Viscount Moore, who had distinguished himself both at home and abroad. He had served in the army of Sigismund, King of Poland, against the Turks.[1] When the civil war broke out he returned to England and was appointed colonel-general of dragoons; with them he did good service at Edgehill. Later he was made governor of Reading and Oxford. Clarendon says there was not in the King's army a man of greater reputation, or one of whom the enemy had greater dread. So confident was he of the strength of his position and of the courage of the garrison, that he wrote to Ormonde, "he would find the enemy play, and that the garrison, being select men, was so strong that the town could not be taken by assault; that they were unanimous in their resolution to perish rather than deliver up the place." Hence he advised to hazard nothing by hastening to his relief. Ormonde, therefore, might fairly reckon on a lengthened resistance; and he well knew that a tedious siege would be disastrous to the assailants, no matter how well disciplined and cared for, as it would of necessity expose them to all the hardships of a winter campaign in a hostile country.

The fortifications of the town consisted of a wall more than a mile and a half in length, enclosing an area of about sixty-four acres Irish measure. Its height was about twenty feet, its thickness from four to six, diminishing towards the summit so as to allow a space of about two feet behind the embrasures for the soldiers to stand on. In later times this space was widened by the addition of three or four feet, supported by columns and arches of stone, on which there was a passage leading round the town, with doorways through the gates, castles, and turrets. This wall exists still on the Louth side, running from the west gate to the river, from St. Laurence's gate to the quay, bounding Dominic Lane on the west side, and Scarlet Street and Patrick Street to the south. On the Meath side the line can be traced from the Butter Tower to the foot of the Millmount, and from Blackbut Lane to Priest's Lane; it encloses the burial-ground of St. Mary's parish to the south and east. There is a fragment also between St. James Street and the Boyne.

The gates guarding the northern part of the town were, taken in regular order, the West gate, near the end of West Street, composed of two towers and a portcullis between; Fair gate, adjoining the place where fairs were held, no longer identified; Sunday's gate, so called from the Dominican or St. Sunday's friary near it;[2] this was also

[1] In the Harleian MSS. 2149, there are various testimonies of foreign princes lauding his conduct in the wars; one is a record of a yearly pension of 700 florins by Sigismund. D'Alton's *Hist. of Drogheda*, vol. i. p. 268. During the siege he resided in the old house at the corner of Patrick's Well Lane, formerly belonging to the Elcock family, as may be seen by the arms and inscription on the slab let into the gable. James II. is said to have slept in this house the night before he went to the camp at Donore. See Wild's *Boyne and Blackwater*, p. 308; Dublin, 1850.

[2] Sunday, i. e., *dies dominica*. The Dominican priory, founded in 1224 by Luke Netterville, Archbishop of Armagh from 1217 to 1227, was under the invocation of St. Mary Magdalen. Here on March 16th, 1395, four of the Irish kings, O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Hanlon, and M'Mahon, made their solemn submission to Richard II. See Ware's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 186. Thomas, 8th earl of Desmond, beheaded by the Lord Deputy Tiptoff, February 15th, 1467, was buried in this church. The stately monument erected over his grave was

called the Cow gate; the only fragment of it now existing is the gable of a forge; it was a square castle, having near it two towers, the Tooting and Boulter's; St. Laurence's, still standing;[1] St. Catherine's, somewhere at the edge of the river; its site is not known. On the Meath side were St. James' or the Dublin gate, at the end of St. James' Street, where the stream that flows through the Dale falls into the Boyne; the Blind gate; Duleek gate, on the Duleek road; St. John's gate, the entrance to the old priory of St. John of Jerusalem,[2] which stood on the grounds of Ball's Grove; and lastly, the Butter gate, an octagon perforated with an arched passage.[3]

But Cromwell's activity and boldness soon frustrated Ormonde's plans and put an end to his hopes. He was too well aware of the evils that would result from a long delay before the town, and determined to spend no time in the common forms of approaches and turnings. Sir George Ascough's ships, which had attended his army on the march from Dublin, blocked up the entrance to the harbor, and prevented any aid from coming in by sea. Ormonde's hope of succor from Inchiquin was vain; for many of his horse were English and did not care to fight against their countrymen; whole squadrons deserted.

We shall let the Lieutenant-General tell the history of his successes, as he related them to the parliament, supplementing his narrative from other sources: —

"For the Right Honorable William Lenthal,[4] Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England. These:

Dublin, 17th of Sept., 1649.

"SIR, —

"Your army being safely arrived at Dublin, and the enemy endeavoring to draw all his forces about Trim and Tecrogan, as my intelligence gave me, from whence endeavors were made by the Marquis of Ormonde to draw Owen Roe O'Neill with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn; I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly upon Friday, the 30th of August last,[5] I rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot and six of

removed to Christ Church, Dublin, by order of Sir Henry Sidney, and placed in the room of Earl Strongbow's, which had been wholly demolished by the fall of that part of the church. Archdall's *Monasticon*, p. 457; Dublin, 1786.

[1] The priory of St. Laurence stood near the gate of the same name; to it belonged the burial-ground called the Cord.

[2] This was made subject to the prior of St. Keenan's, Duleek, by Walter de Lacy; a portion of the funds for its support came from tolls on butter taken at the Butter gate. All these gates existed up to 90 years ago. There were, besides, two castles on the Meath side, built soon after the invasion; the one called the Castle of Drogheda, the other Blackagh. D'Alton's *Hist. of Drogheda*, vol. i. pp. 42 and 91.

[3] Drogeda was besieged by the Irish under Sir Phelim O'Neill in 1642. Sir Henry Tichborne was then governor, and Lord Moore was in command of the cavalry. An interesting account of this siege is given in *The Whole Proceedings of the Seige of Drogheda*, by Nicholas Bernard, Dean of Ardagh. Dublin, 1736.

[4] On the 5th of November, 1640, the Commons chose him to be their Speaker, and two days after presented him to the King with the usual ceremonies. Clarendon's *Rebellion*, vol. i. p. 171.

[5] Should be 31st; this error about the day of the month runs through the whole of this letter.

horse, and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was to endeavor the regaining of Drogheda, or tempting the enemy upon hazard of the losing of that place to fight."

On the night of September 2d, a body of horse encamped about two miles from the town. Early the following morning Aston was abroad with his horse; but finding the enemy too strong to deal with, he returned and left Captain Finglas on the field, with orders not to engage but upon advantage, and only with small parties, to discover their motions. In the afternoon news was brought him that about 500 of the enemy's horse were drawing towards the fort at Oldbridge. In a letter written about two in the afternoon of the same day, he apprised Ormonde that the enemy's army, or the greater part of it, had appeared. "Their foot," he wrote, "being convoyed over by an overawing power of horse, hath taken all the advantageous places without the walls, insomuch that I am very confident this night they will make their batteries, the which (all places being so serviceable to them) we can hardly prevent. . . . I have lost one captain of Colonel Warren's regiment, who was slain by a musket shot. Major Butler hath lost two horses, the one of them shot under himself, the other a trooper's, a soldier or two wounded; and this is all hitherto."

"Your army came before the town upon Monday following,[1] where having pitched, a speedy course was taken as could be to fix our batteries, which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard."

Tradition says the site of one battery was about 400 yards to the east of St. Mary's church-yard, at a spot called Bevrack Mount, which has been recently levelled. The place now goes by the name of Cromwell's Mount. The position of the battery to the south cannot be traced. Some interruption was caused from time to time by sallies of the garrison, in which a few men were slain on both sides. Sir Thomas Armstrong, at the head of 200 men, made a sortie; "but they were so well entertained, that every one of them was taken prisoner, except Sir Thomas, who escaped by the goodness of his horse." On the 8th of September Aston reported he had made another strong sally with both horse and foot on the enemy's camp. The position of the town was ill suited to sallies. Besides his ammunition was failing, as he had to spend four barrels every day. Provisions, too, were growing short. He asked Ormonde "to attempt an assault on the greater camp speedily, and he will, if he have notice, beat up those upon St. John's Hill."

"Upon Monday, the 9th of this instant, the batteries began to play; whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Aston, the then governor, a summons to deliver the town to the use of the parliament of England:—

[1] Cromwell always looked on the 3d of September as his fortunate day. On two successive anniversaries of that day he gained the victories of Dunbar and Worcester; on that day, too, he died, as Waller says in his *Panegyric to the Lord Protector:*—

"In storms as loud as his immortal fame,"

which Godolphin parodied thus:—

"In storms as loud as was his crying sin."

See Timbs' *Curiosities of History*, p. 139; London, 1862.

"*September* 10*th*, 1649.

SIR,

Having brought the army belonging to the parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to obedience, to the end effusion of blood may be prevented, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same into my hands to their use. If this be refused, you will have no cause to blame me. I expect your answer and rest,

Your servant,

O. CROMWELL."

"To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat down the steeple of the church[1] on the south side of the town, and to beat down the tower[2] not far from the same place, which you will discern by the chart enclosed."

As this summons was disregarded, he immediately took down the white flag which hung over his quarters, and put out a red ensign instead.

"Our guns[3] not been able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavor to do our utmost the next day to make the breaches assaultable, and, by the help of God, to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the town-wall near a church called St. Mary's;[4] which was the rather chosen, because we did hope, if we did enter and possess that church, we should be better able to keep it against their horse and foot, until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this."

The wall bounded a part of the church-yard of St. Mary's. It was twenty feet high, and strengthened with towers, and pierced with portholes. It seems strange that this spot, which was most difficult of access and very strongly fortified, should have been the first chosen for attack. Towards the east it runs along the brink of a deep, precipitous valley, called the Dale, through which a stream flows. On the south the approach was not so difficult, but the wall was as high, protected by towers at intervals, and strengthened by buttresses on the inside. In the church-yard there are still the remains of a regular bastion and platform for cannon, the only vestiges of modern fortifications in the entire circuit of the town-wall. Perhaps he

[1] This must have been St. Mary's, as it was the only church on that side of the river that had a steeple.

[2] This tower stood at the south-eastern angle of the wall, and was then a modern work compared with the rest of the defences. The ruins of it show that the ancient wall was demolished, and this tower and a bastion erected in its place. It was built on an arch, and resembled the Magdalen tower in shape. In 1750 it was 50 feet high.

[3] Said by Aston to be "eight pieces of battery, the least whereof shot twelve pounds, and one of them a thirty-pounds' bullet." Letter to Ormonde in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 259, appendix lxi.

[4] This church, originally founded by the citizens of Drogheda for the Carmelite Order, was called St. Mary's of Mount Carmel. It stood on the most elevated part of the southern division of Drogheda, and filled the southeastern angle of the town-wall; its defences were formed by nature and are exceedingly strong. D'Alton's *Hist. of Drogheda*, vol. i. p. 41. The extent of the friary may be judged from the broken walls at the east end of the present building. The church of St. Mary, now standing, is the second erected on the spot since Cromwell demolished the original one; the only remains of which are the walls of a small vestry, near the east end of the present building, and the foundations of an old tower about 150 feet distant. See Wild's *Boyne and Blackwater*, p. 308; and *The Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. i. p. 284. This convent should not be confounded with St. Mary's de Urso, belonging to the Crouched Friars of St. Austin, on the Louth side of the river, between West Street and the Boyne, the tower and church walls of which are still standing.

chose it because, if once taken, it afforded a more secure lodgment for the first assailants than any other point within the fortifications.[1] The besieged had planted guns on the summit of the church-spire; these and some long fowling-pieces gave great annoyance to the assailants.

"The batteries planted were two; one was for that part of the wall against the west end of the said church, the other against the wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the enemy made six retrenchments, three of them from the said church to Duleek gate; and three of them from the east end of the church to the town-wall, and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south wall.

"Upon Tuesday, the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the storm;[2] and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men, the enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat, quite out of breath, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle,[3] whose regiment was one of those that stormed, being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died: and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a tenalia[4] to flanker the south wall of the town between Duleek gate and the corner tower before mentioned, which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the enemy, which they put to the sword; and this tenalia they held; but it being without the wall, and the sally-port through the wall into that tenalia being choked up with some of the enemy who were killed in it, proved of no use for an entrance into the town that way. Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very valiantly storm it, for which he deserves the thanks of the State.

"Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed, yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt, wherein God was pleased so to animate them, that they got ground of the enemy, and, by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments.[5] And,

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[1] The town-wall at this point is still in the ruinous condition to which Cromwell reduced it, except that the breach on the eastern side has been partially filled up. The parapet on that side is completely demolished. The breach on the south side has been greatly enlarged; but the part of the wall still standing is about 20 feet high and 6 feet thick. The range of buttresses, connected by circular arches on the inner side, is still standing.

[2] Our word was, "For Him that we shall find with us in Ireland, as well as we did in England, our Lord God." The enemy's word was "Ormonde." Letter from Dublin, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 64.

[3] He is called by Wright and others Cossell. *Hist. of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 77. He was sent by the parliament with his regiment in the beginning of 1647, to take possession of the garrisons surrendered by Ormonde. On the 8th of April, 1652, it was resolved by parliament, That it be referred to the Commissioners of parliament now in Ireland, to take present care for the good education and maintenance of the two children of Colonel Castle deceased, and to allow for that purpose, out of the revenue of Ireland, such sum as they shall think fit, not exceeding the sum of four score pounds a year, and to settle lands of inheritance of the value of one hundred pounds a year of the lands forfeited to the Commonwealth, at the common value the same lands were in the year 1640, upon the said children and their heirs. — Henry Scobell, clerk of the parliament. MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

[4] Tenalia, now called tenaille, by engineers, a kind of advanced defensive work, which takes its name from its resemblance to the lips of a pair of pincers. It stood in the orchard which now occupies the ground from the south-east angle of the wall to Duleek Street; there was a small, arched doorway in the wall, now filled up, which perhaps was the sally-port mentioned here. These tenalia were small towers, originally placed at regular distances round the town-wall. Only one now remains, at the rear of the Millmount. *Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. i. p. 286.

[5] "The besiegers loaded some of their guns with bullets of a half a pound, and fired on the enemy's horse, drawn up somewhat in view; this forced them to retire. The foot,

after a very hot dispute, the enemy having lost both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the wall, they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and of the church; which, indeed, although they made our entrance more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the enemy could not now annoy us with their horse; but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, so that we might let in our own horse, which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty."

Some further details are given by Whitelocke under the date October 1st, taken from "more letters of the particulars of the taking of Drogheda." "That the breaches not being made low enough, the horse could not go in with the foot, but the foot alone stormed and entered the town; but by reason of the numerousness and stoutness of the enemy, who maintained the breach as gallantly as ever men did, and by the death of Colonel Castle, whose regiment was one of those that stormed (and he was slain at the storm), our men were disheartened and retreated, which my Lord Lieutenant seeing, went himself to the breach,[1] and after a little time a fresh reserve of Colonel Ewer's men fell on with the rest very courageously, and God abated the courage of the enemy; they fled before us till we gained the town, and they all agreed in the not giving of quarter." "The garrison," says Froude, "fought with extreme courage; twice, after forcing their way into the town, the storming parties were beaten back through the breach. The third time, as the light was waning, Cromwell led them in person, forced Aston back upon his inner lines, stormed these lines in turn, and before night was master of the town." Colonel Wall who commanded the regiment stationed nearest to the trenches, was killed by a shot in the breast; his men became confsued and dispirited by the loss of their leader.

Then it was, probably, that quarter was offered and accepted. "All the officers and soldiers," says Ormonde, "promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any place held out; which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power and feared no hurt that could be done them, then the word 'no quarter' went round, and the soldiers were forced, many of them against their wills, to kill the prisoners." A contemporary author says Cromwell could not take the town until its defenders had received the promise of their lives from some persons of high rank in his army.[2] As soon as the town was in the assailant's power, Jones, the governor of Dublin, who was second in command, told Cromwell that now he had the flower of the Irish army in his hands, and could deal with them as he pleased. He then issued an order that the life of neither man, woman, nor child should be spared;

deprived of their support, began to break and shift for themselves, when charged a second time." Ludlow's *Memoirs*, p. 116.

[1] The sword worn by Cromwell at Drogheda is preserved in the United Service Museum, London. Marmion's *Maritime Ports of Ireland*, p. 256; London, 1858.

[2] *Cambrensis Eversus*, vol. iii. p. 187; Dublin, 1851. Ludlow says, positive orders had been given by Cromwell to give no quarter to any soldier. *Memoirs*, p. 117. "All conclude that no man had quarter with Cromwell's leave." Letter of Inchiquin to Ormonde, Sept. 15th, 1649; in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. preface xxviii. In November, 1649, the Irish, under Inchiquin, laid siege to Carric-on-Suir, then held by Col. Reynolds, and used to cry at the walls, that they would soon give them "Tredagh quarter." *Crom. Sett.*, p. 189.

and when one of his officers pleaded for mercy for the unresisting victims, "he would sacrifice their souls," he said, "to the ghosts of the English whom they had massacred."

And thus a body of 3,000 men was totally destroyed and massacred,[1] with which, in respect of experience and courage, the Marquis would have been glad to have found himself engaged in the field with an enemy though upon some disadvantage.

"Divers of the enemy," continues Cromwell, "retreated to the Millmount,[2] a place very strong and of difficult access, being exceeding high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Aston, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men."

It was manned with 250 of the best men; when they saw their companions retreat, they were so disheartened that they thought it useless to make further resistance. "Lieutenant-Colonel Axtell of Colonel Hewson's regiment, with some twelve of his men, went to the top of the Mount and demanded of the Governor the surrender of it, who was very stubborn, speaking high words; but at length was persuaded to go into the windmill at the top of the Mount, and many of the chiefest as it could contain, where they were disarmed and afterwards slain."

Sir Arthur Aston was among the first who fell; he was killed "after quarter given by the officer who first came there." "A great dispute there was," says Ludlow in his *Memoirs*,[3] "among the soldiers for his artificial leg, which was reputed to be of gold; but it proved to be but of wood, his girdle being found to be better booty, wherein 200 pieces of gold were found quilted." A. Wood says he was believed to have hid away his gold for security in his wooden leg. This they seized upon as a prize when he fell; but finding nothing in it, they knocked out his brains with it and hacked his body to pieces. Sir Edward Verney, Colonels Warren, Fleming, Boyle, and Byrne, were slain in cold blood.[4]

[1] Dr. Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, in a letter to the Propaganda, dated June 6th, 1650, sets down the number of the slain at 4,000. See *Spicil. Ossor.*, vol. i. p. 340. Belling says that number of Catholic soldiers and citizens was killed. *Vindiciæ, &c.*, p. 210. Bate gives the same number. *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 275, appendix lxxiv. See also Castlehaven's *Memoirs*, p. 114. The official list brings the numbers of officers and soldiers killed up to nearly 3,000.

[2] The Millmount is close to the S. W. angle of the town-wall. It is an artificial mound, said to have been erected over the grave of the Tuatha de Danaan chief Colpa, who was drowned at the mouth of the Boyne, or over the wife of Goban the smith. See Wilde's *Boyne and Blackwater*, pp. 180 and 202. It has its present name from a windmill which was on its summit. It formerly belonged to a family named Delahoyde; they were said to have received a grant of it from Cromwell in return for having supplied him with corn during the seige. D'Alton's *Hist. of Drogheda*, vol. ii. p. 280. The hill is now occupied by a martello tower; it is connected by a causeway with a high bank rising abruptly from the Boyne, on which barracks for infantry and a hospital have been erected.

[3] p. 117, Clarendon says he was given to such an immoderate love of money, that he cared not by what unrighteous ways he exacted it. *Hist. of the Rebellion.* vol. ii. p. 527.

[4] "Verney, Finglas, Warren, and some other officers were alive in the hands of Cromwell's officers twenty-four hours after the business was done." Inchiquin to Ormonde, *ut supra*.

As every part of the town was commanded from the Millmount, further resistance was hopeless. The assailants in full force passed through the two breaches, crossed the bridge, and were soon in possession of the whole of the north side. There the work of slaughter was continued.

"Then our horse and foot followed them so fast over the bridge, which goes over a broad river; and being very long, and houses on both sides, yet they had not time to pull up their drawbridge, and our men fell violently upon them, and I believe there was 2,000 of them put to the sword."

The following is the official list of the principal officers slain at Drogheda:

Sir Arthur Aston, governor; Sir Edmund Verney,[1] lieutenant-colonel to the Lord of Ormonde.

Of the horse commanded by Major Butler: Lieutenant-Colonel Finglas, Captain Plunket, the Lord of Desme's (Dempsey's) son, and Colonel Fleming slain.[2]

Of Foot: Colonel Warren, Colonel Wall, Captain Butler, Major Tempest, Major Fitzgerald, Major Wilkins, Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, — Stevens, Captain-Lieutenant Street, Captains Cooley and Bagnall; Colonel Byrne, Lieutenant-Colonel Boyle,[3] Major Doudle, Captains Croker, Beuss, Fisher, Geffess, Birns. In all, 44 captains, all their lieutenants and ensigns, 220 reformadoes[4] and troopers, and 2,500 foot soldiers.[5]

Such was the fate of those who had surrendered because quarter had been promised them. There were others who put no faith in these promises, and, knowing the certain death that awaited them, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about a hundred of them possessed St. Peter's church-steeple,[6] some of the West gate, others a strong round tower[7] next the gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple of the St. Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me, I burn, I burn.'"

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[1] The son of the King's standard-bearer who fell at Edgehill.

[2] Colonel Fleming was the nephew of Dr. Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin.

[3] Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Boyle was son of Richard Boyle, Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, a relative of the Earl of Cork; his brother Michael, who was later Archbishop of Armagh, was chaplain-general to the King's army in Munster, during the rebellion. See *Records of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross*, by the Rev. Maziere Brady, vol. iii. p. 91; Dublin, 1864.

[4] Reformado, according to Webster, an obsolete word, was an officer, who for some disgrace was deprived of his command, but retained his rank, and perhaps his pay.

[5] The above list of officers who were slain, is taken from the *Perfect Diurnal* of October 2d, 1649.

[6] In 1548, the steeple of this church, then said to be one of the highest in the world was thrown down by a violent tempest. It was replaced by one of wood. *D'Alton's Hist. of Drogheda*, vol. i. p. 19. It had several chapels and oratories, erected by the piety of the inhabitants of the town. In 1740, the old church was removed, and the present one erected on the same site.

[7] This tower stood to the east of the Sunday gate, not on the town wall, but a little detached from it; perhaps it was one of the Irish round towers. *Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. i. p. 286.

His first intention was to blow it up, and for the purpose he had put a quantity of powder in the subterranean passage; but changing his plan, he set fire to the steeple. Those who rushed out to avoid the flames were slaughtered. Only one person escaped; he leaped from the tower, and received no other hurt than a broken leg. He had quarter given him by the soldiers "for the extraordinariness of the thing." [1]

The street leading to St. Peter's church retained, even within the memory of the present generation the name of "Bloody Street;" it is the tradition of the place that the blood of those slain in the church formed a regular torrent in this street.

"The next day the two other towers [2] were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score, but they refused to yield themselves, and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other tower were all spared (as to their lives only), and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes."

Three or four officers of name and good families, who had found some way, by the humanity of some soldiers of the enemy, to conceal themselves for four or five days, being afterwards discovered, were butchered in cold blood. Captain Teige O'Connor, who was left among the dead, at night returned to his home, and afterwards recovered. Garrett, Dungan, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cavenagh also escaped. Cromwell saved Dr. Bernard, dean of Kilmore and Ussher's chaplain, and afterwards made him his almoner.

Except these and some few others who during the assault escaped at the other side of the town, and others who, mingling with the rebels as their own men, disguised themselves so as not to be discovered, there was not an officer, soldier, or religious person belonging to that garrison left alive, and all this within the space of nine days after the enemy appeared before the walls.

[1] Bate's *Elenchus*, &c., vol. ii. p. 25. Bate was Cromwell's physician. He got in with the Royalists at the Restoration, by his friends' report that by a dose given to Oliver he had hastened him to his end. He was made chief physician to Charles II. and a member of the Royal Society. *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. iii. col. 827; London, 1817.

[2] Bolton Tower and West Tower.

The Holy Father and the Rosary.

THE Holy Father has issued the following Brief: —

LEO PP. XIII. *Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.*

That salutary spirit of prayer, gift and pledge of the Divine mercy, which God promised of old to pour forth upon the House of David and upon the dwellers in Jerusalem, although never absent from the Catholic Church, seems to take new life, and to have more power over souls in those times when men feel the immediate or near approach of danger to the Church or to the State. Indeed, in days of trouble, faith and piety towards God are ordinarily more vividly excited, because the less does human aid appear to be at hand, the greater is men's realization of the need of heavenly succor.

Of this we had a recent proof at the time when, deeply moved by the bitter fate of the Church and by the difficulties of these days, we appealed to the piety of Christians by an Encyclical Letter, in which we decreed that the Virgin Mary should be venerated and invoked during the whole of the month of October, according to the method of the holy Rosary. We know that our wish was obeyed with a zeal and with an ardor worthy of the sanctity of the action, and of the gravity of its motives. And it was not only in our Italy, it was throughout the world that prayers were offered for the Catholic Church, and for public health and salvation: the bishops by their authority, the clergy by their example and their action, being the leaders of these great honors paid universally to the Mother of God.

We have taken signal joy in these multitudinous proofs of enlightened piety: churches decorated with exceptional splendor; processions which formed part of the sacred rite; the constancy of the faithful in their attendance at the services. Nor will we omit the tidings which we received with much emotion from such places as have suffered most cruelly under the storm let loose by the world; there such a fervor of piety was manifested that private persons hastened, where it was permitted them, to supply in their own persons for the lack of a sufficient number of pastors, rather than that the prayers ordained should not be heard in their churches.

Moreover, as we solace our grief for present evils by the hope for Divine mercy and goodness, so we believe it is needful to impress upon all faithful souls that which the Holy Scriptures especially declare in several places — namely, that in all virtue, and particularly in the virtue of prayer, that which is of chief importance is the quality of perseverence and constancy.

It is by prayer that God's justice is appeased and His wrath disarmed; and the fact that He permits himself to be disarmed is the result of our persistence as well as of His kindness. Such persistence in prayer is above all needful in our times, when so many and so great perils surround us on every side — perils which, as we have so often said and repeated, we cannot overcome without aid and strength from

God. Too many people actually hate all that is called Divine and revered as sacred; the Church is attacked not only by private plots but by public laws and institutions; strange novelties of opinion contradict the Christian wisdom, so that public and private safety must be defended against furious enemies confederated for the exercise of their greatest strength. God, considering, as we believe, the peril of our great fight, has taught us to look to Jesus Christ, Whom we are to study and to imitate, and Who prayed most instantly and at greatest length when He had entered on His agony.

Among the salutary forms of piety used by the Catholic Church that which is called the Rosary of Mary is for many reasons to be commended. Its principal title to honor is, as we have set forth in our Encyclical Letter, that it was instituted principally for imploring the protection of Mary against the enemies of the Catholic name; and no one can fail to know that this prayer has often and greatly served to relieve the sufferings of the Church. It is therefore important, for the sake of the piety of the Faithful, as well as for that of the general needs of the time, that this devotion should be re-established in the honor which it held so long, when in no Christian family a day passed without the recitation of the Rosary.

For this cause we exhort and adjure all men to persevere religiously and faithfully in the habit of a daily Rosary: and also we declare our wish that every day in the principal church of each diocese, and on holidays in the parish churches, this prayer may be recited. And in the propagation of the pious exercise the Religious Orders will be able to render great services, especially — as to them belongs that honor — the Dominican Friars. We are assured that none will fail in a duty so useful and so noble.

In honor, therefore, of the powerful Mother of God, Mary, and in perpetual remembrance of the prayer for help thus addressed to her immaculate heart by every nation during the month of October last; in eternal sign of the full hope which we place in that loving Mother; and to implore every day her aid and succor: We will and decree that in the Litany of Loretto, after the invocation, "*Regina sine labe originali concepta*," shall be added the formula, "*Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii, ora pro nobis.*" (Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us.)

We will that our present letters may remain ratified and confirmed in posterity, as they now stand. We declare vain and futile all things undertaken against the effect of these letters, all to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, on the 24th of December, in the year 1883, the sixth of our Pontificate.

TH. CARD. MERTEL.

To give effect to the desire expressed by the above Brief, the following decree has been issued "to the city of the world":

Decretum Urbis et Orbis. God in His mercy sent into the world, for the succor and protection of the Church Militant, a most holy man, Dominic Guzman, the illustrious founder of and father of the

Order of Preachers, who, in the good fight which he undertook to wage on behalf of the Catholic Church, trusted above all in the strength of the prayer which he instituted under the name of the Holy Rosary of Mary, and which he spread abroad in his own person and through his disciples. That admirable formula of prayer was adopted by Catholics as the most perfect expression of Christian piety.

Furthermore, our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., with the hope of gaining aid from Jesus Christ by the intercession of the Holy Virgin, in the trials of the present time, decreed by his Encyclical, that the month of October should be consecrated throughout the universe to the prayers of the Rosary. Everywhere the ministers of religion and the faithful obeying the will of the supreme Pastor, gave splendid testimony by their frequent recitations of the Rosary to their pious affection for the beloved Mother of God, in the hope and faith that, thanks to the help of the Most Blessed Virgin, they might more readily obtain from the mercy of the Father the much-needed remedies for the calamities which they endure, and from which the whole Christian commonwealth is suffering.

Our Most Holy Father, desiring above all things to see the honors paid to the august Mother of God increased by this formula of prayer which is specially sweet to her, and to see at the same time a daily augmentation and development of the respect of the faithful towards the Holy Virgin, has received with joy the humble request addressed to him by the Rev. Father Joseph Mary Larroca, Grand Master of the Order of Preachers, for the addition to the Litany of Loretto of the invocation which has long been in use in the Dominican family. Therefore, his Holiness has willed and ordained that in the whole Church the Litany of Loretto may have the following words added as the last clause: *Regina sacratissimi Rosarii, ora pro nobis;* and he has to this end sent forth the Brief preceding.

D. Cardinal Bartolini,
Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

How to Get Fat and How to Get Thin.

By obesity we mean that state of fatty congestion when, without the individual being ill, the body increases in size and loses its principal form and beauty. The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated.

The first is the natural conformation of the individual. Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy.

Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, an oval face, and sharp noses.

Out of two hundred "corpulents," ninety have a round face, globular eyes, and pug-noses.

It is therefore beyond a doubt that some persons are predisposed

to be fat. Their digestive powers produce a greater portion of the fat.

The second case of corpulency consists in the farinaceous substances which we eat at our daily meals. All that are fed upon farinaceous food become fat whether they will or not. Man is subject to the same law.

Farinaceous food has a much quicker effect when mixed with sugar.

Farinaceous matter (grain) is not the less fattening when absorbed in liquids, as in beer. Beer-drinking nations may boast of the biggest stomach. In 1817, when the price of wine was very high in Paris, and many persons took to beer from economical motives, some of the members attained a corpulency quite unexpected.

Another cause of corpulency is too much sleep and a want of sufficient exercise. The human frame is greatly restored by sleep, and, at the same time it loses little, because muscular action is suspended. It therefore becomes necessary that the superfluous fat acquired should be worked by exercise; but, from the very fact of sleeping much the time of action is more limited.

A last and principal cause of corpulency consists in excess in eating and drinking. It has been rightly said that one of the privileges of the human species is to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being thirsty — in fact, it could not belong to the brute creation, as it depends upon the reflection of the pleasures of the table and the desire to prolong them.

Wherever men have been found this double inclination exists. Savages will eat to excess and get brutally drunk whenever they have the opportunity. As regards ourselves, citizens of the two hemispheres, who believe that we are at the apogee civilization, it is certain that we eat too much. I repeat it, whether it is in their dining-rooms daily or only on festive occasions — the great majority eat and drink too much, and an enormous amount of food is daily consumed without need for it. This cause, nearly always present acts differently according to the constitution of individuals; and for those who do not possess a healthy stomach indigestion and not corpulency is the result.

Corpulency is not a malady; it is at most a lamentable result of an inclination to which we give way, and we alone are to blame.

Dio Lewis's Magazine.

POWER will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.

KOSSUTH visited the United States in 1852.

To the "Immaculate Conception."

HAIL, sweet Mother, full of grace,
Radiant, beautiful, Star of the Sea;
Thou best of all the human race
That ever were, or are to be;
Forget me not, let thy sweet face
Be ever turned with love to me.

Sweet Mother of my Saviour, Christ,
Keep me from all stain of sin;
Beloved of the Sacrificed,
Who came among us to begin
Salvation, and calmly, meekly diedst
On the cross, immortal souls to win.

Sweet partner of His tears and woes,
Have pity on a ransomed son;
By all the agonizing throes,
That rent thy heart, thou purest one,
Remember me, let me repose
In love to thee, 'til life is done.

Sweet mother of the Crucified,
Pray, oh pray to God for me;
To Him the hated, scourged, denied,
Who died to make me free,
Keep me ever near His side,
Which felt the spear upon the tree.

WEATHERFORD, TEXAS, Dec. 8, 1883.

Most precious Mother of my Lord,
The daughter of the God of all;
The glory of the sweet concord
Of Persons three; in Adam's fall
Thou wert not; thy soul unmarred,
Hear me when to thee I call.

Sweet Mother of the Sacred Heart,
Let coming death produce no fear;
Make me defy its piercing dart,
Without a single sigh or tear;
And to my sinking soul impart,
A joy to leave what binds it here.

Oh, sweet Mary! in that hour,
In which my life shall have its end;
Protect me with thy winning power,
Strength and patience to me send;
Oh! thou celestial, queenly Flower;
My best, my dearest, truest friend.

Oh, Queen of Angels, Queen of Love,
Conduct my spirit in its flight,
To that eternal home above,
Where all is peace and pure delight;
Where all are as the guileless dove,
Before the throne in robes of white.

PATRICK F. BRANNAN.

Dark Rosaleen.

A LEGEND OF THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

PART I.

The heart in my bosom faints to think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints, my dark Rosaleen.

MANGAN.

EVENING was falling where the Shannon winds by wooded slope and emerald meadow, after flowing away from the grey walls of Limerick. The old city showed clearly in the amber light the many spires thrown into dark relief upon the brilliant background of purple sky. In the west gathering cirri shown like rubies in the radiant glow. The earth seemed hushed to repose beneath the murmuring of crooning waters, the plash of occasional oars, and the subdued warbling of

birds in wooded Kilcoora filling the scene with a rythmical chorus. Grove and meadow, hill and vale, were blending together in the mystic twilight, and from the splendor of the sky as from the misty softness of the distant mountains — from the dreamy pastures as from the songful woodlands — came influences that filled the gazer's mind with the conviction that this wonderful loveliness, deep and intense, breathed the very essence, the very soul of peace.

Suddenly the stillness was rudely broken. A series of choking yells drew attention to a slope of mud, exposed by the tidal ebb. Down this slope a small boat sped at an immense rate, having for its only occupant a young lady, who stared at the fast-gliding "cot" in a dazed manner. Half-way up the steep "slob" a man sprawled upon his back, slowly following the flying boat. From this individual proceeded the yelling which disturbed the repose of the whimbrel and curlew along the shore.

"Oh, Miss Rose, for the life of you, stick an oar out! Oh, murder almighty! and I clean on the flat of my back in the dirty mud! Stick an oar out, I say, or if the flood has hold of you there's no backdoor for you, but off you are to Californy. Oh, murder!"

With a desperate effort, he flung himself over on his face, and plunged his hands into the slimy mud. Then he managed to stand somewhat upright, and wiping one eye comparatively clean, he looked after the cot. Miss Rose had evidently only too strictly complied with his commands. Both oars were sticking in the slob; and as he gazed, the boat, with its now perfectly helpless occupant, dashed into the swirling waters, swayed violently, and then swept rapidly away in the mighty grasp of the fierce current rushing to rejoin the distant Atlantic.

"Is it yourself, Jack Cooney, that's in it, or is it a fairy, or a merrow, or a leprechaun, or a — or a witch that is at the bottom of all this?" said the mud-stained, fat young servant man, as he witnessed the catastrophe; is *that* Miss Rose Lacy, of Castle Lacy, that's going off there, like the bold adventurous coot in the Sequel No. 2? Not another, then; oh, the dickens another! 'Tis ourselves that's in it, fairy or no fairy. And that tide will be in the Atlantic in three hours! There won't be as much left of her as you'd hold a wake on. And as for myself, faith, if Major Lacy puts his two eyes on me, and Miss Rose emigrated, he'll transmogrify me into an atomy. Murder in Irish, what I'll do at all, at all? Bedad, I'll set off to Limerick, hot foot, and hire the artillery, and the cavalry, and the soldiers, and the militia, and the police, and the Privateer, and the Vandeleur, and the Valiant, and search the Atlantic till we find my darling Miss Rose! I will so —"

Muttering and mumbling, young Cooney stumbled to the land and disappeared in the woods. Meantime, Rose Lacy's tiny craft drifted rapidly down the noble river. One or two fishing gondolas were creeping out of sight in the distance. No other boat was in sight on the cold expanse of water, now growing grey as the brightness faded quite away from the west. The sea birds were calling plaintively on rock and reef, the stars began to glimmer, the night

shadows deepened. A terrible sense of loneliness filled the young girl's mind. The darkening river seemed to dilate around, until she felt as if she were alone upon a world-wide waste of water. An attack of agoraphobia was impending when a sudden shock flung her from the seat into the stern-sheets.

"Hello, where the deuce are you going?" inquired a manly voice out of the gloom. Before Rose could scramble to her feet a gentleman was peering down upon her. She could not rise with much alacrity, but the newcomer took in the situation.

"Drifting with the tide?" he asserted rather than inquired; "very lucky you nearly ran down my fowling boat. May I give you my hand—*a* hand? There. Now you are seated again, we will soon be all right. By the way, where are your oars? Eh? Was it not lucky I came from behind Grass Point, just in time?"

But Rose was crying. You see, she was simply an ordinary Limerick young lady, and not one of those heroic impossibilities met with in novels. If need be she might emulate the famous deeds of historic Limerick dames; but just now, after being helped out of a somewhat unusual position by a handsome young stranger, she felt it her duty to cry. So he received no reply, and made up his mind to row with his own oars in the larger boat, towing his fowling-cot after. He soon made the exchange, and with the now composed young lady in the stern he plied his oars, and began to make headway against the fast-flowing river. The cot was small, and they consequently sat close, for this tall young fellow occupied more than the space usually allotted to short Jack Cooney. An embarrassed silence fell upon the pair, so unconventionally made acquainted with each other. Rose sat with averted face, the sorrowful expression of which became apparent to him as he stole keen glances at her through the twilight. What man can see a pretty woman look miserable and not pity her? So, as sigh after sigh insensibly escaped from her bosom, growing gradually less, like billows breaking on the shore the morning after the storm, this young man deliberately fell in love with the "fair unknown." He suddenly realized that he could lose all else that made this world dear for the love of such a woman. The depths of his nature so revealed, wholly astonished, and even alarmed him. At his next glance she turned, and their eyes met. The summer twilight kindly hid her blushes, yet more kindly revealed the admiring sympathy of his expression. She perceived at once that he was interested in her, and somehow that perception put her at her ease. Friendliness banishes a great deal of restraint, and she became alive to the duties of the situation.

"I am very sorry, I nearly ran you down," she said.

"Not at all,—don't mention it. I'm rather glad to be run down,—that is, I mean, to be of any service to a lady,—to you." He tugged steadily at his oars, for the current was strong off the point they were approaching, and besides, his labor excused his eloquence.

"It was so stupid of me to shove off," she said, half reflecting aloud, half explaining matters; "and poor Cooney flew backwards into the mud. He will alarm papa,—there will be a lot of alarm and annoyance,—'twas so stupid of me."

"Ah, not at all. These accidents will occur, you know. But, by the way, where shall I land you, if you please?"

"Near Castle Lacy,— anywhere, please; I can walk home. The tide is too strong for you with two boats to bring along."

"Not a bit of it, I assure you. I only stopped rowing a moment when you mentioned Castle Lacy. Excuse me, you are Miss Lacy?"

He saw the small shapely head nod affirmatively.

"Allow me to introduce myself; my name is Hastings,— Harry Hastings."

"Not Hastings of Kilcoora," she said in quick, sharp tones.

"Hastings of Kilcoora," he affirmed, and his voice had somewhat altered. His head drooped over his oars; there was a short silence. She leaned over the bulwark and trailed her fingers through the waves.

"'Tis like Romeo and Juliet," he said, with a bitter ring in his accents, and as she sat up stiffly, he went on in deeper tones,—

"Strange that hereditary enemies should be flung together like this, Miss Lacy. Your father will find fault with fate."

"Papa will. There is no use in mincing the matter, papa will regret being under a compliment to his traditional enemy."

"And you, Miss Lacy?" He ceased rowing and leaned nearer.

"I have no enemy and am no one's enemy," she answered diplomatically. "I scarcely know why — why you and papa are enemies."

"Oh, the thing lies in a nutshell. One hundred and thirty-nine years ago there occurred a quarrel between the then heads of the Lacys and the Hastings. So their descendants have perpetuated the row, and we go on hating each other because of some dispute in the distant past. The Lacys were Catholics, and the Protestant Hastings had become possessed of their lands. Then the Lacy of the day became Protestant, and Hastings said 'twas merely Souperism he was converted to. In the next generation, the Protestant Hastings died, and his son embraced the Catholic faith, whereupon Lacy came and upbraided him with idolatry. Oh, 'tis a very pretty quarrel, as things go. If you're a Protestant you're mercenary; and if you're a Catholic, you're priest-ridden; and if you're neither, you have two enemies instead of one. What vast common sense there's in it."

"But papa is not bigoted like that — I am a Catholic."

"Precisely. That's the wonderful thing in Irish bigotry. It never interferes with our own desires, our own plans. It is meant as a shackle only for our acquaintances. I have met many Orangemen; personally they are very good fellows, but come to raise the bigotry question, and they are merely senseless bigots. And so of our own party. But excuse me, Miss Lacy, I ought not to talk politics to you. Yet, when one considers the amount of injury done by the perpetuation of past quarrels, the folly is unendurable. And even with regard to ourselves — we are, and must be, enemies!"

"I will never cease to feel grateful for your rescuing me," said

Rose, in low, sweet tones. "I shudder to think of spending a night on the lonely water. Put in here, if you please."

"Ah, yes, this is Castle Lacy, opposite. Well, thank you very much for declining to become my enemy. Has not the old feud gone on long enough? Heart burning and animosity it has roused; fortunately no crime. Shall we set a good example, and unite the Orange of the Lacy family and the green of the Hastings in a richer green of warmer hue? Shall you and I not be friends?"

"We *are* friends; but see, the Castle is all lit up. Papa will have the house roused to search for me. I wonder where's Cooney?"

Hastings felt inclined to say, "Hang Cooney!" under his breath, but just then the boat touched the small quay. He sprang ashore and helped the young lady out. Then, securing the boat, he strode beside her.

"If I have been too bold, put it down to the starlight, Miss Lacy. There is something bewildering in the beauty of this night. I never before so enjoyed a night's shooting." Here he paused, and Rose spoke —

"Ah, your shooting! I'm afraid I have spoiled your sport."

"I assure you I am most delighted to have been of service to you. In fact, I don't care very much for shooting — occasionally." He paused.

"Well, here is Castle Lacy. At present I shall not ask you to come in and be introduced to papa. He has the best of hearts, but" —

"Oh, no. I could not dream of intruding upon Major Lacy to-night. I shall call soon. And now, may I say good-night?"

For one moment her palm touched his, and by some hidden impulse, she glanced upwards, until in the soft light, their eyes met with young love's lingering, questioning expression. Then she turned hastily away, and passing over the dewy lawn, disappeared under the portico of the Castle.

Some seconds afterwards Hastings withdrew his glance from the door through which she had vanished.

"The day will surely come," he said, confidently, as he hurried to where his fowling-cot awaited him, "the day will surely come when that pretty orange lily shall be transplanted to more genial soil; when instead of breathing an atmosphere here of bigotry and exclusiveness, she shall enjoy her radiant existence in another sphere, in harmony with the people from whom her race has sprung. We shall see. Well, hang it, shooting May birds is dull work. By Jove, sir, Rose Lacy is a lovely woman. And the best part of the night for shooting is gone. Rose — no, Rosaleen, — the old form has music in it, like her voice; and her eyes — O my dark Rosaleen! Well, if I didn't know better, I might think I was in love — which I am not, you know. But very little — here we are. Somehow, the night has lost its loveliness; 'tis not so charming as it was a short time ago. Well, well — 'O my dark Rosaleen!'" and repeating fragments of Mangan's beautiful ballad, he sped down the stream to his home, Kilcoora.

Conclusion next month.

The Cure for Ireland.

MR. LEPEL GRIFFIN, an Anglo-Indian, dating from the London Reform Club, has a simple remedy against the threats of Mr. Parnell and the machinations of the Irish party. It is to disfranchise the disloyal Irish constituencies; and he suggests that it would be easier to do this now than when Mr. Parnell has a following of seventy or eighty members in the house. "All that is needed," says Mr. Lepel Griffin, "is common action by both parties, and a statesman to bell the cat." But the first is hopeless, and there is little prospect of the second until Mr. Lepel Griffin himself obtains a seat. This statesman moralizes thus: — "Like the Roman general, who, in his hour of triumph, carried in his car a slave to remind him that he was mortal, so the great Anglo-Saxon race seems destined by fortune to carry, in its triumphal march through two continents, this degraded Irish race to embitter its victories and turn its rejoicings into disgust." Quite so; but is not the allusion to the "General" a little unfortunate? Did Lepel Griffin ever hear of Wellington, or even of Wolseley or Roberts? Did he ever hear of the degraded Dufferin? We wonder he can remain a member of the "Reform," in which club the portrait of O'Connell still holds an honored place, though we suppose if he were alive now, Lepel Griffin would like to hang him, not on the walls of the club, but on the gallows? Mr. Lepel Griffin may be a more suitable candidate for Bedlam than for Parliament. The importance of his letter consists not in his ravings, but in the fact of the *Times* publishing them. We can tell the two that Ireland has no fear of these threats. If disfranchisement were possible, it would only hasten the inevitable, as wiser men than Mr. Griffin or the editor of the *Times* well know. That growing giant, the English Democracy, would have a word to say on the subject — a word that would astonish the Griffins. America, too, and every nation on the Continent might have "suggestions" to make — friendly suggestions, which would be highly unpalatable to this brilliant member of the "Reform," and those who think with him. How happy must have been the lot of those Indians over whom Lepel Griffin may once have held sway. Poor soul, he should have lived — or died — about three hundred years ago, more or less."

We quote the above from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. A reply to his strictures has proceeded from an unlikely and most welcome quarter — the Junior Carlton Club — and from the pen of Mr. Edward A. O'Brien. He writes:

"Sir Lepel's statement that the administration of the great cities of the United States would be a scandal in the most backward states of the Old World, is almost too absurd to call for remark; but he is not alone in believing that whatever of maladministration there may be in the government of those cities, is due to the preponderating influence of the Irish element in official position.

"Now it is a curious fact, and one that is worthy of full investigation, that the most progressive and prosperous cities in America, are just those in which the

population of Irish birth and descent is largest in proportion. Take New York for example, which is so rapidly taking the lead in the East; take Chicago, which is more and more becoming the "Queen of the West;" take San Francisco, to which there is no rival on the Pacific slope. In all these cities the population of Irish by birth or descent is particularly strong, and wields very large political influence, and in spite of this, as Sir Lepel must acknowledge, perhaps on account of this, as others might not unjustly argue, these Irish-ridden cities, as Sir Lepel would fain have us believe them to be, flourish in a way that excites the envy of communities not similarly afflicted. Will he or some one else of his own turn of mind explain the phenomenon of material prosperity and advancement in every respect existing side by side with a large representation of Irishmen in public places? Of course, all over the world political feelings enter into every question. Irishmen, as a rule, in the United States vote the Democratic Ticket, and they are looked upon by steadfast Republicans with much the same feeling of dissatisfaction as the supporters of Mr. Gladstone are looked upon by staunch Conservatives, or the supporters of Lord Salisbury by out and out Liberals; but the pity is that such political prejudices should not be taken at their full value, even by a passing visitor like Sir Lepel Griffin.

"The fact of the matter is, that in the United States Irishmen by birth or descent stand exactly upon the same footing as their fellow-citizens; enjoying, when naturalized, neither more nor less rights. Where they contrive, by what would appear to be a peculiar aptitude for the conduct of public affairs, to obtain large political power, they are abused by their opponents, and every sort of sin is laid to their charge. The frauds of the Tweed ring in New York — which, by the way, was broken up by a committee of citizens, of which an Irishman, Charles O'Connor, was the chairman and most active member — are constantly being quoted against them, and yet somehow or other New York — which suffered for a short time from its infamous ring, is more prosperous than ever, notwithstanding that Irishmen still vote and hold office."

Education of Women.

An opinion is becoming prevalent in the present day, that the difference which appears to exist between men and women in mental constitution, is merely the result of the education. That by nature they are alike, and that it is desirable as far as possible to destroy this difference. Hence the endeavor to educate boys and girls after the same model; hence ladies' colleges, degrees and certificates, and that the person may symbolize the mind, hence the imitation of the dress of men by girls and women.

Now men and women are essentially different; different physically, different mentally, different morally. They are meant to move in different spheres, for which different qualifications are required.

The difference may be summarized thus: Begining with the assertion that Man and Woman share humanity *differently*, but *equivalently*. Man reasons, judges. Woman knows, acts.

Man's qualities are solidity, decision. Woman's are brightness, sweetness.

The forces of man's nature are roused into action by ambition. The forces of woman's nature are roused into action by affection.

Man is faithful. Woman is devoted.

Man is constituted to be more just than merciful. Woman is constituted to be more merciful than just.

The will of man and the will of woman are created to act in perfect harmony, the will of each differing from the other, according to their mental and moral proportions, and consequently the two wills, when excited, do not come into collision, the relation of man and woman being that of a perfected self.

This perfection is most completely exhibited in the relation of husband and wife; destroy the difference between the character of man and that of woman, and the proportion is at the same time lost.

The ancient philosophers of Greece were divided in opinion about the education of women much as we are now.

Plato maintains in his Commonwealth, that women as well as men, ought to be admitted into the management of public affairs, the conducting of armies, and the government of states, and should, therefore, necessarily be trained up, also, in the same athletic exercises as men.

Aristotle differs from his master, and without doing injustice to the real merit and essential qualities of the sex, marks out with great judgment, the different ends for which man and woman are intended; the great Creator having endowed one with strength of body and intrepidity of mind, while the other is of a more weak and delicate constitution, accompanied with a natural softness and modest timidity, which render her more fit for a sedentary life.

Xenaphon is of the same opinion with Aristotle, and compares the wife to the mother bee, who governs and superintends the whole house, seeking no supremacy elsewhere. He remarks with Aristotle the difference of constitution and character made by the Author of Nature between man and woman, which point out to each of them their proper and peculiar offices and functions.

It must, however, be owned that at all times there have been women, who by their solid merit, have distinguished themselves above their sex, as there have been innumerable instances of men who, by their defects, have dishonored theirs. But these are only particular cases, and form no rule. But it must also be acknowledged that very many spheres of usefulness, hitherto usurped by men, should be equally available for women.

The Grave of St. Patrick.

AWAY in the far North, in the quaint little graveyard of the Cathedral Church of Down, lies the grave of St. Patrick. In the Saint's lifetime called Dun-de-leth Glaisse, the town in which the honored remains were interred became known as Downpatrick. This ancient borough has been singularly privileged in Irish ecclesiastical history in having not less than three saints interred in its old and venerable cathedral churchyard, the ancient chronicle telling us that —

"One grave in Down three saints do fill—
Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille."

For centuries and even up to the present day, the shrine of our Patron Saint and of his great fellow-laborers in the cause of Irish evangelization, has been annually visited by hundreds of pious pilgrims, the tradition of the neighborhood affirming that miraculous cures of physical ailments have been obtained by helpless sufferers. In the "Life of St. Patrick," written by the Nun of Kenmare we find it stated that when the Patron Saint died at Saul (a little village lying a couple of miles eastward of Downpatrick, on the shore of Strangford Lough), in the year 465, a dispute arose between his followers as to which of the two places his remains should be removed. It was known that the Saint's wishes pointed in the direction of Armagh; but, anxious to prevent dissension among his disciples over his remains, and unwilling to express a decided preference for either place, he gave instructions for his funeral to the effect, that when his body was removed for interment it should be placed on a bier drawn by two young bullocks which should be permitted to go without hindrance or guidance in whatever direction they chose, and that wherever the bullocks should stop, there his remains should be buried. The bullocks stopped at Dun-de-leth Glaisse, where his place of sepulture was accordingly made.

Close beside, stands the Cathedral Church of Down, one of the most venerable ecclesiastical structures in Ireland, and nearly opposite the southern side of the Cathedral tower, on the highest part of the old burial-ground (which in itself forms a hill), is the grave of St. Patrick. To a stranger, the first look begets disappointment. Instead of a jealously guarded crypt or tomb, worthy even in a small degree of the great Apostle, the eye rests on a flat green sod, 7 feet long by 7 feet wide, with a hole at the east end, 20 inches square by 8 inches deep, which, from the veneration of the Saint and by a continuation of visitors, is rapidly developing into much larger proportions. Up to the year 1846 a magnificent Irish stone cross, dating from centuries before, stood at the head of the Saint's grave, and was a source of pride to the inhabitants of Downpatrick, as well as of interest to visitors; but in that year, a band of vandals, in the dead hour of night dragged the sacred emblem from the grave of the Saint, and conveying it a short distance deposited it with ignominy in the common town drain. The indignation of the inhabitants was profound, and on the action of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, who at once offered a reward for its discovery, the violated Celtic stone cross was restored to its place at the head of St. Patrick's grave. Again it was stolen, doubtless in the hope of obtaining further reward; but on that occasion it was unfortunately smashed into many fragments, and being after a time recovered, they were placed beyond reach of future sacrilege, by the Dean and Chapter, in the east end of the Cathedral. And so the grave remains unmarked by brass, or stone, or monumental urn. . . . Indeed, the grave itself would have been ere now in much worse condition than it is, were it not for the thoughtfulness which has, for many years past, prompted Mr. Robert H. Bell, a native of Downpatrick, to bestow some gratuitous attention upon it.

The Friends of Ireland.

NOBODY has more cause to exclaim, "Save me from my friends," than the Irishman. Those friends, some of them within the borders of the Emerald Isle, but most beyond the sea, very often give counsel which, if followed, would only end in dire suffering and irretrievable misfortune. They may be well-meaning, but imprudence can do as serious harm as ill will. We do not mean to treat to-day of those at home who preach indifference to politics, or who, having had their own lot ameliorated, are slow to lend aid to those who helped them in their hour of trial. To Irishmen abroad — especially in America — who would be indignant if they were not saluted as patriots, but who are really advising and applauding courses the most unpatriotic, we address ourselves.

First, let us premise that we except from our censures the great mass of our exiled people who true as the needle to the pole to their mother-country, and generous as the sun in their benefactions when appeal is made in her behalf. The prodigious sums of money — all the careful savings of hard-working, humble folk not too well paid — which have been sent to poor relatives under the family roof-tree, speak eloquently for the faithful Pat and Biddy at the other side of the ocean. These economies, so large in the aggregate, are a sufficient refutation of the charge that the Irish are an unthrifty race. They are a magnificent testimony — one which cannot be paralleled in the history of the inhabitants of any other spot of God's earth in any age — to their courage, patience, industry, and unselfishness, the very qualities which constitute Christian heroism. Nor was this an isolated example of munificence. It was no spurt of a spasmodic enthusiasm; the thing has been going on for scores of years, is going on at present. In addition to these self-imposed private subsidies, immense amounts have been subscribed for objects of public good. We refer to the ample offerings freely vouchsafed for the building of churches, the sustainment of the Repeal agitation, the relief of the victims of famine, the swelling of the revenue of the Land League, and latterly, the tribute of gratitude to Mr. Parnell. They were all truly largesses of the soul, and to the Irish of America, north and south, and of Australia, every honor is due.

But funds have been collected for other purposes, which presuming the funds were always honestly laid out as intended, a presumption open to doubt,— could only damage Ireland morally and materially. Dollars were given by hare-brained enthusiasts,— for what? To promote a futile insurrection, to carry on some mysterious skirmishing, to purchase dynamite for insane reprisals! This is all bad and base, because morally indefensible, and furthermore it is utter imbecility. If the fools who contribute what they can so badly afford, are not to be restrained from their folly by a sense of its wickedness let them reflect upon its impolicy. The programme, embracing the invasion of Canada, the destruction of war-ships lying peacefully at anchor, and

the blowing up of Government buildings, and railway trains, can only have been inspired by Satan and conceived by lunatics.

Not one of these attempts has succeeded, and we thank God for it! That Irish nationality could be advanced one iota by an irruption in the homesteads of colonists, who have no quarrel with Ireland, by the murder of sleeping sailors, or by the destruction of stone and mortar, and the massacre or mutilation of unoffending travellers — most of them poor, and some of them Irish in all probability — simply passes our comprehension. To our thinking, these plots are disgraceful, and debase a holy cause to a felonious level.

If the Irish and English were pitted against each other in the open field, there would be excuse for resorting to some of these methods; but, even under those circumstances, others of them are contraventions of the rules of legitimate warfare. They are outrages on the law of nations as black as poisoning wells, or propagating disease by infected rags.

Three Irishmen, three thousand miles away, have severally proclaimed war against England. We consider them idiots for their pains, although we are fully prepared to be denounced as traitors and poltroons for our frankness. That does not disturb us in the least. Indeed, detraction is pleasing when conscience tells us that we are greeted with it because we speak in the genuine interest of Ireland.

These three Irishmen are Jeremiah O'Donovan, John Finerty, and Patrick Ford.

O'Donovan we do not wish to rebuke too harshly, nor is it needful, for his influence in New York is almost *nil*, extending only to the lowest stratum of the Irish population. We can forgive much in a man who has been put on low diet in an English prison; has been frequently flung into a blackhole, and has had his hands pinioned behind his back for days. That accounts for his distempered views. It is not in human nature to be magnanimous to those who have tortured us; but, for the sake of others, if not for his own, Jeremiah O'Donovan ought to put a curb on his tongue. He is getting old now, and should have more sense than to keep repeating his monotonous threats to undermine one of the most powerful empires in the world, and bury Victoria's diadem under the ruins of Windsor Castle.

Finerty is a man of different calibre; he is younger, has more education, and was never in jail. But he is congressman for Chicago, and therefore, an American politician. He runs a newspaper, too, which depends for support almost exclusively on Irish-Americans. Wild objurgations of English tyranny may please them, but he should stop at that. He is greatly to blame for hinting at some terrible, indefinable vengeance which is to fall upon the power which holds Ireland; as rhetorical artifice he may think the menace allowable, but this pestilent tall talk, which helped to tie the rope round the neck of Patrick O'Donnell, is injurious in the extreme to the Irish in England, and cripples the wisely-directed strength of the Irish in Ireland.

Ford is the most culpable of the three, for he wields a weighty power, and his utterances are more seriously meant. It is boasted of him that he can sit in his arm-chair and move thousands by a message

through his telephone. The boast, we fear is true. Patrick Ford is a mature elder, mighty practical — not given to sentiment, and when he asks the Irish in America for their dollars, he gets them. His latest act has been to request them to furnish a military-chest for the war against England, and the disposal of this he coolly purposes should be left to his individual judgment and control. If the Irish can be worked upon to accede to this demand, then all we can say is that the audacity of some people is almost warranted by the credulity of others. In its very inception, this compound of secrecy and self-importance betrays the despotic spirit. Patrick Ford, the newest preacher of One-Man-Power, should be ashamed of himself.

O'Donovan, Finerty, and Ford are the aptly-named triumvirs of Irish patriotism-gone-mad. The sooner Irishmen turn a deaf ear to the counsels of such bedlamites, the nearer will she be to the goal at which she is aiming with a steadfast yearning. We are not alone in this opinion; the vast majority of Irishmen at this side of the Atlantic are with us, and we are proud to welcome James Redpath as an adherent to the same sound doctrine, and gladly adopt his words that "Ireland will never be redeemed by men whose policy demands, as its first condition of success, the repeal of the Ten Commandments."

The London Universe.

Physical Force, Dynamite Science.

RECENT Irish history — for a century past — has shown that Ireland has gained absolutely nothing by physical force policies; that she has been constantly defeated in adopting such policies, owing to her disarmed and disorganized condition,— a condition which England has both the will and the power to perpetuate; but it has shown, also, that Ireland has always been a victor over English power whenever she has persistently adhered to an honest and earnest programme of bloodless agitation. Her honest conspirators have always failed, and her honest agitators have always succeeded.

"Science against strength!" That is the latest cry. But does any one, in his sober senses, suppose that the Invincibles have secured, or can secure, a monopoly of the resources of science? Have they a "corner" on dynamite? "Providence," said Napoleon, "always favors the heaviest battalions." So, Science always sides with the biggest purse. Besides, most of the talk about dynamite is what the fops about town call — *Rot.* Dynamite is not half so dangerous, or so destructive, as it is supposed to be. A box of lucifer matches, judiciously used, could do fifty times more damage than a ton of dynamite would do in any great city of England.

Every experiment in dynamite warfare, thus far, has shown that "Science" is a dangerous boomerang in inexperienced hands,— that it only hurts the men who use it. It has shown more power as a fertil-

izer than an explosive, for it has reared more Irish informers and prisoners than it has injured English property and life.

Common sense is a greater force than this sort of "Science," and public opinion is a mightier power in pulling down a Tyranny than nitro-glycerine.

Moral: Support Parnell as long as he is the chief of the Irish people; and let us be content in America with the humble but essential duty of keeping up the supplies. It is neither our business to wage war for Ireland, nor to dictate to the patriots who are fighting her battles in the front.

Besides, brave men never fight at a range of three thousand miles. Let the patriots whose "voice is still for war," and who are "spoiling for a fight," get up at once and cross the Atlantic, and go where the battle rages, and justify, if they dare to do so, the valor of their speech by the valor of their deeds!

But no more commissary generalship! Baggage wagon drivers to the rear! We have had sutler courage enough! Either let us have more slaying or less braying.

But Ireland needs neither assassins nor demagogues. God has sent her a great leader and she is loyal to him. She is right. let us support her! There our duty begins and ends.

JAMES REDPATH, in his *Weekly*.

A Veracious Irish Historian.

MR. W. J. CORBET writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, pointing out that "the fallacy of Irish history" has just received a remarkable illustration in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in which Mr. Goldwin Smith shows that Ireland so far from having any just cause of complaint against England, is largely her debtor. The following quotations show what are his claims to infallibility as an historian of Ireland: —

In the *Contemporary Review* of December, 1878, he says:—"The conquest of Ireland was completed with circumstances of cruelty sufficient to plant undying hatred in the breasts of the people. . . . But the struggle for the land did not end there. Instead of the form of conquest, it took that of confiscation, and was waged by the intruder with the arms of legal chicane. In the form of eviction it has lasted to the present hour, and eviction in Ireland is not like eviction in England. . . . It is starvation or exile."

In the *Fortnightly Review* of January, 1884, he says: — "My aim is to help in removing from the national conscience a fancied burden of historical guilt. . . . Englishmen are generally under the impression that they have done Ireland some extraordinary and unparalleled wrong. . . . Wrong was done in the dark past . . . though in its perpetration no living Englishman or Englishman's father had any part; but even in the dark past it was not extraordinary or unparalleled wrong. The belief that it was is an illusion."

Mr. Goldwin Smith's argument, proceeds Mr. Corbet, that no living Englishman or Englishman's father is responsible for the wrongs inflicted on Ireland is absurd. "The evil men do lives after them." Moreover, nations do not die, and the wrongs of Ireland past and present are such as England as a nation has to answer for.

Bell Making and their Significance.

THERE are two bell-foundries in Dublin,—the famous establishment of Murphy in Thomas street and that of Sheridan in Church street. About forty or fifty years ago the Mr. Murphy of that day began the work of bell-founding, with the determination of relieving Ireland from the reproach of importing her church bells from other countries. His industry and enterprise were crowned with success, for in the course of a few years Dublin supplied church bells to every part of the kingdom, and exported bells to every part of the world. At the great Exhibition of all nations in London, 1851, Mr. Murphy took the first-class medal from all the bell-founders of Europe, and of the world. The prize bell attracted the attention of the Right Rev. Dr. Goold, the Catholic Bishop of Melbourne, who ordered a peal of eight bells from the same foundry for the towers of the Cathedral of his Australian Diocese. These bells weighed 34 tons, were the first ever exported from Ireland, and were carried to New South Wales by the first ship that ever sailed there direct from Dublin. About the same time another peal of eight bells was manufactured for a Protestant church in the Isle of Man, and before long the Irish bells became noted for the sweetness of their tone, the fineness of their workmanship, and the comparative cheapness of their production. Murphy's Foundry has also supplied a large number of bells to Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane. Several have been maufactured for Newfoundland, and for different places in Canada; a goodly number have been sent to the United States, despite an almost prohibitive duty of 33½ per cent., while in several parts of England and Scotland, and throughout all Ireland the sweet tones of Murphy's bells make music in countless belfries and steeples. The great coast bells cast for the Irish Lighthouse Service are from the foundry of Messrs. Thomas Sheridan and Co., whose church bells are also celebrated. One of the largest bells ever manufactured in Ireland was cast by this firm not long ago for the Parish of Tullylish, in the county of Down, having been ordered by the parish priest, the Rev. Bernard O'Hagan, for a church then in the course of erection. The bell weighs about three tons, and is named "St. Patrick."

Bells in Ireland sometimes signify more than they say, having been at all times mixed up with the revelry and romance and associated with the troubles and persecutions of the people. At the time of the Reformation the bells, with their towers, fell into the hands of the intruders. All through the penal days Catholics dared not possess a bell, and even when the Penal laws were partially relaxed in 1793, and Catholic priests were at liberty to celebrate Mass publicly, they were expressly forbidden to do so in any building with a steeple or bell. To evade this law the audacious "Romanists" sometimes hung a bell from a tree adjoining the chapel. In moments of danger the bell was often hidden in the hollow of a tree, as, for instance, the bell of Kilbroney, County Down, which was lately found in the heart of a

venerable oak, having greatly awed and alarmed the people of the country side for years, tolling weirdly on very stormy nights when the high wind rocked the trees of the ancient graveyard. On the occasion of the consecration of the Catholic Cathedral of Armagh in 1873, one of the memorable incidents of the day was the first tolling of the great bell. A Catholic bell had not been heard in Armagh or the neighborhood for 300 years. When the first toll was heard, many persons fell on their knees in the public way and wept for joy. The new Cathedral at Sligo has a fine peal of bells played by automatic machinery, the gift of Mr. O'Connor, a merchant of the town. These bells play a number of sacred airs, such as *Adeste Fideles*, the *Tantum Ergo*, the *O Salutaris*, the *Laudate*, and the *Te Deum;* and the national spirit and native music also find a voice through them, for at proper times and seasons the bells ring out *The Wearing of the Green*, *Tara's Halls*, and similar melodies.

THE IRISH DEAD OF 1883.— The death roll of the distinguished children of the Old Land, during the year 1883, is particularly heavy. Among the names inscribed thereon, were the prince of preachers, Father Tom Burke; Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop McMullen, of Iowa; Mrs. Forrester, M. J. McCann, and D. Robert Dwyer Joyce, the poets; John Cornelius O'Callaghan, the Historian; Hugh Hastings and Mayne Reid, journalists; Martin Milmore, the sculptor; Mrs. Fitzimons, the daughter of the "Liberator;" Miss Emmet, the grand niece of the patriot martyr; Sir John O'Shannessy, the Australian statesman; and many other scions of the race to whose talent and genius, the universe is full of monuments.

In our next issue we will print some reminiscences of Mrs. Forrester, and two poems by her. Mr. Arthur M. Forrester, who is on the staff of *The Republic*, is a son of the deceased.

CANDLEMAS DAY.— Ségur, in his *Histoire Universelle*, relates that in 1346, an English commander and his small force were surprised and blockaded in the town of Angoulême by Prince John, son of Philip of Valois. From want of food, they were about to surrender, when on Candlemas Eve, the English Captain asked to speak with the Prince. "Do you wish to capitulate?" asked the latter, as they met. "No!" was the reply; "but as we are both devout clients of Our Lady, I ask you courteously to suspend hostilities, and that during to-morrow's feast, our men shall be forbidden to fight under any pretext whatever?" "Agreed, willingly," was the Prince's answer. At daybreak, next day, the English captain, his garrison and their baggage were seen coming out of the town. The French sent to ask the meaning of this movement. "I wish to take advantage of the truce," replied the Englishman, "to take my soldiers for a march out!" This was reported to the Prince. "The stratagem is a fair one," gaily remarked Prince John, "and may God speed them! Anyhow, we have the town."

Our Young Folks.

"SISTER MARY PRAY FOR ME."

With a bunch of Irish primroses.

I.

THIS is a flower that grows in Erin,
In lane and lawn and lily lea;
And whene'er you see it, Sister Mary,
Softly, sweetly, pray for me.

II.

I have a mother and sister Mary,
In a dear loved land beyond the sea,
Who'll mourn me long, both late and early;
Then, Sister Mary, pray for me.

III.

The primrose blooms in op'ning Springtime,
At home where I no more can be;
Lonely now is life and winter—
Then, Sister Mary, pray for me.

IV.

Soon in brake and verdant woodland,
Joyous birds shall chant their glee:
But mine is sorrow's mournful measure;
So, Sister Mary, pray for me.

J. K.

BERTIE AND SOPHIE.

"ANY work to-day, Bertie?" asked Mrs. Evans of her son as he passed the threshold of their humble cottage.

"Nothing much, mother; lawyer Sayers has given me some copying to do: but so little! Why, dear mother, just look at me; five feet six in my stockings, and a chest as big as a bass drum. I just wish I had a chance and I'd show you the working power that's in me. But where is Sophy?"

"Here I am, Bertie, and so glad to see my great big brother," said Sophy, as she came from the adjoining room and gave her brother a hearty kiss, while she caught his stalwart arms in her little hands and gazed at him with undisguised love and admiration.

"What a little fairy it is," said Bert as he gazed with beaming

eyes on his sister; but even as he looked a tear bedimmed his sight, for he saw with pain that his little sister's cheeks were losing their roses, and though the same sweet smile, as of old, lit up her countenance, there seemed to his acute eye to be lurking in it a stiffled feeling of pain. Sophy was just eleven, a wee little creature with golden hair, bright blue eyes in which all the sweetness of the human heart seemed to dwell, and a beautiful face so charmingly suggestive of all the gentler virtues, that she seemed too precious a flower to be passed unheeded by that grim reaper, who knows that his "Lord has need of these gay flowerets, the sweet tokens of the earth when He was once a child." As Bertie held her little hands in his, Longfellow's verses recurred to him. With more than usual tenderness he again kissed his little sister, and hurriedly left the room. In a few moments, he was hard at work, plying his axe in the woodshed, and vainly trying to banish that grim spectre from his thoughts. He was still busily engaged at his self-imposed task when he heard a footstep. Turning, he saw Sophy advancing towards him. Bertie leaned his axe upon the pile of wood, and with an effort, greeted her with his wonted genial smile. "Well, Sophy, I see you have something to say."

"Bertie, why did you leave the room so quick? were you displeased at me?"

"Displeased at you! why, you little midget, you never displeased me in your life."

"I'm glad of that," said Sophy simply, "but I've a secret to tell you. I wouldn't tell you, but I am beginning to fear that you'll find out. Bertie, do you know that for the last five or six days I have felt awful weak and dizzy: and so hot up here;" and Sophy put her hand to her forehead.

"Just as I was fearing, little sister. You are sick and don't want mother to know it."

"Oh, but just think how poor mother is worried. I can't bear to give her even the least bit of pain. Ever since our dear father's death she has worked so hard to make things meet. And do you know, Bertie, she often cries when she speaks of having been obliged to take you away from school?"

"Dear mother," Bertie apostrophized, "you are a saint on earth. Ah, little sister, if we be only patient as she. But you must tell mother that you are sick, even if it does pain her. She ought to know. Come on and we'll see her right away." Sister and brother, hand in hand, walked towards the house.

Three months ago their father, a carpenter, had been taken away by a malignant type of fever. Bertie who had been attending a boarding school of the Christian Brothers was called home, and did much with his honest hopefulness, to console the poor widow, left almost without any worldly goods. But she had within her a fund of patience and resignation to God's holy will that threw a peaceful halo of brightness into this dark period of her life. Bertie unable to gain a permanent situation, was obliged to content himself with the occasional odd jobs of copying that lawyer Sayers placed in his hands. Thus far the wolf of famine had been kept from their door, but how

long they could withstand his attacks, was a question that cast a shadow of sadness upon the meek face of Mrs. Evans.

As Bertie entered the room with Sophy the widow saw that something was wrong. Her quick, motherly instinct divined the cause. "Oh, Sophy, you are ill. Why did you not tell me?" Putting her hand to Sophy's brow she added: "It is a fever. You must go to bed immediately my dear." "Oh, mother," said little Sophy, "I just tried my very best to get well without telling you, but I couldn't do it. I don't think little girls of my age, have any business to get sick when their poor mothers have worry enough already." Sophy delivered herself so boldly and dogmatically, that surprised at herself she broke into a laugh. Bertie laughed, and the mother herself joined in. It is often a narrow line that separates pathos from humor. Sophy was soon put to bed, and Doctor Angular was called in. The physician was true to his name in more senses than one. Mentally, morally, and physically, it would be difficult to find a more angular man among the two thousand inhabitants of the village. The doctor entered the room with a searching glance at the furniture, as though he would take a mental inventory with a view of making a levy, in case his bill were unpaid. He felt the child's pulse, and then turned fiercely towards Mrs. Evans. "Madam," he snarled, "why didn't you call me before. That's just the way with you poor folk. You'll let sickness run on in the hope of saving five dollars for a doctor's visit, and end by paying fifty dollars for a funeral."

"See here, sir," said Bertie, his face flushing with indignation, "we'll pay your fee. And if ever you dare to speak that way to my mother again——"

"Bertie," cried his mother, "say no more." The boy was silent, but the look he fixed upon the doctor, caused that gentleman to lower his eyes and apparently to shrink in his clothes.

"All very well, madam," he continued, in a milder tone, however, "but you should have been prompter." He then wrote a prescription, and as Bertie observed, departed very much in the style of the month of March, having come in like a lion, and gone out like a lamb.

Little Sophy was really sick, and the patient mother devoted herself unremittingly to the suffering child. Towards evening a welcome visitor appeared in the person of Father Charles, the parish priest.

"Why, what's this, what's this?" he exclaimed as he entered the room, "Sophy sick, and I not know it! I didn't expect this of you, Mrs. Evans."

"Indeed, Father, I was just thinking of sending Bertie to you."

"O Father," chimed in Sophy, "I am very glad to see you, I know all my catechism now, and am so anxious to make my first Communion."

"That's good," replied Father Charles, "and I have no doubt that our dear Lord is most desirous of coming to you. It was of such as you that Christ spoke when he said, 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not:' and certainly *I* won't forbid them. So then, if you will make your first Communion on — let me see — what do you say to Thanksgiving day? It's just three weeks off."

"Oh, thank you, Father," said Sophy, her eyes glowing with holy joy. After a short conversation, the priest prepared to leave, promising to call on the morrow. "And Bertie, my boy," he added, "I have something here that will please you I think; nor have I forgotten you, Mrs. Evans. Look at this." He produced from the intricacies of his great coat a magazine which he handed the boy, and a small but touching picture of the Sacred Heart.

Mrs. Evans turned to thank the kind donor, but Father Charles, who would rather be abused than thanked, quickly took the alarm.

"Now don't, Mrs. Evans, don't say a word. There, now, good bye," and the kind priest disappeared as though he were the good genius of a fairy tale.

The poor family became more cheerful, after his visit. Bertie was a great reader, and as he glanced at the magazine and found that the articles were expressly written for juveniles, he felt a rising sense of cheerfulness. On looking up from his reading, he noticed that a new object adorned the room. It was the picture of the Sacred Heart upon the mantel-piece.

"Do you know what that means, Bertie?" asked his sister.

"What, Sophy?"

"It means that Jesus is going to give his special blessing to this house. Long ago he promised Blessed Margaret Mary that he would bring peace and happiness to that home, where the image of his dear Heart is honored." "I believe you, little sister, and among the other blessings, may he bring back the roses of health to your cheeks." On retiring to his chamber, Bertie was listlessly turning the pages of the periodical, when the word *Notice* caught his eye. Beneath it was the following:

"The proprietors of this magazine, desirous to make the coming Christmas number as interesting as possible, have decided to make the following liberal offer. Fifty dollars will be given as a prize to any of our readers, who will write the best Christmas story, the manuscript to be submitted at least ten days before Thanksgiving day. It is hoped that many will contest; for, while it is true, that, 'the many fail, the one succeeds,' still such efforts may open the way to future success." "Couldn't I try it?" mused Bertie, and he began tapping the ground with his foot, while his brow gathered in thought. Suddenly his eye lighted up. "I've got it!" he cried, and forthwith he seized pen and paper, and began writing, almost furiously.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock struck; and still his pen flew on, as though it were furnished with mercury's flying sandals. And all the time that Bertie wrote he seemed to have before him, as though possessed with a dual consciousness, the adorable Heart of Jesus, burning with unquenchable love. And what had the Sacred Heart to do with his lucubration? Nothing, so far as the story showed, directly; but indirectly, much; for there breathed, in every detail of his work, that meekness, love, and tenderness which can be found in all their purity abiding in that glorious human yet divine Heart. The young author felt that the picture in Sophy's room had something to do with his inspirations, and with the concluding sentence he made a long and

fervent prayer to our Lord, to bless with success his humble attempt. The clock struck two as Bertie fell asleep, his mind alternately clouded with misgiving, and glowing with hope.

Bright and early Bertie arose, and set to work at correcting and copying his manuscript. During breakfast he was busy with his thoughts, and even Sophy could not draw him into a conversation. The meal over, he again took himself to his room, and exactly at half past ten his precious manuscript was clandestinely deposited in the Post Office. On returning home he found little Sophy in a fever. Every now and then she would turn her fever-lustred eyes toward the picture, and each time she looked, an air of patient sweetness would breath upon her flushed countenance, smoothing away the hard lines of pain.

"Well, midget, how are you, anyhow?" said Bertie, summoning up all his hilarity of voice. A sweet, gentle, loving smile played upon her face, as she answerd. "Better, Bertie: always better, when I see you."

"Ah, you rogue. There you are again with your compliments. I suppose you think I am the most wonderful boy in the world."

"I don't know, Bertie," answered Sophy with charming simplicity; "you see, I'm not acquainted with many boys. But I *do* know one thing, and it is that if there are any better brothers in the world than you, I don't want to have them. They'd be too good."

"Oh, you siren! you Loreley!"

"What's that, Bertie?"

The boy answered nothing, but thought if there were better little sisters on earth than his darling Sophy, they were worth a pilgrimage to see.

Just then, in came the doctor, followed by Mrs. Evans. "Good morning," said the physician, with a grimace intended for a smile, "how's the little girl?"

Mrs. Evans informed him of Sophy's symptoms, and after a brief examination he wrote out a prescription, adding that in all likelihood she would be confined to her bed for several weeks. "And, madam," in a tone intended to signify generosity, he continued, "as my visits will be frequent, I will allow a reduction. My customary charge is three fifty per visit; but to *you* it will be three thirty-five! But cash down, mind that. Good day."

During the following fortnight Sophy continued to languish on her bed of pain. She was happy, however, and eagerly counted the days that preceded her first Communion. The doctor came regularly, and his "cash down, mind that," was making great havoc on the poor widow's funds: but there was another and more genial visitor. Father Charles came frequently, sparing no pains to prepare the sick child for the happiest day of her life. Every day Bertie went to the post-office — but no answer. "I suppose," he thought at the expiration of two weeks, "it has passed in the way of all manuscript — into the waste basket."

It was the Wednesday night preceding Thanksgiving day. Father Charles had just departed, after having confessed his little penitent,

who was now very low, indeed, and no longer able to sit up. She was lying, her attenuated hands clasped in prayer, and her large, dreamy, far-away eyes fixed upon that dear picture. Her mother was kneeling at her side, praying no less fervently. Things were coming to a sad pass. The doctor had that day pocketed her last few dollars; and on her mentioning that she had no more, he had remarked. — "No pay! madam? There is another physician in the town — a new one; you would oblige me by employing him."

As the doctor departed, Sophy turned to her mother.

"Mother, I am going to pray for you to-morrow, just as hard as I can. Now what shall I ask for you?"

"Entire resignation to the holy will of God, my child."

"Indeed, indeed, I will, mother; for I know that our good God is trying you hard. And Bertie, dear, what shall I ask for you?"

"Oh, everything," said Bertie; "and besides," he added, "I want you to pray that I may get a letter."

"A letter?"

"Yes; and a new doctor — and — and — a good Thanksgiving dinner for us all."

"Very well, Bertie; and now I feel so tired. Good night, dear mother."

As Mrs. Evans stooped to kiss her darling, she seemed to discern in that pure, tender, wasted little face, the image of some bright angel that had come by mistake into this world of ours,

"You needn't look at me that way, mother," Sophy whispered; for with all her simplicity she detected her mother's thought; "I feel that I am not going to die. Whenever I look at the picture of the Sacred Heart, I seem to hear a voice, 'not yet; not yet, my child. I wish you to work for me among little girls like yourself.'" Bertie now drew near, and having kissed the wan, worn cheek, withdrew in silence. The room was a sacred place. It was the shrine of a pure heart

Next morning the scene was touching. The priest entered with the Sacred Host, and Sophy, supported by mother and brother, knelt in her bed to receive the bread of angels. How beautiful she looked, when the Dove of the Tabernacle was nestled in her bosom. The living, the eternal light seemed to flash about her, and the radiancy of that brighter world to enshroud her. Her eyes closed, her hands were clasped in unworded prayer, and she was all in all in God.

You, that have seen the morning sun tint the mountain-tops with rainbow hues; that have witnessed a thousand previously unseen things spring up, under its radiating influence, into life and beauty; and that have seemed therein to detect the "skirts of glory, parting wide" of the divinity. Oh, if you had witnessed that scene, not the skirts of glory, but the eternal, ineffable glory itself would have been before you. At such times as this, there are thoughts "too pure for the touch of a word."

About nine o'clock that morning, Bertie, with fresh hope, started for the Post-Office. As he entered, he noticed a stranger,— a stout, genial-faced gentleman, opening a letter at the counter. The gentle-

man gazed at him with interest; their eyes met, and both simultaneously smiled. That was a natural introduction, and Bertie felt that he had a new friend.

"A letter for you, Bert," said the clerk. The boy's heart leaped in his bosom, as he recognized on the envelope the name of the Magazine. As he tore away the seal, a check detached from the envelope fluttered to the floor. Picking it up hastily, he glanced at it, hoping that it was for fifty dollars; but it was not; it was for *sixty dollars!*

"Hurrah! he shouted, forgetting for a time, the sacred precincts of the office.

The kind face of the stout gentleman grew still kinder. He had been a boy himself, and had, by no means, forgotten it. To such there is a charming chord in the vigorous "hurrah" of a manly boy.

"It must be a mistake," muttered Bertie, "Sixty dollars? but perhaps the letter will tell me." He began reading and every line caused his face to suffuse with blushes.

"*Dear Sir,*—

"Your contribution excels all the stories submitted. We are of opinion that your powers promise more than the success of an amateur. Hence we ask you to contribute one story a month to our Magazine; for each of which, to begin with, we will pay you ten dollars, and if your success tally with our expectations, we will, in a short time, recompense your efforts with the salary of a professional contributor.

"As an evidence of our good faith, we enclose you, in addition to the prize-money, a bonus of ten dollars. We will send you in due time a few copies of the Christmas number."

The young author took off his hat, and wiped his face with his handkerchief. To use the words of a well-known humorist, "he was frying in his own blushes."

"Well, my boy," broke in the stout gentleman, "you've had some good news."

"Oh, indeed, sir, that I have. But pardon me, your face is a strange one, aren't you the new doctor?". "I have that honor," was the answer, "but I fear that I'll make but little money on my practice with you."

"Then, sir, I wish to speak with you."

"Very well, come on and we'll have a walk and a talk together." The two new friends paced the quiet streets, while Bertie, with all the zest of a boy, told of his attempt at authorship, Sophy's sickness, and, above all, the wonderful virtue of the Sacred Heart picture.

"And now, doctor," he added when that glorious physician had read the letter with a delight scarcely inferior to his own, "I want you to take care of Sophy, and, thank God, I will be able to pay you."

"Pay me! my dear fellow, you have already paid me. Your little story is a bonanza in itself. But stay, you shall pay me. All I ask is a single copy of that magnificent Christmas story."

"You shall have it; you shall have it, sir, and may God bless you."

Before going home Bertie ordered a large stock of groceries. The doctor, promising to call that day, sent by him a paper of large oranges for Sophy. And now he starts for home,— not walking, not running, simply *bounding* thitherwards.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed rushing into his mother's arms and giving her a sounding kiss. "Hurrah," he again cried, giving Sophy her kiss, tossing the package into her arms, and breaking it, so that the bed suddenly became a strange mixture of Sophy, oranges, and Bertie. Without giving his astonished family time to protest against his impetuosity, he again launched into the history of that wonderful story, and ended by placing fifty-three dollars in his mother's hands.

When he finished his recital, all three, guided by the same instinct, turned towards the dear picture. For a few moments there was silence, and then Sophy cried out, "Bertie, I *do* believe you are the most wonderful boy in the world." There was a happy family dinner that day, none the less so for the cheering presence of the stout doctor.

As Christmas drew near, great excitement prevailed in the family. None was more impatient than the physician and the priest. On the 23d of December Bertie received a large packet, containing the precious magazines. And the very first story was his own! and the frontispiece was a beautiful colored engraving illustrating a scene in his story. And such an engraving! Bertie could have hugged the artist; for the idea was carried out perfectly. There was a joyful gathering in Sophy's room that evening. The little child was now up, and dancing around "like a bewitching little fairy." All gathered around the fire, and with breathless interest listened, as Father Charles read that wonderful Christmas story. It was touching, at times. The hearty doctor, at one part, took out his handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and tried to smile, but vainly — it being the first occasion on record that he ever failed. Finally, like all good stories, it came to an end. And weren't they proud of Bert?

And now, dear reader, our pleasant acquaintance with Sophy and Bertie must come to an end. If ever you happen upon a magazine with a story, beautiful in pathos, sweet in human love, and permeated with the gentle spirit of meekness, you may think (and perhaps not be wrong) that Bertie wrote it.

Sophy is still a "dear little sister." At least all the little girls say so, who attend a certain school of the Visitation nuns in the West. She teaches the lowest division; and in her class-room, you may be sure, there is a beautiful picture of the adorable Heart.

The little girls love to hear her speak of the Sacred Heart. "Why," said a young miss one day, "we can't help loving the Sacred Heart, we girls. For when we see so much kindness and love in everything our 'dear little sister' does, we can't help thinking what a wonderful heart *He* must have who has given her all the love and meekness that makes her the 'cleverest little sister in the world.'"

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A SMALL boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly round the handsomely furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed inquiringly: "Oh, grandmamma, where is that miserable table papa says you keep?"

Useful Knowledge.

IRON calicoes on the right side and they will keep clean a longer time.

IRON silk on the wrong side when quite damp; if colored, use an iron which is not very hot, to avoid fading it.

MAKE brooms last longer and sweep better by wetting them in boiling soapsuds once a week, and when not in use, hang them up or invert them.

EXTINGUISH the fire in a burning chimney, by first shutting the doors of the room, then throw on the fire in the fireplace a few handfuls of common fine salt. Close the fireplace and allow the muriatic acid gas evolved from the burning salt to pass up the chimney and put out the fire.

IF there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble there could be no faith; were there no trial, there could be no love; were there no fear, there could be no hope. Hope, faith, and love are weapons, and weapons imply foes and encounters, and relying on my weapons, I will glory in my sufferings.— *Cardinal Newman.*

THERE is scarcely an ache to which children are subjected, so hard to bear and so difficult to cure, as earache. A remedy which never fails, is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT. — You must not yield to customs, but, like the anvil, endure all the blows until the hammers break themselves. When misrepresented use no crooked means to clear yourself. Clouds do not last long. If in the course of duty you are tried by the mistrust of friends, gird up your loins and say in your heart,— "I was not driven to virtue by the encouragement of friends, nor will I be repelled from it by their coldness." Finally be just and fear not.

BIG NAMES.— Some people like long big names for their maladies. A woman came to me with a pain. I examined her, and told her that back-ache was her disease. She was dissatisfied. It was commonplace and vulgar. The lowest kind of people have back-ache. She went to another doctor. He said that her case required the most careful investigation, and was very rare; that he had seen but one case like it, and he would tell her confidentially it was that of a wealthy and highly cultivated lady in a neighboring city. In brief, it was a case of decided tendency to "cerebro spinal meningitis." She took his prescription, which was in elaborate Latin, paid $5, and went home delighted. A dear friend of hers had consulted a distinguished French physician, then in this country, and urged her to seek his advice. This was done, and after a careful examination the French doctor told her it was clearly a case of "polarization of the cerebro spinal axis;" and accompanied his advice by a written prescription done up in ornate technicalities, and charged $30. The lady was excited beyond measure, and regarded herself as nothing less than a heroine. Meeting her casually, I asked after her health. She told me, with an evident chuckle, of the distinguished French physician. I asked to see his opinion and prescription which she showed me with a funny display of pride, and then asked me: "What do you think of my having 'back-ache' now?" — *Dio Lewis.*

WHAT TO DRINK TO KEEP YOU WARM. —"If you want a drink that will keep you warm a whole night long out of doors," said an old policeman to a friend, "don't drink whiskey or rum or any liquor. The heat they afford is short lived, and leaves you cold and weak. They are worse than nothing. But drink a glass of ale and pepper — new ale and common black pepper. It will not affect your head, but it will keep your blood warm in the keenest wind and coldest rain." "I never tried the pepper part of that prescription," said a Highland car driver, "but ale is I know thought to be very warming. We car drivers have colder work than policemen do, I think, and the old ones among us were talking the whole thing over the other night. Hot rum, hot whiskey, brandy and ginger, and all the cold, clear alcoholic drinks were discussed. But the majority were in favor of hot coffee. That is the least hurtful, the most heating, and the longest lasting drink I know of."

The Humorist.

THE ÆSTHETIC HOUSEKEEPER.— She was a graduate of Vassar, and when she married Julius Augustus Smythe, was very much like another young lady who has been embalmed in song:

Miss Pallas Andora von Blurky,
Who didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

However, she told Julius Augustus that she was a good housekeeper because her mother and grandmother were, and it ran in the family. So, on the strength of this, he went to housekeeping. She bought a sweet little morocco-covered note-book and an embroidered market-basket, and carried a gold pencil, wore an æsthetic morning costume, and appeared like a vision of delight before the magnates of the cleaver at the Central Market.

"Oh, the dear, sweet, cunning little pigs," she exclaimed, stopping at an aldermanic stand where several little roosters were on exhibition. "I'll take a couple of those; how much are they a pair?"

"Five Dollars for two," was the realistic answer.

"Isn't that rather high? I guess I'll take a yard of beefsteak and a pound of chewing gum instead, and some — oh, yes! — some sweet breads. Julius said he wanted some; nice, fresh ones, please, with plenty of raisins in them."

Then she sailed over to a poultry stall.

"Have you any chickens?" she asked of the woman in attendance.

"Heaps of 'em," was the reply.

"How much do they cost a heap?" she asked in a rather faint voice.

"Half a dollar apiece, mem."

"Well, send up a piece to my residence." And she turned to the next stall and picked up some packages that looked very nice. "What is that sweet stuff that smells so lovely?" she asked of a red-headed boy that stood behind the table.

"Limburgher, Miss, and its just splendid; tastes ever so much better than it smells — have one?"

She took one, and then she asked the boy where they sold their quail on toast.

"Ain't any in the market," answered the young reprobate. "Mother's gone after a load, though, and we'll send you some as soon as they are in."

"What are these lovely navy-blue berries?" she inquired. "They will just match my china. You may send me a bushel."

Finally she decided to try a quart, which she carried herself in the artistic basket.

"Have you any hen fruit?" she asked sweetly of an old fellow in a white apron.

He scratched his ear with a pencil for a moment: "Mebbe you mean h'eggs," he volunteered.

These she also took charge of, as she wanted to make an omelet for Julius Augustus.

But she never did, or, rather, when she got home the omelet was made with a liberal admixture of blueberries, and the front of her æsthetic dress was ruined. Added to it was an odor that sent Julius into spasms and frightened the cat to death — the limburgher has melted.

The Vassar girl did justice to high Spanish and Greek in the explanation that ensued, and the next day they burned the morocco note-book and went to boarding. — *Detroit Post.*

THERE is nothing like a good short-hand reporter to take a man down.

IT was his first dinner at which he found a "programme" printed in French, and, after examining the bill of fare intently from top to bottom, he called to the waiter, and, pointing to the word "menu" at the top, said: "Fetch me a dish of that for a starter."

A LAWYER wrote "rascal" on the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered complaint in open court against the offender, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had also written his own name on it.

ONE day, an old negro, clad in rags and carrying a burden on his head, rambled into the executive chamber and dropped his load on the floor. Stepping toward the governor, he said: "Am you de gubner, sah?" Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "If dat am a fac', I'se glad ter meet yer. Yer see I libs way up dar in de back ob de country, and is a poor man, sah. I hear dar is some pervishuns in de con'stution fer de cullud man, and I am 'ere to get some ob'em, sah."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE WAY SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE ADVERTISE THEMSELVES. — The following article from the *Western Watchman*, published at St. Louis, is just as applicable to New England society as to St. Louis. Look at the Sunday papers, for instance. Columns upon columns are filled up with the gush and nausea of the house, about Miss So and So, how charming she appeared at the last ball, party, the theatre, &c. Take off the trappings in which these "belles" are adorned, and see what a difference it would make in their appearance. We do not imagine that the following article will reach those outside the Church to any extent, but our Catholic women, young and old, should profit by its perusal.

All first-class dailies have now a society column. It used to be a column; now it is a whole page. It was a melange of the doings of *public men and women;* now it is a weekly review of the matrimonial market. Our young misses who have any pretentions to the *ton* must now see themselves in print at least once a week, or they fancy the crowd of wife seekers have passed on and forgotten to call. We know now when our society belles get a new dress; when they took their last trip South on a Fifth street car; when they got rid of their colds, and how long they had them; when they will be able to see their sweethearts, and how long they will remain at home before flying away again to greet ten thousand lovers who are dying to greet them in all parts of the country and Europe. It is simply abominable and horribly vulgar.

The worst of it is, all these notices are sent in by the young ladies themselves. Our readers may rest assured that we know how the society part of our Sunday papers is edited. During the week thousands of scented envelopes find their way into the drawer of the society editor, and on Sunday they appear just as they were written. When you see that the charming Miss Lisette Lutestring has just arrived from a most pleasant trip at the seaside, you may wager your back hair that all that was written to the paper by Miss Lisette Lutestring herself; that she called herself charming, and called her ride on a sewing-machine wagon to Queen's Lake, in the Illinois bottoms, a trip to the seaside. No paper would dare to use a young lady's name without her knowledge and consent. The number of ninnies who thus advertise themselves in our papers is surprisingly large for a city making pretense to culture and refinement.

In Europe such vulgarity is unheard of in decent society. A lady so gazetted could and would recover heavy damages from the libelers. What is the meaning of this hankering after publicity so apparent in our American girl? Have they no modesty? Do they not know that, save on very rare occasions, publicity compromises a girl's character? Do they not know that young men whose friendship is worth prizing are repelled from associating with a young lady whose name is in every mouth? Girls fond of publicity make very bad wives. They are fond of display, and that passion following them into wedlock makes them dress up for other people's gratification, without regard to the feelings of their husbands or the demands of their families.

We call upon all respectable Catholic young ladies to frown down upon this vulgarity. Let them discountenance the immodesty by refusing to associate with

those who thus display themselves in print. The practice is a sign of unhealthiness in the community. There may be nothing criminal in it, but it is strongly suggestive of brazenness and excessive familiarity with the public.

WAR.— With regard to the future, Lord Wolseley, the conqueror of Egypt, holds very alarmist views, and believes that it is not without reason that all Europe is arming to the teeth, and that the most sensible people, not those carried away by warlike or party politics, must feel that there is coming over the world some terrible war.

GOLDEN JUBILEE. — Was celebrated in New York, on the 12th of January, the fiftieth year of the ordination of the present Cardinal Archbishop. His Eminence was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 10th of March, 1810, so that on the 10th of March he will have reached his seventy-fourth year. His parents came from the County Derry, Ireland. The ceremonies at the golden jubilee were perfectly magnificent. As the proceedings have been duly chronicled in the daily, as well as the Catholic papers, it is not necessary for us to repeat them here. We may mention that in 1826, during the Cardinal's lifetime (he being then sixteen years of age), there were but three churches in New York, and only six priests, and about twelve in the entire diocese. In 1834 when the Cardinal was ordained priest, there were but five churches in New York, and about twenty priests in the diocese, embracing the entire State and a part of New Jersey. In 1854, twenty years after the Cardinal's ordination as priest, there were forty-five churches and eight chapels, 102 priests and four asylums and hospitals, and a population of about 250,000. In 1884, when he celebrated his golden jubilee, there were 167 churches and 49 chapels, 380 priests, and 29 asylums, etc., in the diocese of New York, with a population of 600,000; and 8 dioceses where there was but one, with over 1,200 priests, 950 churches and chapels, 100 asylums or charitable institutions, and a Catholic population of over 1,400,000.

PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.— How Protestantism is faring in Italy is shown to demonstration by a Berlin paper. Taking the official statistics of the Italian Minister for Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, the journal cited shows that the oldest and most important Protestant sect in Italy is that of the Waldensians, who reckon 11,641 souls in the Piedmontese valleys, and 3,225 in other provinces. Next follow the "Free Italian Church," 1,780; Wesleyan Methodists, 1,428; "Free Christians," 1,250; Episcopalian Methodists, 748; English Baptists, 293; "Evangelical Independents," 30; "Universal (!)" Baptists, 16; grand total, 24,599 Protestants, of whom 3,660 are foreigners. These are the Government statistics, but a Waldensian preacher, Signor Meille, questions their accuracy, and maintains that 10,400 unconfirmed Protestant children, besides 21,960 adults "who abstain from attendance at Church," must be added, raising the total to 62,000. On reference, we find that both Dr. Brachelli and Mr. Mulhall agree in assigning 59,000 as the number of Protestants in Italy. In any case the figures are ludicrously small as compared with the immense propagandist efforts made by the English and American Societies. The English Bible Society has an agency in Rome, nine depots, and forty *colporteurs* in the provinces. The Scottish and Italian Bible Societies, and the Tract Society also spread an immense quantity of Protestant literature about the country, and no less than eleven Protestant papers appear in Italy. The Waldensians have 280 public elementary schools, 154 teachers, and 10,000 children, besides two theological seminaries and nine other educational establishments. This religious body actually receives every year a subsidy from the English Government first granted by Cromwell for the "persecuted saints of Piedmont," which was for a time stopped by Charles II., but afterwards restored.

DEATH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.— One of the most remarkable men of the century passed away at his residence in Boston early Saturday evening, February 2, at the age of seventy-two years.

VERY REV. WILLIAM BRYNE, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston has been appointed Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Boston, vacated by the death of Rev. Father Daly. He preached his first sermon in that Church on Sunday, February 3.

MRS. JAMES MORAN died in Bangor, Maine, on Saturday, February 2, at the advanced age of one hundred and four years.

EUROPE last year drank 3,000,500,000 gallons of beer, or 56.15 gallons for every man, woman and child. America drank 376,775,000 gallons, or 20.15 per head.

BOSTON (says the *Western Watchman*), is called after an old, old "Romish" saint. There is no doubt of it. St. Botholph (boat-help) established a church in Lincolnshire, England, long, long ago. A little town grew up around it. It was called Botholph's town; and as boatswain became bowson, Botholph's town became Bowston and Boston. Break the news gently at the Hub.

THE *City Press* states that the Salters' Company are negotiating with their agricultural tenants in Ireland, as a body, for the purchase by the tenants of the farms in their occupation. The terms on which the negotiations are proceeding are twenty years' purchase of the (1882) Government valuation of the land in cases where the balance — not to exceed one-fourth — of the purchase money not advanced by the Land Commission, under the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881, remains on mortgage of the holdings, and nineteen and a half years' purchase of the same valuation in cases where the whole of the purchase money is paid in cash.

DECREASING.— The *London Globe* admits honestly that Protestantism is "not making much way in Italy." Of course it is not, as the *Globe* understands it. One Meille, who is what is called a "Vaudois pastor" (that is one of the leaders of the foul remnant of Manicheans that still pollute the Piedmontese valleys), has tried to cook an account that will look a little respectable. But it won't do. The truth is given in the *Globe*, namely, that they are at present 12,000 fewer Protestants in Italy than there were in 1871.

MR. HOLLOWAY, the renowned ointment and pill manufacturer, died lately in London, at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Holloway's charity and philanthropy were no less marked than were his business tact and industry; and he devoted about two millions sterling to the founding and benefiting of hospitals and other institutions. The sum which he has left behind him is stated to be three millions.

THE FRENCH AND O'DONNELL'S EXECUTION.— The French Press, almost without exception, acknowledge the justice of O'Donnell's execution, but some question whether it would not have been wiser on the part of the British Government to exercise the prerogative of mercy. The *Univers* writes strongly on the subject. It says: "Carey has paid his debt to English justice. Our neighbors accordingly say that they have acted justly. We will not say that they have not; but the English, even when they wish to be just to the conquered, are wanting in wisdom, because they do not know what mercy is. Carey was detestable as an assassin and a traitor. He was pardoned because he was wanted as an informer, and it is 'this institution of informer' that is being protected by the hanging of O'Donnell. This is an excellent method of stimulating later on the zeal of other informers; but it is a detestable mode of meriting the esteem and the attachment of the Irish people."

ACCORDING to the *Minerve*, a French newspaper published at Montreal, the number of French-speaking inhabitants in British North America is 1,298,929, of whom 1,073,820 are in the Province of Quebec, 102,743 in Ontario, 56,635 in New Brunswick, 41,219 in Nova Scotia, 10,751 in Prince Edward's Island, 9,949 in Manitoba, 2,896 in the Territories, and 916 in British Columbia. The French population in the province of Quebec continues to increase, while the English-speaking population is decreasing.

THE CHURCH is steadily increasing in England. Archbishops and Bishops in Great Britain, 22; priests, 2,492; churches, chapels, and stations, 1,524.

THE cable states that Mr. Parnell declines to deliver a speech at Cork, until the eve of the Parliamentary election. The Irish leader always shows his American blood in obeying "Old Put's" Bunker Hill injunction, not to fire until he can see the white of his enemy's eyes.

He knows when to make his shot most telling, and never fails to bring down his game.

WHEN you are prosperous you are sure of friends. Let adversity strike you, and those "friends forget your address."

WHAT A ZEALOUS PRIEST IS DOING. —At his recent inauguration, Mayor Johnson, of Newburyport, Mass., spoke in praise of Father Teeling, in that place. "I feel it a duty to take suitable public notice of an institution in this city, destined as we hope to exercise a salutary influence on our community. I refer to the parochial school established by the zeal and efforts of Rev. A. J. Teeling. It gave me great satisfaction to be present, with other members of the school board, at the annual exhibition, and it is no fulsome adulation to say that it far exeeded the expectation of all present. This school, under the laws of this commonwealth, in a qualified sense, comes under the supervision of the school committee, and I am gratified to know that, in the performance of their duty, they passed an unanimous vote of approval. This institution, of course, to some extent is experimental. The city furnishes no funds for its support, nevertheless, I think I may safely say, that the teachers and all who have the care of it will enjoy the good will, and be favored with the countenance and kind offices of all our citizens, believing as I do that nothing will do more to promote its prosperity than the friendly regards of the public."

WHAT IS SAID OF OUR MAGAZINE.

ST. MICHAEL'S, SOUTH BROOKLYN, N. Y.
January 29th, 1884.

Dear Mr. Donahoe,—Please find P. O. note for two dollars, for current year's subscription to your most interesting MAGAZINE. I invariably find a pleasure in sending you my subscription, for it insures me twelve pleasant evenings in the year. May you live long, and may your racy magazine survive you.

JOS. P. O'CONNELL, D. D.

ST. CHARLES, MINN.
January 19th, 1884.

MR. P. DONAHOE,—*Dear Sir,*—Please find enclosed $2.00, for the MAGAZINE, and please continue sending it. I think it is a very excellent Magazine, and do not see how I could get along without it. My children, also, prize it highly.

Yours respectfully,

J. C. KELLY.

BUTTER-MAKING. — A dairy-teaching experiment has begun at the Glasnevin Model Farm, near Dublin, under the patronage of the Commissioners of National Education. From all parts of the country, girls who have been selected as likely to profit quickly by the instruction given them, come to receive the best possible teaching in dairy management and butter-making. They will be comfortably lodged and provided for during their stay of six weeks in Dublin, a sum of £3 having been advanced by each girl, or for her by her friends. We draw much hope from this movement, seeing that at every dairy show we are assured by the best English judges, that if our butter were only as well made and packed as it is delicious in quality, we could command the very highest prices in the butter-markets of the world.

ORANGE RIOTS AT HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Starting from Harbor Grace, to go in the direction of Bay Roberts, which is from thirteen to twenty miles distant from Harbor Grace, one passes through three villages, Courage's Beach, River Head, and Spaniard's Bay, the first situated about a mile and a half from Harbor Grace, the second about the same distance from the first, and the third a couple or three miles from the second. Courage's Beach, inhabited exclusively by Orangemen, is built on one side of the road, which there runs along the edge of a precipitous cliff. Bishop McDonald had to pass through Courage's Beach in going to River Head, and if the attempt to throw him over the cliff had been successful, we infer from the description of the place, as given by one well acquainted with it, that death would have been inevitable. The head Constable Doyle, who is now suspended, apostatized from the Catholic faith four or five years ago. St. Stephens Day (Dec. 26th) is for the Orangemen of Newfoundland what the 12th of July is for their brethren of other countries. The former date was chosen there because on the latter the men are all away fishing and sealing.

ARRIVAL HOME, AND A HEARTY WELCOME.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams arrived at his residence in Boston, on the evening of the 16th of January.

He was present at the solemn High Mass in the Holy Cross Cathedral the following Sunday, and preached an interesting discourse relative to his journey to Rome. He said: — "I should have thought it a great happiness to have been with you in the joyous time of Christmas, but my duty elsewhere kept me, and nothing less. It was only at the desire of our Holy Father that I have been absent at all; but you understand a great deal of the reason which caused this call to Rome. This country is growing rapidly, and it was thought proper to call a general council, in order that the affairs of the Church here might be firmly fixed for the future. The Holy Father knowing that the number of dioceses was now more than seventy, decided to call the heads of the Church here to confer as to what was best for the country, and afterward to present the results of their work to the bishops of the United States, so that the latter might consult again and report what they thought best for the country. It is in answer to this call that I have been absent. I had the happiness of seeing our Holy Father in public and in private many times. The day before Christmas all the Cardinals in Rome assembled and gave to him their good wishes. His Holiness answered their address with strength and vigor, in a speech of half an hour. Although in his seventy-fourth year, he is still healthy and vigorous and able to do the work of Almighty God on earth. The more I saw of the workings of the Church, the more I thanked God for his infinite wisdom. The Church has no longer any temporal power, and everything depends upon the good will of her children; yet when was her word stronger or more powerful? Though nations will not listen to her voice, those who belong to those nations remain faithful. In the beginning Christ sent his apostles to give his precepts to the world. He did not say explain these things, but he said teach them; and the successor of Christ and St. Peter sends his missionaries to teach and then show the reason of their faith; and as the apostles did, so is done in our days. In the beginning the faith was taught and confirmed by miracles; but to-day, if we have not the same miracle, we can say our faith has been handed down to us through 1800 years, and this is a greater miracle than any wrought by the apostles. Let us, then, offer up our hearts to God and thank him for grace in our Church, and pray for our Holy Father. When I give you the special blessing, after Mass, it will be directly from him. When we left him he gave it with all his heart, and asked us to give it directly from him. I give it to you from him as if he was present here with you. Pray, then, that he may be strengthened; and, when he is called, that he may be called to God and the company of our divine Saviour." After Mass the Archbishop gave the Papal Benediction.

On the 23d of January the clergy of the Archdiocese, to the number of some two hundred, assembled at the archepiscopal palace, and presented His Grace with a suitable address, backed up with a purse worthy of the priests of the Archdiocese. The address was signed by the Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, as chairman, and Rev. Thomas Magennis, secretary. The Archbishop feelingly responded, and thanked the reverend clergy for the sentiments contained in their beautiful address, and for the handsome present they had seen fit to make him on his return from the Eternal City.

On the part of the laity, a reception was tendered to the Archbishop, on the 30th of January, by the members of the Catholic Union, at their Rooms, on which occasion an address of welcome was presented to the Archbishop, together with a well filled purse.

RELIGION IN FRANCE AND GERMANY. — Whilst the French Government are engaged in cutting down the salaries of their Bishops, and in harassing the Church in every way, the German Government in Alsace Lorraine is displaying a spirit of remarkable conciliation and liberality in the fresh measures it has taken with regard to the treatment of the Catholic clergy. No less than thirty-five *succursales* are raised to the rank of cures; a number of cures ranking in the "second class" will receive for the future salaries of the "first class:" whilst the salaries of cures will receive considerable additions according to their age. Lastly, the salaries of canons will be considerably increased. What a contrast is this action of a Protestant Government in a conquered province to that of the Republican Ministry towards the Archbishop of its own capital!

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS. — So numerous have matrimonial advertisements become, that a German statistician has been making some curious calculations on the subject. He finds that three times as many men as women advertise in this manner. The women attach less importance to the age of their future consort than men do, for while eighty-one per cent. of women, and only fifty-six per cent. of men make no stipulation at all about age, thirty-two per cent. of men, and only six per cent. of women make youth a necessary condition. With regard to other stipulations, the greatest number are concerned with money, next with intelligence, and the smallest number with religion. The largest number of these advertisers appear to be Jews. Women seem to set more store than men upon the family of the person they are to marry, since thirty-three per cent, of women, as against thirteen per cent. of men, make good family one of their requisites. In the same manner it will easily be understood that the ladies feel the necessity more than does the sterner sex of insisting upon a certain amount of means, as forty-one per cent. of the women, and only seven per cent. of the men stipulate a certain fixed income. As regards occupation, which, of course, can only be ascertained as regards the men, the largest number of these aspirants to matrimony are shopkeepers, manufacturers, and innkeepers.

CANDINAL MANNING has ordered that a band of the League of the Cross be established in every Catholic school in the diocese of Westminster; and requires that the principal of the school shall be himself a total abstainer. This is certainly strangling the demon of drink in his very cradle, says the *Western Watchman*.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES. — One of the most significant transactions of recent days has been the spontaneous offer by the Earl of Devon to sell his estate to his tenants on reasonable terms, and the matter has at the present moment reached the stage of an offer on the part of his tenantry to take their holdings if the Earl will accept twenty years' purchase at the government valuation. The Salters' Company have just concluded an arrangement of even a still more profitable character for the tenants. They have agreed to sell their lands at nineteen and a half years' purchase, on the Government, or, as it is more popularly known, Griffith's valuation, exclusive of buildings, in all cases where the tenants are able to pay one-fourth of the purchase-money; and in cases where the tenants are unable to advance this sum, and have to borrow all the money from the Government, the sale will be at the rate of twenty years' purchase.

The Company also undertakes to pay the greater part of the incidental legal expenses of the transfer. The Drapers' Company, another of the great London landlords, is about to follow this example. The change which has come over the spirit of the times will be judged by the fact that the Salters' Company have actually given their tenants better terms than those which were proposed in the original programme of the Land League; and it is needless to recall the language in which that programme was denounced when it was published.

SOUTH CAROLINA AHEAD ON THE DIVORCE QUESTION. — From the formation of the Federal Union up to the year 1868, South Carolina enjoyed the distinction of being the only State in the federation without a divorce law upon her statute books. When the State was reconstructed, in 1868, a Republican legislature enacted such a law, which remained in force until 1877, when the Democrats succeeded to power. One of the first acts of the Democrats was to repeal the divorce law. During the past six years several efforts have been made in the legislature to provide some means for the legal dissolution of the marriage tie, but in each instance the proposition met with overwhelming defeat. On the 7th instant the Senate again rejected such a bill, although it had been favorably reported by a majority of the Judiciary Committee.

CEAD MILLE FAILTHA. — An American travelling in Ireland writes: — "I am welcomed at every door. These good people treat me like a benefactor because I am an American. When night falls I have put on my heavy Irish frieze ulster — which I have worn many nights in summer here — and wander out into the bogs. I usually manage to call at three or four cabins before returning. All are warm in their welcomes. They sit around their

turf blaze and brew a bowl of punch in honor of the guest. Then they chat freely. They ask all manner of questions of America. They think I ought to know any cousin or relative who may live in Oregon or Western Texas, because he is in America. 'It's queer that I never met Connor O'Shea; a better lad never stilled a gallon of the cratur or brewed punch.'"

THE NEW CATHEDRAL at Providence, R. I., has already cost $222,066.84. Every dollar of this enormous amount has been raised by Bishop Hendricken in the diocese of Providence, which includes all of Rhode Island and a portion of Massachusetts. During the past year $30,866.13 were expended; and it will take about $75,000 more to complete and finish the grand Cathedral.

THE SMITH FAMILY. — A scribe who has proposed to himself the task of compiling a biographical history of the great family of the Smiths, will find no small amount of material in the newly published London Directory, in which they occupy fifteen closely-printed columns. The Browns, it may be added, take up eight columns. Only one man is given in London as Fatt, and one Thin; but there are two who are Stout.

RETURN OF A BISHOP AND DEATH OF HIS SISTER. — Notwithstanding the express request of the Bishop of Limburg, Prussia, that no demonstration might be made on occasion of his return to his diocese after his seven years' exile, it was impossible to restrain the exuberant joy which filled the hearts of his people, and hence his return was a real enthusiastic ovation. A special train was dispatched to Frankfort to bring the aged bishop back to his see, at which he arrived, accompanied by the whole chapter and several hundred Frankfort gentlemen. He was met at the station by the burgomaster and the town council, and his reception was most enthusiastic. The streets were crowded with thousands of people, and every house was decorated, and the recently restored Dom, to which the bishop immediately repaired for a solemn Te Deum, was overflowing with people. In the evening the entire city was illuminated; and so far from there being any feelings of bitterness or of triumph on the part of the Catholics, the restoration of Bishop Blum has given rise to an unusual outburst of gratitude and loyalty towards the Emperor. The warmest gratitude also is felt towards the bishop's noble host, Prince Karl of Lowenstein, who for seven years has given him a home in his castle of Haid, in Bohemia. One peculiarly touching circumstance alone has thrown a shadow over the festive return of the exile. Bishop Blum is a native of Geisenheim, where lived his only sister, a lady of great age. She had often expressed a hope that she might one day see and speak with her brother again before her death. On the 7th inst. the news arrived of his recall by the Emperor. The happy tidings were broken to his sister as gently as possible, but the shock was too great, and she almost immediately afterwards expired.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the American actress, on Christmas Eve, presented each member of the present Lyceum company with the works of some celebrated poet. To the child appearing in *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, she gave a beautiful doll; to her stage manager a gold watch and chain; and to each of the subordinates an envelope containing a piece of gold and a card with Christmas wishes. On New Year's Day the same actress gave, in conjunction with a friend, a dinner to 260 destitute boys at Tower Street Schools, Seven Dials. The dinner, which consisted of roast beef, two kinds of vegetables, plum pudding, tarts, honey, coffee, &c., was thoroughly enjoyed by the children, many of whom were very poorly nourished and scantily clad. On the same afternoon another dinner was given in Limehouse, to about 150 poor people above sixty years of age. In the evening Lady Colin Campbell, the authoress, was present.

NIGHT REFUGE IN LIVERPOOL. — Rev. Father Nugent, impressed with the knowledge gained from his daily experience in the prison, he opened, in 1865, a refuge and night asylum in Liverpool, with the object of giving shelter to boys who had no place to sleep but in the streets. They could judge of the extent of the work when he told them that in a period of five years they had given 97,831 suppers, and 7,743 nights' lodging, whilst 1,728 boys had been permanently dealt with. Some years ago when on his daily rounds of duty in the wards of the

prison, he turned into the cell of a prisoner not more than twenty years of age. He was a bright, intelligent Irish lad, with a sparkling humorous eye, and face that did not bespeak a bad heart. He came to Liverpool when he was nine years of age, and having no friends in that city, he was cast upon the streets and soon afterwards became a constant frequenter of the goal. Before he was fifteen years of age he was transported for five years, and now again he was condemned to seven years' penal servitude. In reply to some remarks the young fellow said: "Well, your reverence, I know what you say is all true, but there is no use of you wasting your money and time upon us old guns. Just try your hands upon the lads. *If you can keep them from being thieves up to sixteen* you will find very few of them will take to it after that. We never forgets, your reverence, the bad things we learn when little, and the lad that has been knocked about is fly to too many things and *knows too many pals*, so that if he *wants to lead a square life they won't let him.* That was a true and practical lesson. It was said upon the authority of one of the best informed men on the condition of the London poor, that in 1867 there were knocking about the streets of that city daily, winter and summer, destitute of proper guardianship, without proper clothing, and, without employment, 100,000 boys and girls, in fair training for prison life, and finally for penal servitude. According to the official report made by the police in 1868, there were in the city of Liverpool 48,782 children between the age of five and thirteen who attended no school. Of that number 25,000 were at large upon the streets exposed to every vice.

THE *Catholic Review*, of New York, has been informed that the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has created an Archbishop, the Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis, Mo., Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan. Archbishop Ryan was one of the prelates recently engaged in the conference with the Propaganda at Rome. He was consecrated in 1872 titular Bishop of Tricomia and Coadjutor of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis. He is at present *en route* for America. For the past thirty years he has been one of the foremost preachers of the West, and is popularly known as the "Bossuet of America." He was selected by Cardinal McCloskey to preach at the opening of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and previously he had been invited to preach the panegyric of O'Connell at the centenary celebration in Dublin. This promotion to the title of Archbishop is regarded as another mark of the favor with which the Holy Father regards the American prelates recently representing their ecclesiastical provinces in Rome.

THE MARYLAND CATHOLICS intend to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the 250th anniversary of the landing at St. Mary's of the Catholic pilgrims who founded the State of Maryland. This anniversary is of more than usual interest not only to the Catholics of the United States, but also to the friends of religious liberty the world over. The record of these early colonists forms one of the brightest pages in the history of the Church, and deserves to be studied and gratefully remembered by all her children.

THE negotiations between the Papal See and the Prussian Government are progressing favorably. The range of differences is becoming smaller, and an arrangement may shortly be expected.

RUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.—The Tsar recently said: "I desire that there should not be even the trace of any cause leading to a misunderstanding between ourselves and the Vatican. I intend to increase the advantages to be obtained from an agreement with Rome, by means of the nomination of a Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Vatican."

HOME FOR DESTITUTE CATHOLIC CHILDREN.—The twentieth annual meeting of the Association for the Protection of Destitute Catholic Children in Boston, was held in the Home, on Harrison Avenue, Boston, on the evening of January 10th. At the beginning of the year there were 175 children in the institution; 514 were admitted during the past twelve months, making a total of 671 children cared for during the year. Of that number 161 (eighty-one boys and eighty girls) remain in the Home; 501 were placed in families, principally in the New England and Middle States, though during the past four months over 100 were placed in good homes in Dakota and other western sections. The whole number of children

received into the Home to date is 5,458. The aggregate expenses during the year were larger than usual, caused by the expenditure of $2,148 for fares of children to the West, $2,000 for new system of drainage and on the building repairs. The current expenses for the maintenance of the Home were $13,000 for the year, all of which was met by annual subscriptions, donations, collections in the churches of Boston and vicinity, proceeds of the charity ball, &c., as the Home has no income or endowment, and receives no payment for the care of any of the large number of children received into it, admitting only children who are destitute and having neither relatives or friends to care for them. The average number of children in the Home each day during the year was 166; the average weekly cost of their care and support, including interest on a mortgage debt of $35,000 was $1.51 a week. The expense for salaries was $1311, which includes the salary of the superintendent, fireman, one assistant in the laundry and one in the kitchen. The domestic management of the Home is in charge of ten Sisters of Charity, serving without pay. The officers elected for the coming year are John B. O'Brien, President; James W. Dunphy, Vice-president; P. F. Sullivan, Treasurer; James Havey, Secretary; John W. McDonald, David A. Ring, and John Miller, Executive Committee.

GLADSTONE, the British Premier, has entered on his seventy-fifth year.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE. — The steamer City of Columbus, plying between Boston and Savannah, was wrecked in Vineyard Sound, near New Bedford, Mass., on the 18th of January. Of a total of 125 souls on board only 23 were saved. The ship's boats swamped as soon as launched, and passengers were swept from the deck of the sinking steamer by scores. The scene beggars description. Just as the passengers reached the deck a tremendous sea struck the ship, and a great white mass of roaring water fell upon the stranded vessel. Sixty terror-stricken creatures stood upon the deck, seeking which way to turn in the darkness. A moment afterward and they were gone. So sudden was it that not a shriek or a prayer came from the lips of the little company ere the great wave engulphed them. Every woman and child on board died at that moment. Some forty or fifty passengers sought refuge in the rigging, but many were obliged to succumb to the bitter cold. No one will ever know exactly how the City of Columbus came to strike the rock.

SISTER ELEUTHENA has been appointed Mother Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Belleville, Ill., to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mother Mary Jerome, whose melancholy death occurred at the fire there recently.

DON PATRICIO MILMO is one of the nabobs of Mexico, and the possessor of some fifteen millions of dollars. It is interesting to know that this "richest man in Mexico" is an Irish Catholic. Don Patricio (or Patrick) Milmo is a native of Collooney, in the county of Sligo. Archdeacon O'Rorke, in his history of Balisodare and Kilramet, says that the Milmos are "one of the oldest" as they are one of "the most respected families in the parish of Ballisodare." It is said that Patrick was young and penniless when he arrived in Mexico, but they omit to mention that he went out to a rich, unmarried uncle, who helped his nephew to lay the foundation of his colossal fortune. He is a descendant on his mother's side, from the princely O'Dowds, and is related to the Creans, of Crean's Castle, Sligo. One of Don Patricio's brothers was a prize-man of the Catholic University, Dublin, in 1856; and another, Daniel Milmo, is head of the "Milmo National Bank," Laredo, Texas. Don Patricio is married to the daughter of the celebrated Mexican statesman, General Vidaurri, who, siding with Maximilian, shared the Emperor's unhappy fate. As an instance of his warm attachment to the faith and fatherland for which his fathers suffered so much, it is mentioned that he has had his eldest son educated in Dublin, under a Catholic professor, and has also taken out from the Irish capital a Catholic governess for his daughters; while during the late famine in Ireland he sent a handsome donation to the priests of his native county for distribution among the distressed.

O'DONNELL might have had some chance of a commutation of sentence if he had not hurrahed for the United States. The Briton may have some respect for the man who consigns England to Tophet, but none for the misguided convict who cheers this blasted country.

THE DUBLIN FREEMAN'S JOURNAL suggests an admirable plan for checkmating the Orange "counter-meeting" dodge, should it be tried again after the lamentable failure at Dromore. Let the Nationalists make arrangements to hold a dozen simultaneous meetings in as many different parts of Ulster. Divided by twelve, the vagabond army of the landlord party would everywhere cut a pitiable figure beside the thousands whom the National League could muster in any county in the Northern province.

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, M. P., has been lecturing at Dundalk on his recent visit to the United States and Canada. Mr. Russell, in the course of his address, defended Lord Coleridge, saying he took part in every movement which was for the benefit of Ireland, and reminding his hearers that one of the Lord Chief Justice's acts was to nominate Mr. Mathew, a native of Cork, to the Bench. On the subject of emigration, Mr. Russell said that under the circumstances in which many Irishman left their country, emigration was bad; but, if there was to be voluntary emigration, the emigrant should be provided with every advantage that was required for a man who had to settle in a new home.

WHAT A PROTESTANT SAYS ABOUT LUTHER.— C. C. Felton, late President of Harvard University, in a book, entitled "Familiar Letters from Europe," pp. 80, 81, says: "It is singular how certain names grow upon you in Germany, and others diminish: at least they have done so with me. Take Luther and Albrecht Durer. All the world knows the former, and perhaps something of the latter. But I could not bring up my conception of Luther, in Germany, to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works and portraits; but his big drinking cups were, after all, the most prominent memorials he left behind him. He was a jolly old soul, hearty and honest, I dare say, and banged away at the Pope and the Devil with good will and good effect. *But there was nothing high or grand about him.* I went to see the place where the Devil is said to have helped him over the walls of Augsburg; but even there, not a gleam of poetry associated itself with his name. The huge drinking cup seemed to swallow up everything, and the couplet said to be his, appeared to tell the whole story:

> "Who loves not wine, woman and song,
> Remains a fool all his life long."

In short his burly face and figure, and the goblets that testify to his powers made it absolutely impossible for me to connect *any heroic idea with the man.*

THE *Western Watchman* doubts "if in the whole land, there is an instance of an infidel couple having children."

GOING EAST.— Says the *American Agriculturist:* It was not so many years ago that people, in proceeding from the New England States to Western New York, talked about going west to settle. While conversing with a herder not long ago, on a Kiowa ranche, a few miles this side of Denver, he casually remarked that he was going away after awhile. I asked him in what direction. "I thought I would go east, to Kansas, and spend the winter," was the response. In a few years more, people will be talking about coming east to Bismarck, Laramie, and Pueblo, for a visit, so rapidly does the tide of emigration move westward.

PERSECUTION IN CHINA.— One of the most lamentable results of the pending French interference in Tonquin, is the bitter renewal of persecution which it has caused against Catholic missionaries in that country and in China. Statements to this effect have been made at various times during the past few months. Referring to this unfortunate state of affairs, the *Temps* of Paris, gives most interesting particulars. By a brief abstract of these, sent by cable at the beginning of this week, we are told that "since the arrival of the French expedition at Tonquin, the Catholic missionaries have been subjected to renewed persecution in the southern provinces of China. A furious mob in the provinces of Quang-See destroyed the house of Pere Pernet, who was arrested and maltreated, receiving several blows from the flat side of a sword. He was also threatened with death. The Chinese demand a ransom of seven thousand francs for his release. Probably, however, Pere Pernet will have to be taken to Canton. Other missionaries have also been arrested at the instigation of the Mandarins, who have ceased to respect the treaties."

Personal.

MGR. PINTO DE COMPOS, Protonotary Apostolic, was received in audience by the Holy Father a few days ago. This Brazilian prelate is distinguished in literature, and is the author of an excellent translation of Dante's *Divina Comedia*, in the Portuguese language.

THE solemn ceremony of profession of two nuns took place at St. Barnabas, Nottingham, England, and the "Sisters of Peace" were established in the diocese by the Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe. Sister Mary Francis Clare has been canonically transferred to the diocese of Nottingham, by the Archbishop of Tuam, to enable her to carry out this work.

THE Archbishop of Melbourne has issued a circular which prohibits all priests officiating at funerals, unless they know for certain that the deceased had received the last Sacrament, or in cases of sudden death had lived as Catholics.

MISS VERA MANNING, second daughter of the late Mr. Charles Manning, and niece of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, has entered the convent of Roehampton as a probationer. According to report the young lady inherits £2,000 a year under her father's will.

DR. THOMAS M'HALE, Professor of the Irish College at Paris, and nephew of the late Archbishop of Tuam, is at present collecting documentary and other material relative to his late uncle's life, which he means to place at the disposal of Mr. A. M. Sullivan.

REV. THOMAS SCULLY, rector of St. Mary's Church, Cambridgeport, Mass., on a recent occasion presented to the Holy Father the Peter's pence collected in his parish, together with an album containing views of his church, his college, and his schools for both sexes; as also the photographs of 1,450 children, alumni of his parochial schools.

BISHOP RYAN, Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis, Missouri, lately paid a visit to St. Patrick's College, Carlow, where the eloquent prelate went through his early ecclesiastical studies. His Lordship's early life in the college is still remembered by many who foresaw that the gifted young student was destined to occupy a distinguished position in the Church. The Very Rev. Dr. Burke, President of the College, accompanied by the Vice-President, professors and students, received his Lordship in the study-hall, and presented him an address in Latin, to which he made a felicitous reply. At St. Mary's preparatory school, Knockbeg, he was also presented with an address from the young pupils. In the evening the Bishop was entertained at dinner, in the college, by the venerable president, who had invited a distinguished party to meet his Lordship.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING took place recently at the residence of Mrs. John Magee, corner of Church and Gould streets, Toronto, the contracting parties being Miss Florence Magee, the only daughter of the late John Magee, of Toronto, Ont., and Mr. James Dwyer, of Halifax, N. S. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's mother, by special dispensation of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, who officiated, being assisted by Bishop O'Mahony and Father McCann. To say the bride looked charming would be but poor praise. She was dressed in a white brocade, with a white lace front and tulle veil, adorned with the customary orange blossoms; the ornaments worn on the occasion being a beautiful diamond set, the present of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Besford, cousin of the bride; Miss Ainsworth, of Cape Vincent, New York; and Miss Park, of Amherstburg. The groomsmen were Messrs. W. B. Close, F. X. Magee, and W. F. Magee. The guests numbered nearly 150, prominent among whom were His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Bishop O'Mahony, Father McCann; Dr. and Mrs. Tobin, Halifax; Hon. T. W. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Bendelari, Mr. and Mrs. Keighley, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. John Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ryan, Mr. John Scully. The presents were very numerous as well as very costly. The happy couple on leaving the house at 10.30 P. M., had the usual number of old shoes, etc., thrown after them. Their wedding tour will take in all the principal cities in the States.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Thorndike Nourse, Detroit, Mich.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. V., containing The Convert and the first part of Writings in Defence of the Church.

Will be noticed at more length in a future issue of our MAGAZINE.

J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ia.

JOSEPH HAYDN. — THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. Translated from the German of Franz von Seeburg, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C. Price $1.50.

This charming book appeared some years ago in the *Ave Maria*, and is now published in an elegant book, of 349 pages. Father Hudson, the able editor of the paper alluded to, when he received the last instalment of the work, expressed regret that there was not more. "Why, how is that?" remarked the translator. "I thought you wanted it boiled down, if possible." "Yes, but I did not know how good it was," replied Father Hudson.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

THE SPIRITUAL DOCTRINE OF FATHER LOUIS LALLEMANT, of the Company of Jesus, preceded by some account of his life. Translated from the French. Edited by Frederic William Faber, D. D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.

This book has gone through two editions in England. Those who are leading an interior life will find it an able guide. It has only to be known to be accorded a high and permanent place among the most desirable spiritual works.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

A TREATISE ON THE TRUE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By the Venerable Servant of God, Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort. Translated from the original French, by Frederick William Faber, D.D., priest of the Oratory. With a Letter to his Clergy, by the Lord Bishop of Salford. Price, 60c.

The Bishop of Salford says, "that this treatise appeals as strongly to the intellect as it does to the heart. Any one who has really mastered it, will feel that his consecration to Mary has been sensibly raised to a higher plane, and flooded with new light. He will also see its close and important connection with the renewal of his baptismal vows."

THE OLD RELIGION; Or, How Shall we Find Primitive Christianity? Edited by William Lockhart, R. A., Oxonian priest in the Diocese of Westminster. Price, $1.50.

The Bishop of Newport, England, says of this work: "It is entertaining, convincing, adapted to our actual times, and altogether the most valuable work of dogmatic instruction for general readers which has issued from the press for many years."

The author of the book says: "God wishes that his Holy Mother should now be more known, more loved, more honored, than ever she has been; and this will no doubt come to pass, if the predestinate will enter, by the grace and light of the Holy Ghost, into the interior and perfect practice which I will discover to them." It is by the most holy Virgin Mary that Jesus has come into the world, and it is also by her that He has to reign in the world.

LIFE OF SISTER ST. PIERRE, the Carmelite of Tours, France; died in the odor of sanctity in 1848. Written by herself. Collated and completed by means of her letters. By Rev. P. Janvier, Dean of the Metropolitan Church of Tours, and Director of the Priests of the Holy Face. Approved by Mgr. Colet, of Tours, and Mgr. Perché, of New Orleans. Translated from the French, with permission of the reverend author, by Henry le Mercier de Pombiray.

It was to this holy Nun that Our Lord revealed the work of the Reparation for Blasphemy and the Profanation of Sunday, by the *cultus* of the Holy Face. This life is the most unique work of the kind ever published in English, containing as it does a series of the most startling revelations regarding the Church, France, and the world in general. It is of absorbing interest and solid instruction. No one reading this beautiful life can fail to be impressed with the necessity of the Reparation, so urgently asked by heaven, through the means of this humble Carmelite, whom Providence has raised up to propagate the devotion of the Holy Face, in the Church. Pius IX. of saintly memory said: *This Reparation is a divine work, destined to save society.*" Orders gratefully received for this book, at the Convent of the Discalced Carmelites, 134 Barrack Street, New Orleans, La., where the Confraternity is canonically established. All the articles of devotion connected with it can be procured at the above address.

All the above books can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Gill & Son, Catholic publishers of Dublin, ordered several copies of our Magazine. In a recent card the publishers say — "We find it contains copyright matter and cannot be supplied here." We suppose our Dublin friends did not like to see "Cromwell in Ireland," in our Magazine. The joke of the matter is, that the Messrs. Gill are publishing the copyright books published on this side the "big herring pond."

THE Catholic Publication Society Co., announces that, in order to give the American Catholic clergy a cheap and correct edition of "The Eternal Priesthood," the Catholic Publication Society Co. will publish, about February 1st, with Cardinal Manning's express sanction and authority, a new edition, *in cloth*, at fifty cents a copy.

SIR SHERSTON BAKER, barrister-at-law — an old pupil of Cardinal Newman's, by the way — is engaged in writing a book which will certainly not lack the merit of novelty. "What is a Vice-Admiral of the Coast?" is the title of the forthcoming volume. The subject is one which up to the present has been shrouded in mystery. The work, which will be printed by private subscription, will contain some very curious information.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Who Knows," Song, by Chas. D. Blake. "Don't Run In Debt," Song, by Geo. M. Clark. "When The Pansies Come Again," Song, by Chas. D. Blake. Peck's Bad Boy Songs: No. 1, "Romance of a bad young man;" No. 2, "Peck's Bad Boy;" No. 3, "The Rooster and the Hen;" words by Chas. F. Pidgin, music by Chas. D. Blake. "I Will Come," Song, words by Hugh Conway, music by Frederic H. Cowen. "Cavalier's Farewell," Song, words by Earl Marble, music by Chas D. Blake.

Instrumental: "In the Merry Mazes Waltzes," by Jas. B. Adams. "Pleasant Visit Polka," by T. M. Milliken. "Pickle Polka," by Red Pepper. "Dream Faces Waltz," and "Thine Alone Waltz," both by Josef Meissler. "Marguerite Waltz," by Caroline Lowthian, for piano solo. Same arranged for Cornet and Piano.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY, the 22d of February, was observed throughout the country, with the usual demonstrations of joy. Mr. Donahoe's sister, now 73 years of age. and his son J. Frank, organist of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, were born on this eventful day.

THE BODY OF LUTHER lies buried in the church of All Saints, upon whose doors he fastened his ninety-five theses. The old doors have been replaced by new ones with the ninety-five theses in bronze. This church, therefore, would naturally be looked upon as the chief attraction to Protestants, and every body would suppose that on the great Luther day of last November the church would be unable to hold the pious followers of the reformer at the religious festivities; but something else took place. When the preacher was ready for the sermon he faced empty benches, only eighteen persons, four men, and fourteen women, being present. After giving vent to his chagrin that people would go to shows, and theatres and leave the church empty on such a remarkable day, he retired, as did the assemblage of the eighteen pious followers of the great reformer. Can there be a better illustration of the results of the reformation?

THE *New York Tablet* says:— The people of our city will be sincerely gratified to learn that "politics" have no longer any foothold in our civil courts. Mr. John Savage, author, scholar, and journalist, together with other officials of the Marine Court, were forced to succumb to the crucial test of the "Civil Service" examination, and resign their seats to other gentlemen who were "up" in the higher branches of learning. In future no politicians need apply. All our city officials will be selected purely on their merits.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.— It is nearly one hundred years ago since many of the persecuted French clergy found a welcome and a home in Ireland, and now we are told that the Benedictines expelled from France, in 1880, have purchased Buckfast Abbey, County Derry, Ireland, an old monastery, of the ninth century, where the observance of the monastic rule is carried out exactly as it was in France. The presence of these holy monks in the "Black North" cannot fail to be fruitful of much good.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

COPENHAGEN saw on the 21st ult. a sight such as it had not witnessed since the sad days of the Reformation. This was the solemn ceremony of the obsequies of the Right Rev. Mgr. Gruder, Prefect Apostolic of Denmark, whose death we announced last week. No less than nineteen priests of the Danish missions — a large number for that country — together with the representatives of the Vicar Apostolic of Sweden and the ex-Prefect Apostolic of Sleswig-Holstein, assembled to pay the last rites to the deceased prelate. The solemn *requiem* was sung by the recently-nominated Canon H. J. van Euch, who has been laboring for the good of souls twenty-four years in Denmark. After this the testament of the deceased was publicly read. Having thanked God for the graces of the Faith, and of his vocation to the priesthood, Mgr. Gruder promised to pray in heaven for all those who had injured him or whom he had injured; he forbade the customary panegyric to be preached at the funeral, but begged instead for the spiritual alms of a recitation of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary. In accordance with this last pious wish, all the Catholics of the city assembled again at seven o'clock in the evening in the Church of St. Ansgar, for a public recitation of the Rosary for the repose of the soul of the Prefect Apostolic.

CLERGYMEN.

THE Very Rev. Canon M'Donald, Vicar-General of Port Louis, Mauritius, is dead. The demise of the esteemed priest was somewhat sudden, and created the deepest grief throughout the colony, where he was universally beloved. Canon M'Donald, was a native of county Cork.

THE death is recorded of the Very Rev. John Canon Kyne, of Brentwood — for nearly forty years a priest of the Diocese of Westminster, England.

ON the third of January the Society of Jesus in England, lost one of the most saintly and most eminent members which have illustrated it during the present century — that of Father Ramiere who founded the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and propagated and developed the Apostleship of Prayer, now spread so widely abroad. His work was done in honor of the tender and personal devotion to Our Saviour which has of late drawn so many human hearts to the adoration of the Heart which was human and Divine in its thoughts and love. He died, almost suddenly, at the age of sixty-two.

MONSIGNOR DECESARE, General of the Neapolitan Benedictines, was found murdered in his bedroom in his lodgings in Rome on the 18th of January. From the surroundings of the room it is supposed that the murder was committed for the purpose of robbery, as various articles were scattered about, and a number of valuable articles known to have been in the possession of the murdered priest, are missing. His servant has been arrested on suspicion of being the perpetrator of the crime.

WE regret to announce the death of the Rev. Hugh Lynch, the late Pastor of Bangor, North Wales, which took place on the 13th of December, at Ballyhaise, Ireland. Father Lynch had been seriously indisposed since last summer, and for two months no hope was entertained of his recovery, and it was known that he had returned to his native parish to die.

THE late Very Rev. Pere Ratisbonne, Superior-General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion, Paris, was a convert from Judaism, He was received into the Church at Strasburg in 1826, and was eighty-one years of age when he died.

THE Baltimore papers announce the death of Rev. John N. Berger, C. S. S. R. of St. Joseph's Church, Rochester, N. Y. He had gone to Baltimore on business. He died there on Sunday, January 13th, at the residence attached to the Church of St. Alphonsus. Father Berger was a nephew of Rt. Rev. John N. Neumann, C. S. S. R., who was consecrated Bishop of Philadelphia in 1852. He was the author of a life of Bishop Neumann. Father Berger was born in Brachlitz, Bohemia, May 12. 1839, and would, therefore, soon have comple-

ted the 45th year of his age. He came to this country and made his profession in the Redemptoris Order at Annapolis, when in his 20th year. He was ordained priest April 1, 1865.

REV. PETER QUEALY, of the diocese of San Francisco, died at St. Mary's Hospital in that city, on Friday, January 4. Father Quealy was a native of the County Waterford, Ireland. He was educated at All-Hollows College, Ireland, where he was ordained June 25th, 1882. Arriving in California in September, 1882, he was appointed assistant rector of the Mission Dolores Church. He said his three Masses on the Feast of the Nativity. On the following day he entered St. Mary's Hospital, never to leave it. His disease was typhoid fever. May he rest in peace.

REV. C. J. ROGERS, of Bristol, R. I., died on the 23d of January. The deceased priest was pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church in that city, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

SISTER.

MANY persons will read with regret the announcemcnt of the death of Sister M. Agnes (Gallagher) who died at the Catholic Male Orphan Asylum, Charleston, S. C., on the morning of the 15th of January. Sister Agnes was born in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. She entered the convent here in 1851, and has been for over thirty years untiring in all good works. In the great yellow fever epidemic which ravaged this city before the breaking out of the war, Sister Agnes was a faithful, zealous, and untiring nurse, and when the wounded soldiers of the Confederate States needed care and attention, she was one of that devoted band of noble women who found their sphere of duty in the hospitals.

LAY PEOPLE.

Mr. Richard Doyle, an artist of the keenest satire and most grotesque fancy, died lately in London. He was an associate of Jerrold, Tom Hood, Shirly Brooks, and other famous Englishmen, and a valued friend of Thackeray. "Apart from the admiration which his genius commanded," says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, "the circumstances under which he severed his connection with *Punch*, in 1850, won for him the respect of all who knew him. On the restoration of the Hierarchy, Protestant rancor ran high, and *Punch* grossly attacked the Holy Father, Cardinal Wiseman, and other dignitaries, in a series of insulting caricatures. At considerable personal sacrifice, young Doyle, who was a Catholic, gave in his resignation, to which he adhered notwithstanding the tempting offers made to him by the editor and proprietors. He would only consent to remain in their service on condition that they should cease to insult the Faith whose honor was dearer to him than fame or wealth."

GEN. THOMAS L. KANE died of pneumonia, at his residence, in Philadelphia, on the 26th of December. He belonged to an old North of Ireland family, and during the late civil war was Colonel of the famous "Buck-tail" regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, which gave its name to the Brigade commanded by Gen. Meade, up to the "Seven Days' Fighting." Col. Kane was promoted Brigadier-General for his bravery at the battle of Gettysburg. He was brother to Dr. E. K. Kane, the Arctic explorer.

MRS. ANNA O'CALLAGHAN, the venerable mother of the Rev. Dennis O'Callahan, rector of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, died at her home in Salem, Jan. 16. The obsequies were celebrated in St. James' Church, Salem, on Friday, the 18th inst. The Rev. Fr. Gray, pastor of the church, officiated as Celebrant; Rev. Thos. Griffin of Worcester, as Deacon; Rev. Wm. Ryan of East Boston, as Sub-Deacon; Rev. James J. Keegan of St. Augustine's, as Master of Ceremonies. There was in attendance, in the church, the following clergymen: —Rev. Fathers Shahan, O'Toole, Delahanty, Hallihan, Lee, Corcoran and Mulcahy of Boston, McGrath and Whall of Somerville, Harkins of Arlington, Griffin, Conaty and Welsh of Worcester, Ronan and Chittick, of Dorchester, O'Brien of Cambridge, Supple of Charlestown, Harrington and Heffernan of Lynn, Ronan and Colbert of Lowell, Linnehan of Portland, Flatley of Canton, Flatley of Wakefield, Herlihy of Amesbury, Conway of Winchendon, Fitzpatrick of Milton, Shinnick of Salem, Danahy of Quincy, Masterson of Peabody, Maguinnis of Jamaica Plain, Foley of North Brookfield, Dolan of Newton, Kennedy of Danvers, and many others. The choir of the church was assisted by Messrs. J. H.

Lambert, Henry Canning, John Tobin, Martin Curley, Mrs. J. D. O'Neil, Miss Julia Dorgan, Miss Maggie Power, Miss Lydia Mullen, Miss Lizzie Kenna, under the directorship of Mr. J. J. Carew, and Mr. J. J. Lennon. There were present in the church many friends from Boston, among whom were ex-Alderman Power, Judge J. D. Fallon, John H. Walsh, Dr. Peter Walsh, Robert Bishop, and other familiar faces. After the last Gospel the Rev. Father Shahan of St. James, Boston, former pastor at Salem, made a touching address on the life of his former parishoner whom he had known over thirty-five years in which he feelingly alluded to her devotion to all matters pertaining to the Church, attending all services regardless of the seasons, and knowing but two houses, the church and her home, her attentions being confined exclusively to both, and, outside the fact that she had contributed a son to God's Altar, he gave her great praise for the success she had achieved in keeping her large family true to the teachings and inspirations which she herself possessed and practiced : and he believed her pious precept and example would be remembered by the parishoners in years yet to come. He congratulated her family that they had been blest by her watchful care for so many years, and that now after living over four score years, she leaves them the consolation of knowing that she will receive the reward of a well-spent life. After the services a procession of forty carriages and several hundred persons on foot followed the remains to their last resting place, and on the conclusion of the services at the grave all that was mortal of this venerable lady was consigned to the earth beside the remains of her husband who had preceded her several years ago.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mgr. Rogerson, the able and popular Chaplain to the English Catholics in Paris.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Nangle, widow of Mr. George Nangle, of Kildalkey, County Meath. She was the only daughter of Sir. Henry Doughty Tichborne, of Tichborne Park, Alresford, Hants; and was aunt to the late Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne.

THE REV. P. A. MCKENNA, of Hudson, Mass., State Executive of the National League, announces that the Messrs. Redmond will speak in the Boston Theatre, on Sunday, Feb. 19th. The Hon. J. E. Redmond, and the Hon. Wm. Redmond, Members of Parliament for Wexford, will be the leading speakers of the occasion; and others will be there whom the lovers of Ireland will be pleased to hear. It is expected that the President of the National League, Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, will also be present.

"HOME," said Monsignor Capel, "is the one spot on God's earth where affection dominates, the one school where minds become expanded and characters are formed. Ladies complain that their husbands are too fond of club life. It is a poor woman who cannot keep her husband at home. Keep your good humor for him and evaporate your ill humor when he is out. Let him find things smiling and pleasant and he will give up club life, and say there is no one in the world like my wife, nor any place like home."

BISHOP OF MOBILE.— A telegram from Rome announces the appointment of the Very Rev. Domingo Manney. Vicar-General of Brownsville. Texas, to the Bishopric of Mobile, vice Bishop Quinlan, deceased. The new Bishop was born in St. Augustine, Florida, about sixty years ago, and was educated at Springfield College, Mobile. He was pastor of churches there and in Montgomery, and was appointed Vicar-Apostolic in 1874. He is a man of pleasing address, of strong will and much learning. His appointment is regarded favorably at Mobile, where he has a great many warm friends and admirers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI. BOSTON, APRIL, 1884. No. 4.

Ireland and England.

THE FACTS OF THE PRESENT AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

IN a noisy discussion wherein many voices are taking part, and during which many passions violently aroused are inciting men to contention, it is sometimes difficult for a man to make his own utterances predominant, or to gain that hearing which his self-love would perhaps lead him to wish for; but it is never impossible for one, who wishes to be just and impartial, to gain some post of vantage whereupon he can listen to the wordy warrings of the combatants, and seek to discern amidst the tangle of their hot assertions, the certain truth which, on one side or the other, or partly on both, is assuredly to be found somewhere amidst their vituperations.

This which is true of all discussions, is not less true of that debate which is being raged in our own days in the presence of assembled Europe, and which has reference to the varied rights and wrongs visible in the seven century long struggle between England and Ireland; nor is it either at all an impossibility for any Irishman, so minded, to place himself, for the nonce in that position of impartiality which will enable him to take that dispassionate view of the present combat which he would most likely be glad to take of any other. It will always seem to most fair-minded people that the only value of any cause is the righteousness inherent to it, and that so far as the best cause the world ever knew had aught of evil attaching to it, so far that cause was weak. The truth is right, and right is truth. This which may be taken as a generally safe aphorism, and as one which applies to every struggle or controversy mankind has ever witnessed in any age, is not less true as applied to that which still rages, and which will continue to rage between England and Ireland, until justice is done between them. In saying so much, we do not want to be misunderstood as inviting Irishmen either in Ireland or America to that coldblooded and worthless impartiality which consists in watching other men battle, and in taking

no side until we see how the tide of warfare streams. Such conduct is as far removed from our approval as it is, in the course of this paper, absent from our consideration, for we would willingly regard all Irishmen as honestly anxious to serve their native land, as honestly desirous of seeing her take her place among the nations, and as honestly willing to do aught that brave and manly men may for her independence and protection. We have no desire to do more in these few pages than to take, so far as any national minded Irishman can, a calm and impartial view of the present struggle between England and Ireland, and to endeavor to discern for ourselves, as well as to point out to others, whatever matters may appear to us therein as worthy of thought or consideration. We have no right or desire to be fault-finders with those who are earnestly, manfully and honestly working for Ireland any more than we are not inclined to be silent onlookers upon wrong of any kind. We would ask our readers, of whatever race they may be, to be as impartial as they can in considering the Irish struggle, and to believe us when we say that we ask them to maintain no attitude which we are not anxious to hold ourselves.

The united Bishops of Ireland, under the presidency of the venerated Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, declared on the 15th of June, 1882,—

"It is true that on religious, as well as on political grounds, it is the indisputable right of Irishmen to live on and by their own fertile soil, *and be free to employ the resources of their country for their own profit.*"

While Our Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, on the 1st of August, 1822, wrote His Eminence, Cardinal McCabe.—

"It is lawful for the Irish to seek relief from their misfortunes, *it is lawful for them to contend for their rights, for it cannot be thought that what is permitted to every other country is forbidden to Ireland.*"*

It has, therefore, long ceased to be a question for controversy whether or not the Irish people have a right to that self-government which they have never voluntarily relinquished, and which, in one way or another, they have never ceased to struggle for. The Irish people have never, as a people, pledged their loyalty to England. During long and weary centuries of grinding oppression, there never was a moment, when, in some one way or another, some Irishmen were not engaged in waging, or, at least, planning battle against their tyrant. No history in the world presents more frequent, or more determined, protests by a struggling people against the imposition of foreign rule, and it assuredly is not for nothing that now, when seven centuries have rolled away, Irishmen are enabled to boast that though their motherland has been sorely wounded, though shackles encurb her limbs, though

* For full text of this declaration and letter see "Tablet" of June 17th and August 26th, 1882.

her sword is broken to her hand grasp, that yet she still confronts her foes with head erect and flashing eye, and the bold cry of brave defiance. "You have done your worst," they seem to hear her say, "but you have never made me your bond maiden or your slave." England could plunder Ireland, could slay in Ireland, but England could never say that Ireland regarded her as aught but a foe, could never boast that her flaunting flag was safe in Ireland outside a fring of bayonets. Ireland never gave her allegiance to England; she has always refused her either love or service. The fundamental basis of a binding union has never existed between them in the sense wherein the word signifies aught of bondage or unity of purpose. Ireland can never be said to have "married" England. Whether the word will ever be applicable to their mutual relations, depends upon the valorous determination of one people, upon the conscience of the other, and, we must add, the sense of justice of the two. It is true that to-day Ireland and England face each other as they did hundreds of years ago, seemingly as hot with anger and as eager as ever for the ruddy resolution of all their contentions in the hot dissolution of manly strife; but it is equally true to say that there is no rancor between the nations which cannot be solved, no cause of quarrel which cannot be appeased, and that actual warfare between them can be averted.

There is, no doubt, one element, which in any attempt to understand the Irish problem, has to be taken into account. Mere onlookers upon the warfare between the two nations cannot fail to be forcibly impressed with the fact, that, while the decision of the overwhelming bulk of the people of Ireland as to the retention or non-retention of English rule is unequivocal, and very plainly written, indeed, on wall of meeting-place and polling-booth, that yet there still exists in Ireland a certain section of, so-called, Irish people, whose devotion is given to the English who govern Ireland, rather than to that land which should be their motherland and have first claim to their devotion. These are those who, more traitorous and more worthless than the American Tories during the War of Independence, and more vindictive and more frightened than the emigrant Nobility during the French Revolution, turn, like these, their envenomed tongues, and all the shafts of a malicious imagination against the new-born freedom and liberty which they hate. Corruption and abuse seem ever to cling, in greater or lesser degree to all merely human works; and, of course, there is no merely human and worldly social organization in which some few are not in the enjoyment of higher place than their fellows, won either by a certain lack of scrupulosity or by dint of material talent. This which is so often the case elsewhere, is not, of

course, less seldom of occurrence in Ireland; but in Ireland every post, or nearly every post, of real emolument or social position, is in the gift of the representatives of the foreign rulers. A barrister cannot be a judge; a citizen cannot be a magistrate; no office or position of any kind is open to any Irishman, who has not given proof that the interests of England, not those of Ireland, are dearest to his heart. The natural consequence of this state of affairs is, that all those who are actuated by the pressure of material demands and the incitements of personal ambition, each as they are educationally and socially qualified, seek for governmental patronage or place. England thus creates at once, a strong battalion of her garrison in Ireland, and this through the mere slavishness and necessities of certain Irishmen.

The English garrison in Ireland, however, has another wing and this a powerful one. It can at all times marshal into its ranks the bigotry of Protestantism.* Protestantism has, for a long time now, stood as a sort of bold scarecrow amongst the Catholic Irish. The real Irish have a heartfelt hatred of shams. Even the Irish beggar will not seek for alms outside the door of a Protestant Church. Protestantism has stood a byword, and a thing to be pointed at and mocked amongst the Irish people, and, therefore, having a score of hatred all its own, it is a fitting tool of England in her attempt to keep Ireland subjugate. England has, no doubt, many other and powerful aids. When Catholic Emancipation was wrung from the fears of a debauched and worthless king, educated Catholic Irishmen found all high, social place filled with Protestant supporters of English rule, and from the sense of slavishness which this unfortunate fact engendered, even the valorous Catholicity of O'Connell could not stir the most of them. Their tastes were founded upon false canons, they sought to sail by trimming their sheets to catch the breaths of the men they found in power. To please the English rulers of Ireland, to be in their favor, to merit their company, to feast at their boards, or to dance in their halls, this was considered "genteel" or aristocratic, so England gained new allies. Strange as it may seem, it is yet absolutely and entirely true that in exact proportion as an Irishman is educated or talented, so is it difficult for him to be patriotic. At the present moment the writer could point to one man, at least, of estimable character, of brilliant yet profound talents, who might

* In what has been written above the writer desires to be understood as pointing chiefly at the representatives of what may be styled "Official Protestantism," that is, to that miserably small section amongst Irish Protestants, who making a good thing themselves out of the political servitude of their native land, dupe too many of their co-religionists into adopting anti-national politics, and this for their own interested ends only. He believes the vast mass of the Protestant people of Ireland would willingly risk much for their motherland, were their eyes but opened to the ignoble purposes they are made to serve.

work great things for his native land, whose big and generous heart and mind is nevertheless so warped by the servile traditions of the profession to which he belongs, that the talents, which might be now helping to make his country a nation, and himself a statesman, are only engaged in the ignoble work of hunting to the gallows or the felon's cell misguided and worthless criminals, who seek in the smile and reward of English rulers the return of labors which, were they given to Ireland, would gain the love and benediction of a people, or which would help to make that people great and free, powerful to reward and honor all those who served them. So it is, however, Ireland's most cultured sons, driven by the material pressure of these matter-of-fact days of ours, are chiefly on the side of the foreigner. Strange though it should be so, and shame though it is so, we do not want to utter words of mere blame now. If these and those like them, had only the manly hearts in them, to spurn the gilded shackles which lie close to their limbs, never was brighter fortune or future won by men on earth, than they might earn. There is not an Irishman of culture who might not now be on the side of Ireland and Right, and know that in thus taking his place he was helping towards his own prosperity.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vow thee love untold,
Trust him not, Green Land!

Touch not with gloveless clasp,
A coiled and deadly asp,
But with strong and guarded grasp,
In your steel-clad hand!

Whether this will be so or not in the future lies with this class themselves to some extent; but, perhaps, they will take from those who, however humbly, have given some study to political courses, the intimation that Ireland will gain her freedom and nationality with or without them, and that when she has gained both, she will be as capable of raising up and rewarding all who have devoted culture and talent to her cause, as she will be competent to punish and to humble those who deserted the banner of the motherland they were born to, and the people for whose moral and material helping on to rightousness and happiness they were given to earth. Their own lot is with themselves; let them look to it, be they who they may!

Nothing is more productive of regret to the lover of Ireland than the witnessing of the disgusting avidity with which certain so-called Irishmen carp at and condemn every error into which the least of those

who are supporting the national cause may fall, the readiness with which they seize every pretext to confuse the cause of Ireland with all the actions of all those who strike to serve her and, perhaps, to serve themselves a little also. The cause of Ireland has, no doubt, many self-seekers attaching to it, many who, pretending to serve her chiefly, take care of themselves first; but this fact does not render her cause itself less righteous than it is. The cause of Ireland is sustained by some who would serve her cause by unholy means; but the cause of Ireland itself is not less righteous on this account. The justice of Ireland's, and of her people's demands, is not lessened by one scintilla because certain wrong-minded Irishmen seek to advance the cause of their native land by wrongful means. If it were proved to-morrow that every man, now working for the freedom of Ireland, was a pirate or a filibuster, it would neither increase nor diminish the justice inherent to the real demands of her people. Let us not be misunderstood. We have no sympathy with those who use evil towards good ends. We reprobate and condemn utterly and entirely the use of the methods of the secret societies, all the methods of action of occult or open politicians which, in the most remote degree, savor of wrongfulness. There is more, far more, than enough of sin and evil in the world, without Ireland and her children adding to it. But we regard the real cause of Ireland, the truth and justice of that cause, as removed above and beyond the effects of evil or wrong-doing. If the cause of Ireland possesses, as we believe it does, a certain true equity, that equity attaches to it despite all the errors of its supporters, and Ireland must eventually attain to a glorious triumph, a triumph which won alike over the strength of her enemies and the weakness of her children, will make clear to the world how, amidst myriad temptations and oppressions of every kind, her people have kept pure and fragrant the precious deposit of human freedom. Let there be no mistake upon one point connected with this consideration. The inability of the doer of evil to lessen the justice of the cause of Ireland is no excuse for his wrongful action. The Irishman who joins a secret society, or commits a crime of any description, will not alter our devotion to the cause of Ireland, while neither will his conduct make us less anxious to see every secret society stamped out as a noisesome pest, and every criminal brought to condign punishment. We are not using mere words: we mean exactly what we say, no more, no less, and we believe that millions of Irishmen would endorse our words if need were. Before leaving the consideration of this branch of our subject, it is necessary to refer to a matter which seems to us to demand the earnest attention of every well wisher of Ireland. That to which we

allude is what we can only regard as the unfortunate silence too often maintained by well-meaning Irish Nationalists relative to the wild words and wilder doings of certain of the lower class supporters of the Irish cause. We, of course, recognize full well the difficulty Irishmen feel in acting as policemen on behalf of the power which usurps the government of their native land, and the speciousness of the arguments which are often used to confuse their better judgment, and to lead them to withhold words of condemnation on the score, that so long as England refuses to allow Irishmen to govern themselves, so long should Irishmen refuse to aid in making the self-imposed task of England, and of English coercionists, more easy. We know, too, of course, that few generals or leaders of lawfully contending forces are ever expected to condemn such as may be content to play the part of guerilla fighters on behalf of the cause they war for themselves. We never heard that Wellington condemned the brave, even if undisciplined, Spaniards who harrassed the flanks and rear of the French armies he fought with more legitimately. We cannot, however, forget that these arguments are all based upon a false principle, or are inapplicable to the present position of the cause of Ireland. The man who permits another to commit a crime which he can prevent, who encourages or incites another to commit a crime which he is too cautious to commit himself, or who withholds a word of condemnation or restraining hand because he thinks he may eventually profit by a wrongful deed, is, to our minds, a criminal himself. The fact is, however, that the interests of Ireland can never be served by crime or criminals, and in truth requires no aid from any such degraded sources. All that Ireland needs she can attain by honorable means, and as these means, and the ends for which they are to be used, come within the possibilities of the immediate future, we may now well give them some consideration.

When Irishmen suffer themselves to be led to "talk big" about the future prospects of their native land, and the ultimate triumph of their cause, they are likewise too often, as we think, so dazzled by their bright hopes and glowing aspirations, that they entirely overlook the fact that the future of Ireland and of her people will be exactly the future which both are able to make it. If the Irish are to be freed, it will be because they are able to gain their freedom; if they are to remain free, it will be because they are competent to maintain their freedom; if they are to enjoy prosperity, it will be because they are law-abiding, manly, and imbued with lofty ideas as to the dignity of painstaking industry, valorous patriotism and mutual respect for the rights of one another. We again repeat that the future of Ireland will be the future she is fitted

to fill, that which her people are fitted to discharge the duties of. This is a simple, self-evident fact which cannot be gainsaid. A man may wish to be President of the United States or prime Minister of England; but all the wishing in the world will not make him either, while competency for either post once secured, will be certainly the gaining of the first step thereto. A nominally free Ireland honeycombed by the dry-rot of secret societies, and disturbed by the scheming of professional demagogues, would be worse than the Ireland we know to-day. When Irishmen are sufficiently educated in the first duties of citizens of a free country, when they realize that a strong central government is essential to the unity and well-being of every nation, and that that government has full claim to the loyal service unto death of the people it rules, when they have made clear to their minds that a nation once freed passes from the irresponsibility of a political minority to the endurance of the great responsibilities of political manhood, they will be fit for freedom, and no power on earth can keep their freedom from them. We are not by any means saying that the Irish do not even now possess these qualifications. So far as we can see, the grand old Irish race possesses such a marvellous wealth of undeveloped powers, such a wonderous facility of adaption to the most varying circumstances of existence, and such readiness in imbibing education of every kind, that we should have little fear for the well-doing of Ireland were the night of her slavery ended now; but we cannot help thinking that the truth upon which we are insisting, is far too seldom brought before our people, and far too seldom proclaimed by our public men.

In any consideration of the possible future of Ireland, it is, of course, quite out of the question to begin by assuming that the independence which we all hope to see her gain, will be of such complete character as that, for instance, which America attained. It *may* no doubt be, that England engaged in contest with some foreign power, and worsted in the struggle, may be so reduced in strength as to justify the sons of Ireland, risking the fortunes of their country in the lottery of battle. Such a settlement of the Irish Question would, undoubtedly, be consonant with the wishes of many amongst them, and few would have will to say them nay, were fitting circumstances visible even in the furthest distance. Such circumstances do not, however, appear likely to occur. We believe Ireland entitled to entire independence. England is nearer France than she is herself to Ireland; but no one argues, that, therefore, France should rule her. The frontiers of every country touch some other, but no arguments in favor of their government by aliens is ever deduced from the fact. The relative geographical position of England and Ireland gives

neither any right over the other. Of course such entire independence *may* be one of the possibilities of the immediate future; but it is, as we have said, an unlikely one. In truth, it is doubtful whether independence of an unlimited kind would be, at present, an unmixed material boon to Ireland. National antipathy is always unreasoning, and men hot with the anger begotten of ill treatment are seldom perfectly rational. Irishmen are no exception to what we regard as a general rule possessing few exceptions, and hence are far too apt to conclude that their native land is at present or can be made at once capable of filling first place as a free nation. We are not afraid to tell those who think and speak thus that they are mistaken. Every one knows the rightful place of Ireland; but before she can fill it again, the cruel wrongs of every kind perpetrated by England during centuries of misrule will have to be undone. The political educations which have been so terribly neglected, the political capacities which have been "cribbed, cabined, and confined," will have to be cultivated and admitted to light and liberty. The men who have never had reason to give effective thought to the political course of their country will have to learn to really think, and, above all, to think rightly and justly. Irishmen must arrive at a clear sense of the great responsibilities of freemen before liberty will be an unmixed good for themselves or for their country. When freedom does come to Ireland, as it will come, every friend of that country must hope that she will not have to serve the long and weary apprenticeship so many lands have had to pass through in the trying childhood of their national liberty; but that coming in a gradual and self-educative way, it may really lift to higher things the people it emancipates from servitude. Mere political liberty, unless it be for the cojoined moral and material good of a people, is not *per se* or in itself a blessing. There may be liberty to do wrong as well as aright. The Irish people will ever, we believe, use such measure of freedom, as they may achieve, in a manner to deserve the blessing of the Divine and Almighty bestower of human liberty; but what we should like to see our public men endeavor to secure, would be the sensible, thoughtful, and educative participation of the bulk of our Irish people, at home as well as in America, in the struggle through which our country is now passing. We should like to see more effort given to the securing of the guaranteeing of the growing up in an independent Ireland of a generous, virtuous, religious, and educated nation: some thought given that the people of a free Ireland would be, and would be fit to be, their own masters, not the prey or dupes of interested self-seekers or of selfish politicians. A nation too easily led, or disturbed by political agitators, can never be certain of

prosperity. The chief effort of every well-meaning Irishman should be to teach his countrymen to think for themselves, and to think rightly and justly upon political and social affairs. A nation, or a society, is only a conglomeration of individuals, and precisely and only as the individuals within it are capable or worthy of freedom and self-government, will be the nation or society itself.

In concluding this brief consideration of the present and future prospects of Ireland, it is impossible to avoid saying something as to the work accomplished for their native land by the leaders and members of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He would be but an ingrate in fact and deed who would deny or decry the splendid aid which this Party has rendered to the cause of Irish freedom. It has been a phalanx of valiant fighting men in the heart of the enemy's camp. It has presented the rare spectacle in the history of Irish parliamentary representation, of popular representatives deaf to the solicitations, spurning the bribes, and careless of the frowns of the enemies of their country, and serving that country with a whole-heartedness and singleness of purpose certain to command success. The Irish Parliamentary Party has served another end, for it has shown to England that Ireland is not without that reserve of public spirit and talent for political life which must exist amongst the citizens of a free country, if it is to maintain its freedom. Just as the military genius of Ireland has been witnessed to by the valor of Sheridan, and in the service of England, by the strategy and talents of Wolesly and Roberts, so has the political capacity of the Irish nation been testified by the exhibition of the oratorical and guiding powers of Parnell, Sexton, Dwyer Gray, Heally, O'Brien, Sullivan, and other members of the party of which they are chiefs. This parliamentary party has given ample proof of the existence within its ranks of those capabilities of political organization, control, and management, which can alone save a land from chaos in or after a revolution, and which are so essential to the well-being of a newly freed nation. It has its faults, its policy has not, perhaps, been in all things what some amongst us would most have wished; but take it all in all, its fiercest foe, the bitterest enemy of Ireland, must admit that it contains within its ranks much cultivated talent, and many of the principal elements of a really national government. It has achieved much for Ireland and seems destined to achieve much more and has assuredly already earned the lasting gratitude of the people, whose cause it has brought to the verge of a glorious triumph.

We cannot conclude this brief and inconsequent article without again expressing our sincere and earnest conviction that the only lasting guarantee of the beneficial freedom of the Irish people will be

found to rest in their maintenance of the sacred principles which make and keep men moral, self-reliant, brave and virtuous citizens, principles which they have ever, as a people, been proud to maintain in the past, and their adherence to which, can alone secure them a worthy future.

WILLIAM FRANCIS DENNEHY.

Ellen Forrester.

DEATH last year was very busy among notable men and women of Irish genius. His rude hand snatched from our midst three of the sweetest songsters who have enriched the lyrical literature of the land of bards, during the past quarter of a century. Two of these, R. D. Joyce and M. J. M'Cann, need no posthumous eulogy, for their names are household words amongst lovers of Irish poetry. Ellen Forrester, however, who died during the early part of the year, although familiar to most readers of the Irish national journals, to which she contributed sparkling sonnets for many years, is too little known among Irish-Americans. An exile in a strange land, struggling with grim poverty from the day she left her girlhood's home, in Monaghan, until the hour she breathed her last, in the smoky atmosphere of Manchester, burdened with the care of providing shelter and education for five children, left fatherless when the eldest was but nine years of age, she yet found time to woo the muses, and in no faltering strains, although added to the doleful fight against misfortune which shadowed her life, were the pangs of a painful and incurable disease. Her first essays in the flowery paths of poesy were published in the *Dundalk Democrat*, about 1862, and excited more than local interest. She soon became a contributor to the *Nation* and the *Irishman*, in Dublin; the *Glasgow Free Press*, then controlled by Peter M'Corry, the present editor of our enterprising contemporary, the *Catholic Herald*, printed many of her productions, and she was engaged to write regularly in the columns of the *London Budget* and *Cassell's Magazine*. Her success in the two latter English journals was the more remarkable as she never concealed her patriotism and love of the old land; no flunky toadyism ever marred the beauty of one of her verses; and at a time when the Irish spirit was despondent or lethargic, she voiced aspirations that only became popular some years afterwards. In 1864 she published a small volume, entitled "Simple Strains," which was very favorably reviewed by the Irish press, but made its principal success

amongst English readers. Her effusions began to be sought by the publishers of English magazines, — James Henderson, proprietor of the *Budget; South London Press, The Key, The Pictorial World,* and other publications manifesting an especial interest in her advancement. Fortune seemed at last to smile on one whom she had hitherto deserted, when two events occurred which changed all her brightening prospects and alienated from her the friendship of those English literary men who were exerting themselves in her behalf. The first of these was the arrest and imprisonment of her eldest son, in March, 1867, for Fenianism. The second was her connection with the defence of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien for the rescue of Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, in Manchester. So great was the panic and prejudice amongst the English people at the time, that the committee which was formed to procure funds for the defence of the prisoners, had to meet secretly to avoid arrest and loss of situations. It was necessary, however, that a public appeal, to which some well-known name should be attached, should be issued through the national press; and as it meant, at least, ruin in business, and probably incarceration for any Irishman in Manchester to append his name to this, Mrs. Forrester was appealed to by the Manchester Nationalists, to act as the secretary of the committee for the defence; to receive the subscriptions and conduct the correspondence. Although strongly realizing the injury this must cause her with her English literary friends, she did not hesitate, and her exertions for the martyrs' defence, and subsequently, in connection with the late John Martin, M. P., for the assistance of the helpless ones they left behind, won for her the undying gratitude of her countrymen at home. In the result she was boycotted by her former English patrons, and confined herself afterwards to Irish journals — the *Nation* publishing the greater part of her subsequent productions. In 1869, Cameron and Ferguson, of Glasgow, published a second volume of poems from her pen and that of her son, Arthur M. Forrester, which met with a flattering reception. By this time her children were reaching maturity, and the bitter conflict against want and penury was not so incessant; but during the last few years of her life her physical sufferings were so great that death came as a welcome relief. Her last moments, however, were embittered by the knowledge that her son was for a second time in imminent danger of tasting the clemency of the British crown to disaffected subjects.

Despite her hampered circumstances, Ellen Forrester managed to impart a fair education to her children, and two of them are making their mark in literature. Fanny Forrester, her daughter, is one of the most popular versifiers in the English society journals. Her first suc-

cessful venture in this direction was in the competition for a prize, offered three years ago by Mrs. Henry Wood, editor of *The Argosy*, for the best Christmas poem for that Magazine. Miss Forrester not only carried off the prize from some sixty competitors, but so pleased the publishers with her contribution that they forwarded her double the amount of the premium originally offered. Since then her advance has been rapid; and her name appears frequently now in such high class publications as *Cassell's Magazine*, *The Argosy*, *London Society*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, etc., to some of which she is a constant contributor. It is to be regretted, however, that she does not appear to have inherited the patriotic sentiments of her mother; for, except one or two poems, published some time ago in the *Nation*, of Dublin, all her productions are completely English in style and tone. Arthur M. Forrester, however, seems to possess abundance of national spirit to make up for his sister's deficiency. He is well-known in Ireland as the writer of many stirring songs, two of which, "Our Land shall be Free," and "The Felons of Our Land," were intensely popular during the Land League agitation. He has been in the States a few months, and since his arrival has contributed poetry and prose, of more or less merit, to this MAGAZINE, *The Irish World*, *The Republic*, and the *New York Weekly*.

Although Ellen Forrester's rhymes lack the stately majesty of Joyce's muse and the fiery vim of McCann's trumpet tones, they possess a sweet simplicity and a touching tenderness which is equally charming. We quote two poems which will illustrate the keen sympathy of her nature with the feelings of the peasantry amid whom she passed the days of her childhood, and from time to time we will reproduce other verses from her pen.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S CAOINE.

My very heart-strings, sure, will burst asunder,
Oh, woe is me!
Damp is the sod that thou art sleeping under,
Asthore machree!

Narrow and dark the bed where thou art lying,
All cold and lone;
And the wild winds above thee shrieking, sighing —
Ochone! Ochone!

The frost is nipping thee, my tender blossom,
In that cold place;
Mavourneen, come and nestle in my bosom
Thy poor chill face.

Thine empty cradle stands beside the fire
In the old cot;

They would have moved it, but at my desire
They touched it not.

Then come, I'll clasp my arms so close about thee
And bear thee home;
Thy father says he cannot live without thee,
Alanna, come!

I speak to thee, asthore — canst thou not hear me?
My heart will break;
Why art thou mute, my babe, and I so near thee?
Speak, darling, speak.

My gentle love-bird, thou art fled for ever,
Thy song is o'er;
Thy voice is hushed, and I shall hear thee never,
Oh, never more.

The sunshine of my life is all departed,
The day is gone;
The night has come, and I am broken-hearted —
Ochone! Ochone!

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE.

REMEMBER, Dennis, all I bade you say,
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord —
But of our troubles since he went away,
You'll mind avick, and never breathe a word.
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May —
She died, poor thing, but *that* you needn't mind,
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was always kind;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came,
And cut the corn and stored it in the barn —
'Twould be as well to mention them by name,
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe and James M'Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill —
But say, oh say agra, I missed him still!

They came with ready hands our toil to share,
'Twas then I missed him most, my own right hand!
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong arm! brave heart! oh, severed far from me,
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

You'll tell him *she* was with us (he'll know who),
Mavourneen! hasn't she the winsome eyes;
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue;
That ever shone except in summer skies;
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled o'er a neck so fair.

Tell him old Pinche fretted many a day,
Ah, poor old fellow he had like to die —
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by.
Hail, rain, or sunshine, it was all the same.
He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light —
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things grow dim before my fading sight.
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing, morning, noon and night,
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave fathers stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad!

The Novelists of Spain.

PART III.

THE reign of chivalry was slowly decaying at the moment Cervantes took lance in hand, and defeated its champions on their chosen ground. Books on knight-errantry had ceased to be written long before the keen satire of *Don Quixote* buried them out of sight. During the time immediately anterior, and for some time after, the Spanish novelists were occupied in green fields and pastures new. This class is ranked under the name of *Novelas Sentimentales*, and has three branches,— *Amorosas*, *Pastorales*, and the specific *Novelas* —the last name being generally given to short tales, in contradistinction to the many-volumed novels usually labelled *Historias* or *Adventuras*.

1. The *Amorosas* were devoted to showing the action of pure love and were modelled on the work of Heliodorus, *Theagenes* and *Clariclea*. Perhaps, a better idea will be conveyed if the reader will imagine a limited variation on the plot of that widely-known romance of St. Pierre, *Paul and Virginia*, without, however, the profound sadness of the French writer. Morbidness is the last thing to look for in Spanish literature. And the mention of St. Pierre's name reminds us what a popular form of fiction it proved in many countries. Yet, in Spain, despite foregone conclusions on the subject, it had but little popularity. The particular interest that now attaches to it is not on

account of what it accomplished, but because two transcendant names of Spanish literature are connected with it,— Miguel Cervantes and Lope de Vega.

Los Trabagos de Perciles y Sigismunda is from the hand of the first named of these wonderful and versatile writers,— the most prolific of any the world ever saw, most likely. Most critics discern in it the best work that Cervantes ever did, and to show how highly it was esteemed by a profound student of Spanish fiction, the words of Fernandez Navarrete are cited: "This novel," he says, "abounds with a variety of very interesting incidents, and bears throughout strong traces of a lively imagination. The descriptions of the Greek novelist are too often obtruded, and too pompous, whereas those of the Spanish author are offered with a more sparing hand, and bear the stamp of probability and nature. Accordingly, this work of Cervantes boasts of more invention, and displays more tact in the construction of the fable, than *Don Quixote* itself. He avoided, moreover, those blemishes of style and language which are here and there observable in that immortal work." The idea that the work in question ranks above *Don Quixote* is merely the opinion of the scholars as opposed to that of the multitude. In our opinion, *Don Quixote* is simply unsurpassable, almost unrivalled, in its own realm of prose fiction, not only in Spain, but in all the world. And to assert of a comparatively unknown work that it more than rivals it, injures the reputation of the book advocated. *Perciles y Sigismunda* has a bad plot, and its scene is in an undiscovered country; its language is hasty and superficial, and it bears everywhere the traces of careless writing; but it has amusing episodes, several passages of pathos and power, and some good character delineations. Altogether, making fair allowances, and conceding that it is a book worth reading even yet, a book unfairly neglected, still it must be admitted that it falls below the mark of a genius like that of Cervantes. Strange to say, though, it was his favorite of all his works. Valdivieso, in the licensing approbation prefixed to the work in 1616, says, "Of all the works left us by Cervantes, there is none so ingenious, erudite, and entertaining." The child of his old age,— his last intellectual offspring,— the only way we can account for his estimate, aside from the usual blindness of authors on this score, is on the ground that men generally regard the children of their latter days with the highest favor.

El Peregrino en su Patria, and *Dorotea*, naturally lead us to place the name of Lope de Vega beside that of Cervantes. None in Spanish literature better deserves that eminence, both on account of his brilliant genius, and on account of his marvellous versatility.

These two novels of Lope de Vega, while they display his usual power, have also more than his usual amount of affectation. A common failing of that time, still it is astonishing to see a man of such force and originality falling below himself so often. Of the two here mentioned, though both were popular in their day, the *Dorotea* is by far the best. A good plot, evenly and skilfully managed, would cause it to be ranked among the best of modern novels, were it not that it has ceased to be read.

Hipolita y Ariminta, by Don Francisco Quintana, deserves to be placed just after the above, and it has sufficient merit to attract the attention of the curious.

2. The second branch of this class is formed by the *Novelas Pastorales*. At one time, these fictions were as much a mania in Spain as the older and more respectable books of chivalry. If anything, they were still more absurd. Dealing in impossible shepherds and amazing milkmaids, taking up the old and venerable opinion that only here could be found peace and content, their authors made portrayals of nature inevitably false and misleading. If these beings were in olden time really what tradition makes them, it is idle now to surmise. But within historic ages, the husbandman has certainly appeared as a possibly gentle, but always rough character. Yet here, where the authors of the pastoral novels set up to copy nature more faithfully than their rivals had done, they most signally failed. The picture we have, all the world over, from this class of writers, is simply marvellous in its blank and unmeaning aspects. The old Greek masters would open their eyes in wonder, could they read these fantastic freaks, made up of incongruous images, stilted language, and bad taste. Notwithstanding which, Spain was once deluged with prose and rhymed pastorals of all kinds.

Galatea — the first production of Miguel Cervantes (1583) — stands at the head of the list on account of the very qualities which enabled him to outgrow the form, and rise to a nobler, bolder, purer height. Assuming the name of Elicio, he celebrates here his love for a lady named Dona Catalina de Palacios, whom he subsequently married. Dona Catalina figures as the Galatea of the pastoral. Portraits of the most illustrious literary characters of the time appear under fictitious names: Figueroa as Tirsi, Huntado de Mendoza as Meliso, and Ercilla, author of the *Araucania*, as Larsilio. The fable of the *Galatea* has too many episodes, and the attention is distracted by a multitude of secondary characters; the machinery is faulty, and ever going out of order; and it is on the whole exceedingly perplexing and involved. Most likely, Cervantes did not seek to produce a regular story, but

aimed at giving scope to his genius for character drawing. And, after all is said about its faults, it is indisputable that foregleams of the aftermath are here — of the dazzling brilliancy destined ere long to excite the wonder of the world, and attain immortal fame. Full of vivid descriptions, picturesque images unusual to its kind, amusing episodes, with a highly poetic language, whose harmony enchants the ear like finest verse, with here and there portions which delight and hold the mind, the *Galatea* is not only first of pastorals, but also worthy of being read now in spite of its pastoral character.

La Diana, by Montemayor, and *La Diana Enamorada*, by Gil Polo, deserve an equal rank with the *Galatea* of their more famous rival. The latter received the unqualified applause of the critics of that age. Cervantes himself gives it the highest praise when he says in *Don Quixote*, "that the work of Gil Polo should be treasured up as if it were the work of Apollo." The special characteristics of *La Diana Enamorada* are the power of imagination and beauty of diction it displays.

Next after these, we have only space to mention, as occupying a second rank, *La Constante Amarilis*, by Suarez de Figuerra, *El Pastor de Falida*, by Luis Galvez Montaloo, and *La Arcadia* and *Los Pastores de Belen*, by Lope de Vega. The versatile Lope de Vega takes here the last place — small wonder, considering the multitude of ways he had for employing his pen. 3. The *Novelas* proper — what the French significantly call *Nouvelles* — are one volume stories; and here the Spanish genius struck a happy vein. They were intended, besides the usual aim of delineating character, to satirize the follies and vices of special classes of people. Some of them were blemished by too great freedom in their attacks, and in this respect bear a striking resemblance to the modern French novel. But as a general rule, their tone, like the tone of all Spanish literature, was elevated and ennobling; showing, not ignorance of sin, but just that true degree of caution in handling the evil among mankind, by which its cure, not its perpetuation, is forwarded.

Cervantes here, among a host who signalized themselves in other fields as well as in this, comes again to the front, and has left us of this class, if not a better, at least as good a work as the great *Don Quixote* itself. He modelled the *Novelas Exemplares* as he called the series, on Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which was at that time so popular in Italy and elsewhere. But Cervantes, a moral and good man, while he adopted the machinery, changed the aim entirely; and though the pictures he draws are faithful to realism, the didactic lessons are clearly indicated. In reading these fine pieces of art, varied and beautiful,

full of strong sense and grandly simple diction, we cannot help being struck by the noble genius and good heart of the man. Here is one man who never raised the old cant about the privileges of genius in regard to the moral law, but who honestly went to work, avoiding the too-inviting themes of vice, and sought to attract to the gentle paths of virtue by a magic as enchanting as any ever possessed by the eulogists of evil.

This series, twelve in number, exhibits in small compass, a marvellous variety. The plot and characters of each work, in contradistinction to that perpetual rejuvenation with which barren novelists have of late years so sickened us, are totally dissimilar from those of all the others. Many of them possess the additional merit of being founded on fact; as *La Fuerza de la Sangre* and *La Española Inglesa.* Of the former work, Florian says, that it is the most interesting of all Cervantes' books, because the descendants of Rodulfo and Leocadea, the principal characters in it, were living in the city of Toledo in his day. The most perfect things of their kind are the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs* and the *Licenciado Vidriera*, which are wonderful examples of keen and polished satire.* Some adventures of his own life are included in *El Amante Liberal*, and in *El Cantivo*, the latter of which was inserted in *Don Quixote.* Then, too, should be mentioned the story of *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, a picture of the life, manners, and impositions of a band of thieves in the city of Seville. Another story took its rise from occurrences which happened in 1570, and is called *El Zelose, Estremedo.* One of the stories never saw the printing press until 1822. It was grounded on facts brought to light at Salamanca in the year 1575, and is called *La Tia Fingida.* It is suggested that Cervantes suppressed it from religious scruples, fearing to offend on moral grounds, because it dealt with a detestable race of women who infest great cities. But so firm and delicate is his handling of the theme, that there is nothing in it but a moral lesson. On the whole, when we consider the vivid imagination, profound knowledge of human nature, easy, flowing, pure style, and genuine Castilian language, displayed in the *Novelas Exemplares*, we reach the unavoidable conclusion that, neglected as it is, it is really one of the great books of the world.

The *Exemplares*, as described above, may be taken as samples, but of rather higher order, of this branch. Few men have combined in

* In the *Voyage to Parnassus*, a part poetical, part prose work, and a satire itself, Cervantes disclaims satire. If this is not a genuine stroke, he most likely meant to say, as the word was then used, that he sought to make no one ridiculous from a sordid or personal motive. The word satire has changed its meaning since that day, and we would now say that all of Cervantes' works are biting satires, the more bitter for being just and true and high-toned.

them the genius and goodness of Cervantes; and, consequently, those who have followed him here have ranged from the next step to him to an almost degrading depth. But there is always this difference between the Italian and the Spanish novelists; the latter never lose sight of a moral purpose.

Among the more esteemed of these writers of short novels, may be mentioned Salos Barbadillo, Perez de Montalvan, Matias de los Reyes, Doña Maria de Zayas, etc.

Ireland's Right to Home Rule.

HAS Ireland a right to Home Rule? Most undoubtedly. If England says to us, "Prove your right to Home Rule," we may say to her, "Prove *your* right to Home Rule." The right of Ireland, of America, and of England, stands on precisely the same basis.

No man has a right to enslave a free citizen. England has no right to enslave the least citizen of this republic. *A longe fortissimo*, she has no right to enslave the whole population of this republic. Ireland is free by nature. She holds her right to freedom direct from Heaven; she holds it by the very same title as England, France, and America. We, then, are not bound to prove our right to Home Rule. It is not our business. Our right is plain, and requires no proof. On the contrary, the *onus probandi* lies on England. It is for her to prove her right to enslave Ireland. Here is the description given by the Irish Alcibiades of the first visit paid to Ireland by an English King, Henry Plantagenet:

> "On the 18th of October, in the year 1172, upon the broad waters of the silvery Suir, the spears and banners of the royal pirate were glittering in the sun. Did the old city of the Danes send forth a shout of defiance as the splendid pageant moved up the stream and flung its radiance on the walls? No! From those walls no challenge was hurled at the foe, but from the tower of Reginald the gray eye of a stately soldier glistened as they came; and as he waved his hand, and showed the keys of the city he had won, the name of Strongbow was heard amid the storm of shouts that rocked the galleys to and fro. He was the first adventurer who set his foot on Ireland in the name of England, and he, the sleek, the cautious, and the gallant Strongbow, was the type and herald of that plague with which Ireland has been cursed for seven desolating centuries."

Such was the beginning of the English monarchs' relations to Ireland, and after-history is of a piece with it. It observed the precept of Horace,—

> "*Servetur ad imum,*
> *Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*"

England's rights to Ireland (if it have any foundation at all), is founded on conquest. I do not deny that conquest may be a title, but the conqueror is subject to the moral law as well as any one else. Listen to the illustrious Edmund Burke, the great oracle in political philosophy:— "The conqueror," he says,

> "The conqueror, so far as the government is concerned, merely takes the place of him whom he has displaced in the very same way as if he had come in by hereditary succession, or by election. He becomes the ruler. He succeeds to the duties of him whose place he has taken. *He is strictly bound to treat the vanquished people as he treats the population of his own hereditary dominions.*"

Has England fulfilled the duties which her position of victor over Ireland imposed upon her? Let us appeal to history. It is a question of fact; let facts answer: England has notoriously violated the common duties of a conqueror; she has most basely and shamefully broken the most binding treaties, as, for example, the treaty of Limerick; and has imposed on Ireland a code which Edmund Burke characterized as being "as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." England has manifestly forfeited all claim to Ireland (if any she had), through her neglect and violation of the duties involved in her position, and the relations of the two countries. But Englishmen say that acquiesence gives a title, that "silence gives consent." What do they mean by "acquiesence?" Acquiesence, in order to count for anything, must be free. The acquiesence of a traveller is not to be considered as a voluntary act when he gives up his purse to the robber who holds a pistol levelled at his head. "But Ireland has not thrown off the English yoke," they say. Now, those men know full well that Ireland would throw off the English yoke to-morrow, if she could. What more can a nation not strong enough to resist oppression — what more can she do but protest? And has not Ireland been protesting year by year against English domination? Yes! and have not those protests found adequate expression, from time to time, in the flash of the insurgent's pike, the stroke of the sabre, and the thunder of artillery?—as witness, Vinegar Hill, the plains of Meath, and the walls of Limerick.

> "He said that the sword had enslaved us,
> That still at its point we must kneel;
> The dastard! though often it braved us,
> We crossed it with hardier steel.
> This witness his Richard, our vassal,
> His Essex, whose plumes we trod down,
> His Willy, whose peerless sword-tassel,
> We tarnished at Limerick town."

But we do not look at the question merely in the abstract. We deal with concrete fact.

It is a fact that Ireland possessed Home Rule about eighty years ago. It was then under a Native Legislature. Under that Native Legislature, the Irish people proved their capacity for Home Rule. Hardly any nation advanced with such rapid pace in prosperity as Ireland of that period. That was the Parliament of which Henry Grattan said that he was its parent and its founder; he had sat by its cradle, and, alas! followed its hearse. Moore calls it,—

"That one lucid interval, snatched from the gloom,
And the madness of ages, when filled with its soul,
A nation overleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant touched liberty's goal."

But that parliament was defective in the most essential points, for it represented not the Irish Catholic nation, but the Protestant colony. I am only concerned with it now as far as it was acknowledged by England to be a free and independent parliament.

I am not one of those who can derive consolation from the thought that,—

"Our tyrants then
Were still, at least, our countrymen."

I frankly own that I have no relish for either a domestic or a foreign tyrant.

Well, that parliament, such as it was, was at all events an Irish parliament, independent of England. The ruler of Great Britain had authority over the Irish parliament not as King of England, but as King of Ireland. As Grattan said, "Ireland was a nation."

"The Castle still stands, but the senate's no more."

Yes! the senate is, alas! no more. The free parliament of Ireland was extinguished. The very men who had been elected by the people to defend the national constitution, proved recreant to their high trust, and sold the independence of their country. It is a melancholy, indisputable fact that they did so. Of course, the act was unlawful, and morally null. The members of the Irish Parliament were the servants of the Constitution to act under it, not to traffic in it. Plunket warned them against such a step. He told them that they might extinguish themselves, but Parliament they could not extinguish,— as well might the frantic suicide imagine that the act which destroyed his miserable body annihilated his immortal soul. He told them that the silence of the country, to which they alluded as an argument for the Union, was, if properly understood, more terrible than the loudest

clamor. They might be riven by the lightning before they heard the peal of the thunder. He further told them that if they passed that bill, they resolved society into its original elements, and not a man in the country was bound to obey them. Grattan declared that he was there to leave his shattered frame on the floor of the House in defence of the liberties of his country. Colonel O'Donnell pronounced it an act of treason, and said he was ready to place himself at the head of his regiment to oppose and annul it. Sawin, Plunket, and Burke, these three great lawyers, concurred in the opinion that it was not morally binding and that it was only a question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force.

Even in the Parliament of England men were found to speak in behalf of the Irish Parliament. One member of the English Parliament thus speaks of himself in regard to that question — (He apostrophizes Ireland).

"My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
My vote, as a freeman, still voted thee free.
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though out-worn had a throb still for thee.
Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
I have known noble hearts, and great souls in thy sons,
And I wept, with the world, o'er the patriot band,
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who for years were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeemed, if they have not, retarded thy fall."

The means by which the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland was compassed were notoriously corrupt and criminal. The flood-gates of Government patronage were thrown open, and the torrent swept away in its turbid course the freedom of poor, old Ireland. The most appropriate epitaph for each corrupt member would be —

"*Bendidit hic amo patriam.*"

But now, Englishmen tell us, the thing is done. "Well," we reply, "there is such as restitution." The plea of every robber might be, "It is an accomplished fact." What! as O'Connell observes, "will they say that crime, like wine, improves with age, and that time mollifies guilt into innocence?"

Ireland's freedom is her property. It is a property belonging not merely to one, or many generations, but to all the successive generations of that nation. Now, this freedom has been stolen or wrested unjustly from her by England. What is to be done? To seek its restoration, of course. The length of time it has been with held only aggravates the heinousness of the crime. The freedom of a

country is a thing that no human power can proscribe. It is an imprescriptible right. But it may be said that "the present generation of Englishmen is not accountable for the acts of their forefathers." I do not say that they are, but it must be remembered that I am speaking, not of an individual, but of a nation. The nation has a life of many centuries, and a correspondingly long memory. The acts of oppression which the nation has endured, though they may be ignored as forgotten by individuals, are not to be supposed to be forgotten by the injured nation. The question with the present generation of English legislators is, whether they ought to restore the spoliated rights of Ireland. England has precedents enough for the concession of Home Rule to Ireland. Take Hungary, where the Emperor of Austria has only the title of king. Take Canada! Why not grant Ireland local government as well as Canada? I do not go farther, and point to countries which have become wholly separated, as Holland and Belgium. As to the question of separating entirely from England and establishing an independent Irish nation, although that is my own personal view of settling the matter, I do not presume to offer advice. I leave the determination of that point to where it properly belongs, viz: to the Irish nation itself. Is there any hope of blending the two nations? not much. The English appear to be actuated by the spirit of domination, and the Irish are convinced that such is the fact. This accounts for the cold and distrustful manner in which the Irish people have received the Land Act. It is quite plain that if an act of that kind had been passed by a Legislature in which the Irish people had confidence, it would have challenged the most grateful acknowledgments of all classes. But the Irish people are under the conviction that England gives nothing to Ireland for the sake of justice, but merely because it is wrung from them in an hour of peril. They fear even the gifts of England. Now, let us inquire whether Home Rule is attainable. Is it probable that Ireland will gain Home Rule? Judging from the past, it is quite probable that Ireland will eventually gain Home Rule. The obstacles to Home Rule are no greater than were the obstacles to Catholic Emancipation, and to the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church, yet these measures were carried. In the event of Home Rule being recovered what a delightful prospect opens for Ireland! She can utilize her immense facilities for commerce. Her agriculture and manufactures will be fully developed. Her fisheries, that should be a source of profit and revenue, but which are now merely nominal, will be encouraged to a marvellous extent. The waste lands of the country — two millions of acres — will be reclaimed. The island will become what Cardinal Newman foretells of it:

"I look towards a land both old and young — old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterberry and York, which Augustine and Pauliness founded, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards one hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm."

As it is evident that the picture given by Cardinal Newman involves the establishment of Irish independence, it is no wild or chimerical notion that Home Rule is but a question of time.

Shall not the star eclipsed so long,
Beam forth its rays again;
And cheer and bless with radiance strong
The hearts of Irishmen.
Shall not again in College Green,
Our Parliament its sessions hold,
And Ireland's flag again be seen,
The flag of green and gold?

Before closing this paper, I take the liberty to quote a sonnet of of mine published some time ago as a tribute to Ireland's immortal tribune, Daniel O'Connell, who won one great victory for his religion and country, who struck the chains off our fathers' limbs, and bequeathed as a birthright of civil and religious liberty:—

Of old, great Moses, from Egyptian thrall,
Led Israel forth to worship God in peace;
For ages long had Erin hoped release,
From penal laws when at her piteous call,
God sent O'Connell. Of the isle was he
Uncrowned King, the people's darling choice.
The nation rose up at his mighty voice,
And loudly claimed religious liberty.
Then labored he his country's rights to gain,
But failed, his justice over-borne by force.
To Peter's chair he took his pious course,
And never saw the isle he loved again.
He left to Rome his heart, to native sod
His body, and his soul resigned to God.

O'Connell's belief in the attainableness of Repeal is a strong argument in its favor. He was so sagacious and so practical that we safely trust ourselves to his guidance.

Oxford, N. J. REV. P. J. TRACEY.

THE Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

PART III.

On the morning of the 20th June, 1848, "after the amber mist had lifted itself from the sea," the Bermuda Islands loomed up against the horizon. The appearance which this British convict station, with its low hills, scraggy cedars, and parched soil, presented from the deck of the ship, left no very favorable impression on the mind of the kidnapped Mitchel, but set him to thinking with "keen *desiderium*" of his own "green Banba of streams." "I could not help continually murmuring to myself," he writes :—

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Ullagone dhu oh!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,
Ullagone dhu oh!
There is honey in the trees where the misty vales expand,
And the forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned,
There is dew at high noon-tide there, and springs in the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

The Bermuda Islands were discovered in the year 1522, by Juan Bermudez, a shipwrecked Spanish sailor, after whom they are named. The Spaniards, however, effected no settlement in the country. Nearly a century later another shipwrecked navigator, Sir George Somers, an Englishman, was driven on the Islands, who established a settlement, since which time the country has remained an appanage of the British crown.

All cheerless and forbidding though the appearance of the Islands had been, they still possessed certain literary and historical associations, which served to invest them with some degree of interest in the eyes of Mitchel. The Irish philosopher, Berkely, selected them as the seat of his projected missionary establishment for the conversion of the American Indians, and after great exertions, succeeded in securing from the English government of the day the promise of a grant of £200,000 for his purpose. Guileless mortal that he was, on the strength of the *Punica fides*, he resigned his rich deanery of Derry, and sailed for America, landing in Rhode Island. After three years patient waiting, it became clear that he would not receive the promised grant, and he was thus reluctantly compelled to give up his cherished plans, and return to the land of his birth.

The good, simple-minded bishop seems to have been wholly oblivious of the close relationship between the missionary enterprise and

the commercial interests of Great Britain. The divine mandate is: Preach the Gospel to the poor: the maxim of British policy and religion is somewhat different, namely, "Preach the Gospel to those with whom you can drive a profitable trade." For the American Indians of that day were poor, and there did not appear any probability of their developing that taste for rum and opium which to a practical, business-like people would have justified the introduction amongst them of the blessings of true religion, and the gratuitous distribution of English Bibles. They might be employed, accordingly for nobler purposes than their conversion to Christianity,— the conversion, that is, as Mitchel grimly observes, into red *humus*. British statesmanship is deep and far-seeing, and to mar the beautiful savagery of their natures by any infusion of Christian mildness, would have rendered them comparatively useless in the holy work of plying the tomahawk and scalping-knife against future colonial rebels.

From the deck of the ship, Mitchel could behold the convict hulks, and the prisoners in straw hats and linen blouses, with the queen's broad arrow stamped upon them. He sees the convict cemetery gleaming in the distance, and turns away with a shudder at the thought of one day mingling his dust with the "unblessed company" who lie therein.

The evening of the day after his arrival at Bermuda, a boat, pulled by men in white blouses, drew up alongside the steamer, and Mitchel was informed that new quarters were prepared for him on board one of the convict hulks. A pull of a few minutes, and Mitchel found himself on the quarter-deck of one of these hulks, when after a receipt had been given to the captain of the steamer for Mitchel's body, the few shillings he possessed handed over to the superintendent, and a solemn warning administered to him, that he should not attempt to have any connection with public (?) affairs, he was conducted to his new home. It was in the centre of the ship, a sort of hole or cavern, through which the main-mast formerly ran, about six feet square, with a wooden stool for furniture, and a hammock swung diagonally across it. The light of a candle showed swarms of cockroaches nearly two inches long, running with incredible speed over the walls and floor, and with these for company (doubtless, preferable to the convicts in the hulk), and a cup of milkless tea and a lump of bread for food, Mitchel was fain to make the best of his situation.

The commander of the ship was a Doctor Hall, who took kindly to Mitchel from the start, and who, on the strength of a report made by a surgeon of the "Scourge," that Mitchel was suffering from asthma, gave orders that he should be removed to the hospital-ship.

The change was altogether for the better. The dog-hutch gave place to a neat if not very commodious cabin, lighted by two windows; while, instead of the coarse bread and milkless tea, the prisoner was treated to more succulent viands.

"If an Englishman," writes Mitchel, "wishes to be kind to any individual, his first thought is to feed him well; the foundation of all British happiness is victual; therefore, the steward has had special orders about my table. In truth, I do begin to set more store by that matter of dining than I ever thought I should. Tender Naso, in his captivity, hated the hour of dinner; or *poetice* pretends he did; I do not believe him; when one is cut off from all his ordinary occupation and environment, dinner is the great event of his day. If they keep me here many months, living all alone, and supplying me with sapid viands, I shudder to think what an overwhelming moment dinner-time may become to me; how I will tear my victuals like a wild beast, gorge them in my solitary cavern, and then lie down to doze until next feeding-time. *Infandum!*"

But a few days more had elapsed when a change came over the spirit of the scene. British vigilance was aroused: the din of military preparations resounded everywhere on board the ship: the bulwarks were pierced for heavy guns: on the shore, along the top of the fortifications a line of tents was pitched in which troops slept at night, and every face bore a look of fierce determination. A special guard was assigned to keep watch over Mitchel, whose duty it was to lock and unlock, every night and morning, the door of Mitchel's cell; visit him three or four times during the interval, and make sure of his presence by flashing the light of his lantern over the prisoner's face. And wherefore this sudden spasm of British vigilence and energy? That very morning, it would appear, a special express arrived from Halifax, with the news that the Irish in New York had threatened to equip a vessel, or even a squadron, to rescue the imprisoned patriot. The sole result of the threat, however, apart from the foolish alarm which it excited, was to cause Mitchel to be instantly conveyed from his comfortable quarters in the hospitable ship, back again to his old cell in the convict hulk. Once before had Mitchel been roused from his slumbers by a din of martial preparations, equally loud and equally vain, directed against an enemy equally nebulous. Let him relate the incident for us in his inimitable way: —

"Last night after two bells (one o'clock), I was awakened by great trampling, pushing, hauling and thumping on deck. Something unusual was certainly going forward. Got up, went through the cabin, and to the foot of the companion-ladder; found the sky-lights of the cabin removed, and smooth deck laid in their place — the captain out on deck — the companion-ladder blocked up at the top. *The deck was cleared for action.* I heard loud words of command. Spirit of the Constitution! has war been declared since we went to sea? Is Baudin, is Trehouart upon us? — may the powers grant it! Oh! Trehouart, Admiral of Heaven, lay yourself along side here — you can easily wing our accursed paddle, or send two or three fifty pounders into us amidships, to derange the economy of our engine-room. I ran through the lieutenant's room, telling a boy who was there to run before me and report me to my sergeant. At the foot of one of the funnels I found a ladder tha

brought me on deck. Ah! there was no enemy (no friend) in sight; it was only British discipline that had started British prowess from his sleep, to practice in the dead of the night: we were alone on the wide, silent sea, and were going to bombard the moon. Four times we shelled her with our huge mortar, — not, if truth must be told, with actual bombshells, but with quarter charges of powder — four times we thundered at her with our long-gun, four times with our carronades; and then, British energy having blotted the white moonshine awhile with his gunpowder-smoke tumbled into his hammock again. No living soul but those on board heard that cannonade — for fishes are notoriously deaf. On the convex of the great globe we are all alone here: and even here amongst the guns the whole effect is mean, for there is no echo, and each report is a mere *belch;* far, indeed, from the reverberating, thundering roll of heavy guns along shore. It is a pitiful pyrotechny; and the black, thunder-bearing "Scourge" seems, in this silent immensity, but a small, black, spiteful spitfire doing its paltry worst to trouble the still empire of great ambrosial night. But the smoke soon melts away, drifting off to leeward, and the solemn moon (unharmed apparently) looks down as mildly on ship and ocean as before the battery was opened upon her. Forgive the impudent spitfire, O soft moon! Sink her not to the depths with a discharge of thy terrible aerolite grape, — for thou, too, as I remember, art potent in artillery. 'What is to become of us mortals,' saith Jean Paul, 'dwelling on this bare convexity, and the moon going round bombarding us with stones, like a Turk!' Fine rant this."

It is but just, however, not to omit mentioning that Mitchel was treated by his English jailers with a certain degree of consideration. He was allowed to wear his own clothes, not the garb of the prisons, was not compelled to associate with the convicts — though, lest the lesson should be wholly lost, he was not so far removed from them as that he could not see them from his window marching in gangs to work in the quarries; the clank of their chains was seldom out of his ears, nor could he help hearing from time to time the cut of the sounding lash and the shrieks of the mangled wretches when flogged. Then, too, he was allowed the use of books and pens and paper, was supplied with good food —

"Was spoken to," as he writes, "not only without haughtiness, but with respect, and all because I am supposed to be (though I never said I was) *a gentleman.* See here the spirit of the British Constitution — a most polite Constitution! — a most genteel spirit! See of what fine porcelain clay your British gentleman must be made, when, even as *a felon* (for they are bound to pretend that they consider me as a felon) the gentleman is not to be allowed to mix with the swinish multitude. Your gentlemanly convict, even, must have deference and accommodations, and attendance and literary leisure; but in the hulk, as elsewhere, there is the hard word and the hard blow, and unremitting, ill-requited toil, and fetters for the limbs, and a scourge for the back of the poor."

In the enjoyment of the "comparative liberty" which he thus possessed he would sit for hours on the pier, listening to the "multitudinous laughter of the ocean waves," and drinking in the beauty of the scene. At such moments a flood of memories would rush back upon his soul, and the spirit of bitterness, of stern unrelenting defiance which breathes throughout the pages of the "Journal," would melt away into a strain of tender longing, which thus finds expression: —

"The glorious bright weather tempts me to spend much time on the pier, where I have been sitting for hours, with the calm limpid water scarce rippling at my feet. Towards the north-east, and in front of me where I sit, stretches away beyond the rim of the world that immeasurable boundless blue; and by intense gazing I can behold, in vision, the misty peaks of a far-off land — yea, round the gibbous shoulder of the great oblate spheroid, my wistful eyes can see, looming, floating in the sapphire empyrean, that green Hy Brasil of my dreams and memories — 'with every haunted mountain and streamy vale below.' Near me, to be sure, on one side lies scattered an archipelago of sand and lime-rocks, whitening and splitting like dry bones under the tyrannous sun, with their thirsty brushwood of black fir-trees; and still closer behind me, are the horrible, swarming hulks, stewing, seething cauldrons of vice and misery. But often while I sit by the sea, facing that north-eastern *art*, my eyes and ears and heart are all far, far. This thirteenth of September is a clear, calm, autumnal day in Ireland, and in green glens there, and on many a mountain-side, beech-leaves begin to redden, and the heather-bell has grown brown and sere: the corn-fields are nearly all stripped bare by this time; the flush of summer grows pale; the notes of the singing-birds have lost that joyous thrilling *abandon* inspired by June days, when every little singer in his drunken rapture will gush forth his very soul in melody, but he will utter the unutterable joy. And the rivers, as they go brawling over their pebbly beds, some crystal bright, some tinted with sparkling brown from the high moors — 'the hue of the Cairngorm pebble' — all have got their autumnal voice and chide the echoes with a hoarser murmur, complaining (he that hath ears to hear let him hear) how that summer is dying, and the time of the singing birds is over and gone. On such an autumn day to the inner ear is ever audible a kind of low and pensive, but not doleful *sighing*, the first whispered *susurrus* of those moaning, wailing October winds, wherewith Winter preludes the pealing anthem of his storms. Well known to me, by day and by night, are the voices of Ireland's winds and waters, the faces of her ancient mountains. I see it, I hear it all — for by the wondrous power of imagination, informed by strong love, I do indeed live more truly in Ireland than on these unblessed rocks.

"But what avails it? Do not my eyes strain over the sea in vain? my soul yearn in vain? Has not the Queen of England banished me from the land where my mother bore me, where my father's bones are laid?"

DELTA.

Diphtheria.

DIPHTHERIA is supposed to come from blood-poisoning, and that the poison is generally introduced through impure drinking water, or in the air from sewers, cess-pools, refuse heaps, or other similar foul places. While it is generally believed by the profession that diphtheria originates in atmospheric poisons emanating from foul places, it is well known that many, even malignant cases, can be traced to no such source.

During our three years' camp life in California, we visited almost every part of the State, and I became deeply interested in the health of the people. In this regard, as in almost every other feature, California seems strangely exceptional. While climbing through a wild, mountain district in the northern part of the State, we suffered from thirst. We looked here and there for water until both our horses and ourselves were in distress. Discovering at length a small house, high up on the side of the mountain, I left my saddle and climbed to the shanty, convinced that there I should find water. I was not disap-

pointed. Slaking my own thirst at the delicious mountain spring, a hundred feet above the house, I hurried back to conduct my companions, both people and horses to the delicious fountain. When we had drank something less than a gallon apiece, we began to look about us, and converse with the occupants of the dwelling. Our ladies soon observed that the woman was in deep grief, and learned that a dear little daughter of six years had just died.

I said, "I cannot imagine, unless the child was killed by an accident, what could have taken its life in this atmosphere." What was our astonishment to learn that the child had died of malignant diphtheria. I asked the mother, where her child could have found a poisonous air in that region.

"Oh," said the mother, "diphtheria does not always originate in impure air. My husband, who is a physician, and was an invalid in Philadelphia, has taken every precaution to prevent impurities in the air about our home, though, as every spoonful of water, pure or impure, quickly runs down the mountain side, we have thought that no special precautions were needed. And besides ours, six children have died in the mountains about us, from the terrible malady. In every case the people are exceptionally intelligent and cleanly, and like ourselves, came here seeking the restoration of lost health."

In another dry mountain district, just back of Santa Cruz, I learned from a broken-hearted mother the story of the loss of her infant son from diphtheria, and that two other children had died in the neighborhood from the dreaded disease.

It was impossible to escape the conclusion that the disease in these cases did not originate in any of the atmospheric poisons to which the malady is usually attributed.

This conclusion will seem inevitable, when I state that the atmosphere in California possesses marvellous powers of absorption. On more than one occasion our big dog, Jack, killed a skunk. He would, after this feat, come bounding back to me to report progress. I never turned my back on that devoted friend, but after each of these odorous escapades, I asked Joe to tie him to the tail of the freight-wagon, while, at a safe distance, I watched my body-guard dragging along in the dust, wondering, no doubt, what this strange conduct on the part of his loving master could mean; while Sing, our Chinese cook, riding on the freight-wagon, occasionally remarked in a very serious way:

"Me smelly good."

But the next morning the odor was all gone, and Jack was admitted to the highest circles again. In this eastern atmosphere a dog thus tainted remains a nuisance for ten days.

In California a horse or a cow dies, and the carcass is within fifty feet of your camp or house. It is not offensive. I have never breathed an atmosphere so free from offensive odors. Its capacity for absorption is wonderful. And yet diphtheria, even in the finest mountain regions, is far from unknown.

The characteristic features of this dreaded malady are a low type of typhoid fever, with extraordinary weakness, and the appearance of

a false membrane in the throat. Sometimes this membrane becomes so thick as to suffocate the sufferer.

Swollen glands, with sore throat, and a strange weakness of the muscles, are the first symptoms. Soon the whitish deposit, or false membrane, is seen upon the tonsils and surrounding parts. The weakness is so great, that in many cases, in the advanced stages, raising the sufferer to the sitting posture may kill, because the muscles of the heart are too weak to lift the blood to the head. I have seen the heart's action fatally arrested in a case where we still cherished strong hope, by simply lifting the patient to the sitting posture, to give it drink.

The false membrane in the throat often extends down the air passages. When these passages are dry, as they are apt to be, it is very desirable to keep the air about the patient as moist as may be. This can be easily done through familiar expedients. Perhaps the most effective is to have at hand a quantity of lime, and from time to time break off a bit as large as one's fist, put it into a vessel of water, and conduct the steam to the patient's face. This lime steam is believed to exert a happy influence upon the lining membrane of the air passages, helping them to throw off the threatening false membrane.

The treatment in diphtheria consists in whatever supports the strength. Pure air, much pure air, both inside and outside; a frequent and gentle lifting of the patient from the bed to the lounge, and from the lounge to a cot, always with fresh sheets; a frequent sponging of the face, and of the whole person, with warm water; the free admission of sunshine, the use of open fires, in brief, whatever tends to purify, sweeten and gently stimulate, is appropriate.

The percentage of mortality is generally large, but if the treatment is made to turn upon thorough nursing and the doctor keeps his drugs away, there is the best chance.

Carbolic-acid water should be freely employed to disinfect the bedding, bed utensils, clothing, etc. The physician will direct as to the methods of its effective employment.

The room in which the patient is to spend the period of his sickness should, if possible, be at the top of the house, thoroughly ventilated and sunned, and as completely shut off as possible from all other parts of the house. No other person besides the nurses should enter the room. If any articles are carried from the sick room through any other room of the house, they should first be sprayed with carbolic acid water. But the doctor will attend to all that.

When the patient dies or recovers, the room in which he was sick should be thoroughly fumigated with burning sulphur.

Dio Lewis' Magazine.

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION of the Western Continent, including British America, United States, Mexico, Central America, West Indies, and South America, amounts to about 55,000,000.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF DROGHEDA (continued).

A. Wood's Account of the Massacre — Letter of Cromwell — Death of F. Taaffe, O. S. A. and of FF. Bathe and Netterville, S. J. — Loss of the Assailants — Peters' Letter — Thanksgiving — Hopes of the Royalists — Surrender of Dundalk — Cromwell wounded — Surrender of Trim — Ormonde's Movements.

ONE of the English soldiers who was present at the siege and took part in the assault, was Thomas, eldest brother of Anthony à Wood, the well-known historian of Oxford. He was a Captain in Colonel Ingoldsby's troop. The vivid description given by him of the manner in which the Puritans carried on the war furnishes an excellent commentary on the language of Cromwell. "He returned," says Anthony, "from Ireland to Oxford for a time to take up the arrears of his studentship at Christ Church. It was the winter after the siege. At which time, being often with his mother and brethren, he would tell them of the most terrible assaulting and storming of Drogheda, wherein he himself had been engaged. He told them that three thousand at least, besides some women and children, were, after the assailants had taken part, and afterwards all, the town, put to the sword, on the 11th and 12th of September, 1649. At which time Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, had his brains beat out and his body hacked to pieces. He told them that when the soldiers were to make their way up to the lofts and galleries in the church, and up to the tower where the enemy had fled, each of the assailants would take up a child, and use it as a buckler of defence when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained. After they had killed all in the church, they went into the vaults underneath, where all the flower and choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves. One of these, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to Thomas à Wood, with tears and prayers, to save her life; and being struck with a profound pity, he took her under his arm, and went with her out of the church, intending to put her over the works to shift for herself. But a soldier, perceiving his intentions, ran his sword through her body. Whereupon à Wood, seeing her gasping, took away her money and jewels, and flung her down over the works." Mr. Froude has been unlucky that he did not fall in with this detailed account given by one "who was himself engaged in the storm." It proves his assertion to be wholly false, that there is no evidence from an eye-

witness that women and children were killed otherwise than accidentally.[1]

"It is remarkable," says Cromwell, "that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries, and afterwards grew so insolent, that the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there,[2] and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety."

The sight of the ruin which surrounded him does not seem to have wrought any compunction in his soul:

"I am persuaded," he says, "that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds of such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this garrison were the flower of their army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us, they being confident of the resolution of their men and the advantage of the place; if we had divided our force into two quarters, to have besieged the north town and the south town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their army and have fought with what part they pleased, and at this same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned, they having in the town the number hereinafter specified, some say near 4,000.

"And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work was wrought. It was set up in some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God, who gave your men courage and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory!"

And writing to the President of the Council of State, he says:

"This hath been a marvellous great mercy. . . . I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs."

What the fate of the ecclesiastics was who were found within the walls, it is not hard to conjecture.

"I believe all the friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one was Father Peter Taaffe, brother to Lord Taaffe, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of.[3] The other was taken in the round tower, under

[1] "It is possible that in such a scene women and children may have been accidentally killed; but there is no evidence of it from an eye-witness, and only general rumors and reports at second hand." *The English in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 124.

[2] "One thing is very remarkable and ought not to be omitted, and that is, that though there were several Protestants in the town, yet were the Papist soldiers so insolent and so unjust to their Protestant companions, even in the midst of their adversity, that on Sunday, the 8th of September, they thrust the Protestants out of St. Peter's church, and publicly celebrated Mass there, though they had monasteries and other convenient places besides for that purpose." Cox's *Hib. Angl.*, Reign of Charles II., p. 8.

[3] This was Peter, a prior of the Order of St. Austin, sixth son of Sir John Taaffe, who was made Baron of Ballymote and Viscount Taaffe of Corren, by patent bearing date August 1st, 1628, for services rendered to the English against O'Donnell, and brother of Major-General Lucas Taaffe, governor of Ross, of whom more hereafter. Archdall's *Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 293. Bruodin says he was tempted by Cromwell to renounce his faith, but refused. *Prop. Fid. Cath.* p. 719.

the repute of a lieutenant; and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar, but that did not save him."

A manuscript history of these events, written at the time by one of the Jesuit Fathers employed on the Irish mission, and preserved in the archives of the Irish College at Rome, gives some further details of the cruelty exercised towards the priests that were seized.

"When the city was captured by the heretics, the blood of the Catholics was mercilessly shed in the streets, in the dwelling-houses, and in the open fields; to none was mercy shown; not to the women, nor to the aged, nor to the young. The property of the citizens became the prey of the parliamentary troops. Everything in our residence was plundered: the library, the sacred chalices, of which there were many of great value, as well as all the furniture, sacred and profane, were destroyed. On the following day, when the soldiers were searching through the ruins of the city, they discovered one of our Fathers, named John Bathe,[1] with his brother, a secular priest. Suspecting they were religious, they examined them, and finding that they were priests, and one of them, moreover, a Jesuit, they led them off in triumph, and, accompanied by a tumultuous crowd, conducted them to the market-place, and there, as if they were at length extinguishing the Catholic religion and our Society, they tied them both to stakes fixed in the ground, and pierced their bodies with shots till they expired. Father Robert Netterville,[2] far advanced in years, was confined to bed by his infirmities; he was dragged thence by the soldiers, and trailed along the ground, being violently knocked against each obstacle that presented itself on the way; then he was beaten with clubs; and when many of his bones were broken, he was cast out on the highway. Some good Catholics came during the night, bore him away, and hid him somewhere. Four days after, having fought the good fight, he departed this life, to receive, as we hope, the martyr's crown."[3]

Two Fathers of the Dominican Order, Dominick Dillon, prior of the convent of Urlar, who had been appointed chaplain to the Confederate army by the Nuncio Rinuccini, and Richard Oveton, prior of the convent of Athy, were seized and taken outside the walls of the Puritan camp. There, in the presence of the whole army, they were

[1] Father Bathe entered the College of Seville in 1630, and returned to Ireland in 1638, where he was employed in missionary work up to his death. *Ecclesiastical Record*, vol. ix. p. 219; Dublin, 1873. He was probably a native of Drogheda. The family mansion of the Bathes occupied the angle formed by the junction of Laurence Street and Ship Street, the principal front being towards the latter. A print of it is given in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. i. p. 189. It was pulled down in 1824. Athcarne castle also belonged to the family. D'Alton's *Hist. of Drogheda*, vol. i. p. 104.

[2] In Oliver's *Collectanea* S. J., Exeter, 1830, F. Netterville is said to have been put to death June 15th, and F. Bathe August 16th, both when Drogheda was taken by the heretics. The MSS. History of Seville College gives the date of F. Bathe's death as August 16th. *Eccls. Record, ut supra.* This difference of dates, taken with the fact that such cruelties could not well have taken place when the Royalists captured the town in June, goes to show that both were put to death by Cromwell's soldiers.

[3] MSS. in the Arundel Library, Stonyhurst. See, also, F. M. Tanner's *Societas Jesu usque ad sanguinem pro Christo militans;* Prague, 1675, and Broudin's *Propugnaculum*, &c., p. 697.

put to death through hatred of their religious calling and of the Catholic faith.

The massacre continued for five whole days in succession. "During all that time," says Clarendon, "the whole army executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man that belonged to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword." Well might Ormonde say, that on "this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and anything he had ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in *The Book of Martyrs* or in *The Relation of Amboyna*."

Ludlow calls it an "extraordinary severity." Of the inhabitants only thirty survived, and these by a dubious mercy were shipped to the West Indies, and sold as slaves to the planters. Richard Talbot, who was later the famous Duke of Tyrconnell, was at Drogheda when the town was taken. The sights he witnessed, though he was but a child at the time, made a lasting impression on his mind, and inspired him with a horror of the Puritans all his life long. According to a tradition still current in Drogheda, the slaughter was stayed by a touching incident which aroused the lingering spark of humanity in Cromwell's breast. Walking through the streets, he noticed, stretched in the pathway, the dead body of a newly-made mother, from whose breast her miserable infant was striving to draw sustenance.

The number of those who fell in the assault was very small, if we believe Cromwell's statement —

"A great deal of the loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments; Colonel Ewer having two field-officers of his regiment shot, Colonel Castle and a captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's captain-lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon this place, though many were wounded.[1]

"I humbly pray the parliament may be pleased that the army may be maintained, and that a consideration may be had of them and of the carrying on affairs here, as may give a speedy issue to this work, to which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the state of England to maintain so great a force, yet surely to stretch a little for the present in following God's providence, in the hope the charge will not be long, I trust it will not be thought by any unfit for me to move for a constant supply, which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work; and indeed, if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the war is likely to pay itself.

"We keep the field much, our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold; but yet the country sickness[2] overtakes many, and therefore we desire recruits and

[1] In another letter he gives the number killed as 20 or 30; of wounded as 40. *Cromwelliana*, p. 64.

[2] The country disease or country sickness, of which Cromwell so often complains, was a kind of dysentery, "reigning in no country so epidemically as in this kingdom, not sparing natives more than strangers." See Dineley's *Tour in Ireland*, in *Kilk. Arch. Journal* for 1856, p. 178. "Against this disease," says Peter Lombard, "they employ a remedy, which is common and easy to be had, as is well known, viz., a certain most excellent liquor, which they call usquebagh, so well mixed that it has the power of drying up, and does not inflame, like that which is made in foreign countries." *De Hibernia Insula Sanctorum*, p. 38; Dublin, 1868. "They use, to aid digestion, a certain fiery draught commonly called usquebagh." Stanihurst's *De Rebus Hiberniæ*, p. 38; Antwerp, 1584.

some fresh regiments of foot may be sent us. For it is easily conceived by what the garrisons already drink up, what our field army will come to if God shall give more garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble,

"I rest,

"Your most obedient servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Peters' letter, written from Dublin on the 15th September, and received by the House on the 26th, was more laconic —

"The truth is, Drogheda is taken, 3,552 of the enemy slain, and 64 of ours; Colonel Castle and Colonel Symonds of note. Aston, the governor, killed — none spared. We have also Trim and Dundalk, and are marching to Kilkenny. I came now from giving thanks in the great church. We have all our army well landed."

On the receipt of these letters, October 2d, the parliament ordered: 1°, that a letter of thanks should be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and communicated to the officers there, taking notice that the House doth approve of the execution done at Drogheda, as an act both of justice to them and mercy to others who may be warned by it; and that the Council of State prepare a letter to be signed by the Speaker; 2°, that it having pleased God to bless the endeavors of the forces of the Commonwealth against the Irish rebels and their adherents at Drogheda, which was taken by storm, there being in it a strong garrison of Ormonde's army, and 3,000 of the enemy being slain, and only sixty-four privates and two officers of the English; all ministers in London, and within the lines of communication publish the same to-morrow, Sunday, the 30th instant, and stir up the people to give thanks. This order to be printed and sent to the Lord Mayor, who is to send a copy to all ministers within his jurisdiction. It was further ordered in parliament, October 11th, that 12,000 of the Acts for a day of public thanksgiving be forthwith printed and sent to the sheriffs of the several counties, to be dispersed to all the ministers of the parishes in England and Wales and the town of Berwick; and that the Council of State give order accordingly. In obedience to the order of the Council of State, the ministers of London acquainted the people with the great successes of the Parliamentary forces in Ireland and returned thanks to God for the same.

The first of November was observed as a general day of thanksgiving throughout the whole kingdom, for the foregoing victory at Drogheda, and others since obtained in Ireland. On the same day an order was issued, "that £100 be given to Captain Porter, who brought the news of the great success in Ireland, for his pains and travel therein, the Council of State to see to it."

The *Irish Monthly Mercury* for December, 1649, printed at Cork, thus unfeelingly triumphs over this defeat:

"Not long after the sally at Dublin, which the enemy out of modesty, call the battle of Rathmines, the Lord Lieutenant landed at Dublin, with an army so nourished in victory that they never saw any defeat but those they gave their enemies. The first design we undertook was the gaining of Tredagh, in which Ormonde had placed above 3,000 of his select men, and Sir Arthur Aston for commander, one as unable to stand to it as to run away; and it may be that's the reason he fell in the service; doubtless he was better for a retreat, since every step he would make a

halt. In a word, if the rule be true, of judging Hercules by his foot, we may conclude this a wooden governor; yet he had made so good earthen fortifications, that, by trusting to his works, he showed what religion he was of. Their first entrenchment against us was the church, out of which they were soon dislodged; and I dare say it was the first time they ever went from church unwillingly, this being done, too, by some ordinances of Parliament, 'tis not unlikely the grave Presbyterians (if ever the drowsy assembly come into play again) may question their proceeding, and aver we have a mind our enemies should still continue Papists, by so frequently evincing there was no salvation for them in our Church. At length, the breach being found assaultable (more from the rent than the longness of it), our army were so little courtiers as to enter the town without so much as knocking at the gate, where all lost their lives but those that saved them. Of the first qualification there were about 3,000, of the latter 30, be it more or less."

How little such a result was expected by the Royalist party in England, is seen from the closing paragraph of the *Mercurius Pragmaticus* of September 17th, 1649, where having said that "Lord Noll had turned his nose[1] towards Tredagh, thinking to fire the town; but the sea had formerly so cooled it that it looked as if he had wrapped it in an indigo bag, to keep it from firing the gunroom"; the writer concludes:

"More certain news, that Cromwell hath now his ironsides banged to purpose, and is, as one letter speaks, beat back into Dublin with a very great loss, at least 4,000 slain and 600 taken, himself wounded, but not mortal. The Junto (i. e., the parliament) have caused proclamation to be made at all seaports for letters, that this news should not be divulged: but, as secret as they carry it, it is sufficiently known for truth. The King is said to be landed in Ireland, which adds new life and valor in the commanders and common soldiers, that by the next year you will go near to hear of Dublin being besieged, if not stormed, all their forces now drawing that way. There is good store of money in the castle, which will make the soldiers storm lustily."

Ormonde strove to excuse himself for not aiding Drogheda, though at the time he had over 3,000 men under his command. "Many of them had come off from the rebels to us in the time of our better fortune, as the Lord Moore's and Sir Thomas Armstrong's horse, and of these our numbers diminished daily by the revolt of some officers and many private soldiers, the rest showing much dejection of courage, and upon all occasions of want, which are very frequent with us, venting their discontent in such dangerous words, that it was held unsafe to bring them within that distance of the enemy as was necessary to have kept them united, and consequently one side of the town open to receive continual supplies.

Cromwell and his party did not err in their conjecture. The speedy capture of Drogheda and the merciless massacre of its inhabitants had the effect which they desired. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut off the best body of the Irish troops, and disheartened the rest to such a degree, that it was a greater loss in itself and more fatal in its consequence than the rout at Rathmines. Ormonde wrote to the King: "It is not to be imagined the terror that

[1] Cromwell's ruby nose was productive of much nonsense and buffoonery; "the blazing of his beacon nose," "the glowworm glistening in his beak," "Oliver is a bird of prey, as you may know by his bloody beak." Jesse's *Court of England under the Stuarts*, vol. iii. p. 30; London, 1840.

these successes and the power of the rebels have struck into the people. They are so stupefied, that it is with great difficulty I can persuade them to act anything like men towards their own." When Owen Roe O'Neill heard the sad news, he swore a great oath, that, as Cromwell had taken Drogheda by storm, if he should storm hell he would take it. Immediately after, 180 of Inchiquin's men deserted and passed over to Cromwell's army.

According to popular tradition, Cromwell held a council of war in the drawing-room of the large house with an oriel window, formerly belonging to the Drumgoole family, and now forming part of Kirk's hotel.

Two days after the fall of Drogheda, Cromwell dispatched Colonel Chidley Coote with two regiments of horse, his own and Jones', and Colonel Castle's regiment of foot, to take possession of Dundalk. Ormonde had ordered this place and Trim to be abandoned and burnt when Drogheda was taken; but fear so possessed the garrison that they did not carry out his orders. A messenger was sent forward with the following summons to the Governor:

"For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk; These:

"*12th September*, 1649.

"SIR,

"I offered mercy to the garrison at Tredagh, in sending the Governor a summons before I attempted the taking of it, which being refused brought their evil upon them.

"If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame.

"I rest,

"Your servant,

O. CROMWELL."

The enemy abandoned the place, and possession was taken of it. There is a tradition that Cromwell came to Dundalk, and received there a wound which marked his face. He was watering his horse at the ford where the bridge was built afterwards. Lord Plunkett, ancestor of Lord Louth, one of the Royalist officers, who was in the neighborhood enlisting men for the Confederates, was riding by, and his horse, wishing to drink, stopped short at the same ford. Seeing the reflection of Cromwell's star in the water, Plunkett determined if possible, to kill him; and, not being near enough to reach him with his sword, he flung the naked blade at Oliver's head and gashed his prominent nose. A rush was instantly made by Cromwell's attendants, but the Royalist officer escaped by a subterranean vault leading into Lord Roden's demesne. A large reward was offered for his apprehension. He was traced by a faithless servant named Taaffe and betrayed. He was seized and brought captive to Castle Cumberland. Cromwell's wound was undergoing surgical treatment at the moment. Several of the Parliamentary officers suggested a variety of cruel deaths, in order that the sufferer might select that which he deemed most painful to the prisoner. But Cromwell would not adopt

any of their savage plans, and said he preferred to leave the selection to Lord Plunkett himself. When the captive was asked how he wished to die, he replied boldly: "With my good sword in my hand, and any two of your officers before me ready to execute your orders." This reply so gratified the General, that he spared the prisoner's life, on condition that there should always be an Oliver in the family. The name, however seems to have been common among the Plunketts before the event here mentioned took place.

"A party of horse and dragoons was sent to a house within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots companies which the Lord of Ardes[1] brought to assist the Lord of Ormonde. But upon the news of Tredagh, they ran away, leaving their great guns behind them, which we also possessed."

Major Ponsonby was left at Trim with a small garrison; the rest returned to the army. The "house" was the castle of Trubly;[2] here Cromwell passed a night. He battered down a part of the Yellow Steeple, and blew up a tower of the castle. Some years ago a number of lead and iron bullets were found in the ruins. Dean Butler doubts whether Cromwell visited Trim; but there is a tradition that Scurlock of Scurlockstown and his brother of the Rock had a skirmish with him at a place since called Cromwell's Hill, near Grange; and that Rathmore Castle, then held by the Plunketts, was blown down by balls from guns planted on the Hill of Ward. A stone over the door of Ballinlough castle recorded that the estates were given back to the owner by Cromwell in return for the good entertainment he received there. There is in the keeping of the family an old document which shows he visited the place. He passed a night in the old church of Taghmon, when besieging the castle; the Nugents, the owners of it, escaped being massacred by flight during the night.[3]

Thus ended the hopes that Ormonde had placed on the long resistance which he supposed would be offered by Drogheda. He left his quarters at Trim and Tecroghan,[4] and at the head of 5,000 men retreated southwards, having given orders to the garrisons which he left behind to set fire to the places committed to their keeping in case the enemy should approach. But fear so possessed them that

[1] Hugh Montgomery, second viscount Ardes, was son of the sixth laird of Braidstones, one of the Scotch favorites of James I. His uncle, the first viscount, was dean of Norwich; but seeing that a good fortune might be made in Ireland, he got himself appointed to the sees of Derry, Clogher, and Raphoe, which three dioceses comprising the chiefest part of Ulster, were now united for one man's benefit. He was one of the Commissioners appointed by the King to seize on the lands of the Irish for the Church and the Crown. If the lands were found to belong to the sept, they were declared forfeited to the Crown, in consequence of O'Neill's rebellion; if they belonged to the Church, then the Bishop entered on the possession of them. In either case the natives were plundered. See Rev. C. P. Meehan's *Flight of the Earls*, p. 56.

[2] Trubly was the property of the Cusack family from the time of Richard II.

[3] The translator of *Cambrensis Eversus* says the garrison and citizens of Moate surrendered on terms to Cromwell himself. But nothing of the kind is said in the original. The passage clearly refers to the Millmount near Drogheda. See *Camb. Ever.*, vol. iii. p. 187.

[4] Tecroghan was surrendered to Col. Reynolds and Sir Theophilus Jones, June 16th, 1650, by its governor, Sir Robert Talbot. This castle belonged to Sir Luke Fitzgerald; his wife was called by the soldiers Colonel Mary. She was greatly misled by the confidence she placed in Talbot. *Aph. Disc.* vol. ii. p. 91.

they did not execute these orders, nor destroy the fortifications as they were directed; the enemy thought it worth while to take possession of them and garrison them. Cromwell deemed it wisest not to pursue him through a hostile country, the roads of which he was entirely ignorant of. His forces, too, were somewhat weakened by the detachments left in the different strongholds which he had seized, especially at Drogheda, which he took special care to secure against any sudden assault. He returned to Dublin, where, no doubt, he was welcomed with joy.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CROMWELLIANS IN THE NORTH.

Venables' Expedition — The Ulster Scots — Surrender of Carlingford and Newry — Defeat of Trevor — Surrender of Belfast and Coleraine — Further Successes — Cromwell's Letter.

THE capture of Dundalk opened up the road to the north and enabled Cromwell to continue his successes in that quarter. When leaving Dublin, he had despatched northwards by sea 1,000 foot, and a plentiful supply of wheat and "other things necessary for their accommodation;" 500 horse were sent by land. Two large battering guns were sent in a man of war; this was to attend upon the party during the expedition. Venables, who was in command, was ordered to effect a junction with Sir Charles Coote, then shut up in Derry. He was told also to sound the Scotch planters and, if possible, to gain them over to the side of the Commonwealth. The Ulster Scots were divided among themselves; some still held out for the King; a considerable number sided with the Parliament. These had sent messengers to Cromwell when he lay before Drogheda, asking for aid. Venables was soon in a position "to send information which promised well towards the northern interest." He found these disciples of Knox were but too ready to make common cause with the Puritan party against the Catholic Confederates.

On the 18th of September, the land force came before Carlingford. The same day the ship entered the harbor and passed the fort at its mouth without being harmed in any way, though several shots were fired at her as she sailed past. That night Venables encamped in the open country to the south of the town. The next day preparations were made to land the cannon and erect the battery; but before either was done, the garrison beat a parley and surrendered upon articles. He found in the three castles and in the fort commanding the town forty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon, about a thousand muskets, and nearly five hundred pikes.

The following day, with Jones' regiment he marched by the river side under the mountain to Newry,[1] and crossed the river at a ford, a mile below the town; the rest of the party was left with Coote on the other side of the mountain. On Venables' approach, the governor came out to treat with him. He allowed the horse to march through the town, cross the bridge, and take up quarters on the Down side of

[1] Newry, anciently called Iubhar cinn Tragha, the yew-tree at the head of the strand, said to have been planted by St. Patrick. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, ad ann. 1162; Dublin, 1856. In after ages the name was shortened to Iubhar, which, by prefixing the Irish article, gave rise to the present form of the name. See Joyce' *Irish Names of Places*, pp. 22 and 52, first series; Dublin, 1869.

the river; he then surrendered the castle upon articles. Venables with his regiment rested there for three days; he was then joined by the rest of the troops.

Meantime word was brought him from Lisnagarvay (Lisburn) by some deserters, that the town would surrender if he showed himself before it. Leaving an ensign and some few men in the castle of Newry, he continued his march Northwards, and lay the first night at Dromore. He encamped by the road side in a field to the south-west of the town, well enclosed with hedges. He was not aware that any of the enemy was in the neighborhood; besides, both officers and men had grown careless, owing to their constant success, and did not think there was any danger to be feared from an enemy whom they despised. About three hours after they had encamped, news was brought from Dundalk that Colonel Mark Trevor, who had been sent by Ormonde to intercept them, was advancing with a considerable party of horse, intending to attack them unawares before morning. Orders were immediately issued for the horse to draw off into the enclosed field where the fort lay. But, owing to the carelessness of the officer who gave the order, or of the messenger who delivered it, little notice was taken of it; it did not reach half the horse; the dragoons were totally ignorant of it. The omission was near proving the utter ruin of the entire party. Trevor had followed them all day. His scouts gave him certain intelligence of their movements. When darkness set in, he sent some of his men to reconnoitre the camp and to find out when an attack would be made. Before daybreak he fell on them. The guards were surprised and ran off towards the camp, closely pursued by the assailants. The sudden onset threw the main body into confusion: they, too, fled in dismay. Fortunately for the fugitives, the greater part of the encampment was surrounded by a high hedge, behind which was a bog. Hence they could not readily find a way of escape; had they dispersed, they would have been knocked on the head by the peasantry or cut to pieces by the enemy. Owing to the darkness of the morning, Trevor was not aware of the advantage he had gained. With 500 horse he took up his position on the neighboring hill. From the small resistance he had heard made, he concluded that the enemy was totally defeated and could not rally; when daylight appeared, his cavalry would be ready to capture any that survived the attack. As soon as day broke, Venables saw his danger; about fifty of his horse rallied and drew up on a mound within the field. Those who had concealed themselves in holes and ditches took up their arms again and joined on to the horse; so that before Trevor's men could see what the enemy was doing, there had got together four or five bodies of horse and a party of 400 foot, all ashamed of the confusion into which they had fallen and eager to redeem their fault by a display of bravery. After a sharp skirmish Trevor was forced to retire towards the Bann; two officers, who had been taken prisoners, and two standards were retaken. The same day Venables advanced to Lisburn; there he was joined by Major Bruffe with a troop of the county horse. They marched to Belfast, which surrendered within four days upon articles. Eight hundred

Scots were afterwards turned out of the town, whither they had brought their wives and children to plant themselves. About the same time Colerain surrendered to Sir Charles Coote; he imitated the example of Cromwell at Drogheda in putting the garrison to the sword. He entered the counties of Down and Antrim, and forced Sir George Munroe to retire. By the end of September, every port and every important place in the North — Carrickfergus alone excepted — was in the hands of the Parliament. There being no longer any occasion for such a large body of horse in those parts, Jones' regiment was sent back to reinforce the army in Dublin. When announcing these successes to the parliament, Cromwell ends his letter thus:

"I have sent these things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you a heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the Author of them and of all goodness, patience, and long suffering extended towards you.

"P. S. — I desire the supplies moved for may be hastened. I am very persuaded though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the garrisons we take swallow up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Capt. George Jenkins' widow. He died presently after Tredagh storm. His widow is in great want."

CHAPTER X.

THE KING AND ORMONDE.

Ormonde tries to collect Supplies — The King's Journey to Ireland — His Character — Intrigues of the Scotch Envoys — He decides to go to Scotland — Taaffe joins Ormonde — Refusal of the Cities to contribute.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of Drogeda Ormonde left Portlester with the remnant of his army and marched towards Kilkenny; here he expected to be joined by Inchiquin, who had still a considerable force of horse and foot in Munster, and by Lord Montgomery of Ardes at the head of the Ulster troops. But he had neither money nor provisions to keep an army together even for a single day. The Commissioners of Trust were dispersed; the collectors employed by them were not so diligent as they should have been in getting in either corn or money. Ormonde issued warrants for raising both; this the Commissioners declared a breach of the articles of the treaty; some even spoke of making terms with the enemy.

Once more, in his perplexity, Ormonde turned to the King. About the middle of June Charles had left the Hague and gone to St. Germain's to visit the Queen, his mother, intending after a stay of eight days, to proceed on his journey to Ireland, "as a place where he might conveniently unite the forces and interests of both kingdoms against the common enemy." At this time the royal interest was predominent in Ireland. The fleet under Prince Rupert road triumphant along the coast; the Parliamentary commanders, Jones in Dublin, Monk in Belfast, and Cook in Londonderry, were almost confined within the limits of their garrisons. Inchiquin in Munster, the Scotch regiments in Ulster, the great body of the Catholics throughout the whole country had proclaimed the King, and acknowledged the authority of his lieutenant. Just then Charles was asked by Ormonde to come to Ireland; he consented. But his own pleasures or the intrigues of his counsellors detained him for three whole months at St. Germain's. Meantime news reached him of the defeat at Rathmines. His first impulse on hearing of it was to set out for Ireland and bear a share in the struggle. To those who reminded him of the dangers he would encounter he replied, "Then must I go there to die, for it is disgraceful to live anywhere else." But Charles was even then essentially a man of pleasure; his good purposes through life were writ in water. One of his courtiers described his character to Ormonde: Foreign princes begin to look on him as a person so lazy and careless in his own business that they think it not safe, by contributing anything to his assistance, to irritate so potent enemies as they fear his rebellious subjects are likely to prove. Charles soon felt that his presence was by no means desirable at St. Germain's.

Mazarin gave him plainly to understand that a longer residence there would embarrass the court of France, which had no desire to quarrel with the Commonwealth of England. Queen Henrietta Maria urged him to take the Cardinal's hint. It was remarked that after he had learned that Cromwell had assumed the government of Ireland, he hesitated still more, lest he might meet such a formidable adversary. He sent Colonel Warren and Mr. Henry Seymour, gentlemen of his bedchamber, to obtain from Ormonde a true account of the state of affairs in Ireland and his opinion concerning the expediency of the journey. On the 27th of September Ormonde replied to the King as follows: —

"Your Majesty's commands in your letters and in the message by Colonel Warren, were to give you an account of the present state of affairs here and my opinion touching your Majesty's coming into this kingdom. The first, Sir, is briefly this: The rebels are strong in their numbers, exalted with success, abundantly provided with all necessaries, likely to want for nothing that England can afford them; and, in the pride of all this, are either marched out or ready to march out, to pursue their victories. On the other side, to withstand them our numbers are inferior, discouraged with misfortunes, hardly and uncertainly provided for, the people weary of their burdens, wavering in their affections, through the advantages taken to pervert them by those disloyally inclined, and our towns defenceless against any considerable attempt. After such a stating of our condition, your Majesty may wonder that I, who, in my opinion concerning the hazarding of your person into this kingdom, was doubtful, or rather plainly against it, only upon fallible resolutions taken of Cromwell's coming over, before the defeat near Dublin, which made easy the better half of his work in this kingdom, and before the loss of Drogheda with above two thousand of our best foot and above two hundred horse, should now change my opinion, and hold it absolutely necessary for your Majesty to appear here in person.

"This seeming preposterous change proceeds not from a less care of your Majesty's safety, but from a greater desire of your glory, consisting in your being restored to your kingdoms by the blessing of God upon your immediate conduct of your affairs and armies; for which by a special providence they seem to be reserved, and without which it is evident, not only to me, but to all that for faith or judgment I hold capable of such a debate, that this kingdom will very shortly eject all signs of obedience to your Majesty, and revert to the condition it was in when your Majesty commanded me hither, or rather to a much worse. For all such as have contributed towards the restitution of your Majesty's government at the conclusion of the last peace and would persevere to the end in their loyalty, will now infallibly, in the first place, be singled and marked out for destruction. So that if your Majesty conceive the preservation of any footing in this kingdom may be at any time necessary towards the recovery of the other two, it can, reasonably speaking, be no other way hoped for than by your presence; and by that it may. When there was a possibility of reducing this kingdom without this or any personal hazard to your Majesty, and that by the reduction of it, your Majesty might have no more to do but to command the transportation of an army hence for any design more worthy the venture of your person than this then seemed to be, and that I saw it was needful to put something upon unequal trial rather than abide the threatened invasion, I held it my duty to dissuade your Majesty to come in at the end of our success, when it was to be feared the formidable forces then designed and since come against us would give a check unto it. But now that the rebels are so exalted in their pride, even as high success and the lowest contempt of an enemy can raise them, and that any check given by your Majesty to them will hazard the ruin of their usurpation and the restoring of your Majesty, it will be ruin to them if the progress of their arms be now stopped, and to your Majesty's infinite honor to have attempted it with such disadvantage, whatever the event be. Yet I should not dare to advise the purchase of if at so desperate a rate, nor your coming into this kingdom, if I did not believe your Majesty may have as safe a residence here and retreat hence as I conceive that in or from Jersey to be."

Meantime, about the middle of September, Charles had set out for St. Germain's, by way of Normandy, for the island of Jersey, the only part of his dominions of which he retained possession, in order to be so much nearer to Ireland, in case he should be advised to go there. Prince Rupert was at Kinsale with sixteen frigates of the royal fleet, well equipped and ready to put to sea, awaiting orders to set sail and escort the King to Ireland.

Ormonde's letter reached the King at Jersey. Owing to the intrigues of the Scotch envoys and to the artful insinuations of some of his counsellors, who secretly feared that if he was once at the head of a Catholic army, he would listen to the demands of the Catholic party for the re-establishment of their religion, and to a disinclination on his own part to show himself to the Protestants of England and Scotland surrounded by a Catholic people as his chief supporters, he had already changed his mind and was now determined to go to Scotland. All thoughts of the expedition to Ireland were at an end. Ormonde had nothing left him but to strive to unite for a common effort the various parties that still professed allegiance to the Crown. He went to Graigue, in the county of Kilkenny, and encamped there: here he was joined by Major-General Luke Taaffe, at the head of 1,000 foot and 300 horse, which the Marquis of Clanricarde had sent to his assistance from Connaught. But he was utterly deficient in supplies. The only course open to him was to place these troops in garrisons, where they would be most likely to hinder the advance of the enemy. Even for this the consent and authority of the Commissioners of Trust were needed. Not only did they refuse the necessary permission, but the very cities and towns which were most likely to be attacked were those which were most determined in refusing to admit any of his soldiers. Wexford, Waterford, and Limerick would make no terms with him; they declared they would not obey his orders further than they thought fit.

The Mountain Pine.

THE hoary giant of the wilderness,
The gnarled old mountain pine by storm-winds riven,
Whose seeds took root within the virgin earth
In times remote from ours, we know not when.
Still moan the winds of heaven within his boughs
Like spirits of the air, that wailing cry,
And speak the coming of the storm-king's wrath.
But there in towering majesty he stands,
A giant sentinel that bravely keeps
The passage to the rocky mountain gorge.
Or, like unto a stalwart knight of old,
In dusky armor cased, he stands and braves
The fiercest fury of the winter storm.
He, from his lofty pinnacle looks down
Upon the subject earth beneath his feet.
But when the vernal breezes gently blow
To soothe the feathered warblers from the South,
They find a shelter in his stately boughs.
Thus, while the seasons come and go, he stands
In sombre garb, like to some hermit lone
Sole monarch of the mountain's rocky wilds.

Montreal, Jan. 25th, 1884. J. A. S.

A FAITHFUL ELEPHANT. — There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The *mahout*, or driver, had just given him the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay with a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were beaten and rallied again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood, straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant like a rock stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village one hundred miles away and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how his driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

Dark Rosaleen.

A LEGEND OF THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

PART II.

OVER hills, over dales, have I roamed for your sake. — MANGAN.

AFTER the meeting described, Harry Hastings and Rose Lacy met by chance very frequently. That, of course, was because Major Lacy's estate was very small, and his daughter was an excellent pedestrian. As for Harry's presence, it was all a coincidence, "simply that and nothing more." Things coincide like this every day of the year. Jack Cooney alone knew the real state of affairs. Having succeeded in escaping from the Limerick Militia on the night of the accidental mud-embracing, he had since become almost a sinecure. His young mistress cared for boating no longer; and for one whole morning Jack thought the fairies had certainly bewitched her. He was about to proceed to the Holy Well to take certain precautionary measures, when he stumbled upon Rose and Harry in a pretty dell by the river side, whereupon he incontinently proceeded to Bill Gavin's publichouse, and got his holy water bottle filled with bad spirits.

Harry had received a cold, polite note of thanks from Major Lacy, upon whom he had not yet called. There was no necessity, he reflected, when his fishing excursions brought him daily into Rose's company. It was simply marvellous to observe the certainty with which they accidentally met, day after day. And day by day he grew to love more devoutly the lithesome, beautiful girl, who had become for him a sort of minor divinity. There was some foundation for his heroine-worship. Exceedingly handsome in features, graceful in carriage, well educated, refined, and good hearted, Rose Lacy was one of the fairest of the proverbially fine women of Limerick. But her beauty deepened under his loving looks; her eyes brightened, her voice grew sweeter when he was near. He loved her before, beyond, and above all, and love's labor and its recompense are in perceiving the more exquisite because latent charms which escape the indifferent eye. In the first flush of manly beauty, brown-haired and laughing-eyed, stalwart in form and true in soul, Hastings was certainly a meet lover for the beautiful Rose. The element of danger introduced by the animosity mutually entertained by the elder members of the families, simply added a tinge of romance to their love-making in disguise. But their consciences were somewhat disturbed by the atmosphere of secrecy in which as yet they felt compelled to move; and one fine day in autumn Rose became scrupulous.

"I am going to give up my walks," she said, pulling at a spray of meadow sweet. Harry's trout-rod was lying among the rose campions bordering the river, and his fishing-basket was quite empty.

"Give up your walks? Why, what will you then amuse yourself with?" She glanced over the fair autumnal landscape and smiled.

"Aunt Trowsdale is growing weaker and weaker," she said, a sadder light gleaming in her lustrous dark blue eyes, "her strength is falling fast. So I must devote my time to nursing her for a little."

"Crusty old lady!" said Hastings, ruefully, "but I wish she were in better health. Do you know, Miss Lacy that your aunt is esteemed the ultra-bigot 'in your honorable house?'"

"Yes, but you must not say a word against her, for all that. You cannot understand how good aunt is, and how dear to me. It grieves her sadly that I am a Catholic, like mamma, who was aunt's dearest friend, and as for you Home Rulers, oh, aunt fairly detests you."

"Quite so, Mrs. Trowsdale is representative of the old order of things, you of the new. Need I say which is preferable — which I prefer?"

"Ah, which you prefer is quite another thing to which is preferable; but, as I was saying, these walks of mine I must give up."

"Then I shall call on you at Castle Lacy, that's all. No, I will call. Surely Major Lacy cannot have any wish to quarrel over an offence given 139 years ago? My father is becoming simply amused at the affair, but if it takes two parties to make a quarrel, it also takes two to effect a reconciliation. Don't you think we might become friends?"

"I'm afraid it would be as easy to move the Castle of Corrigogunnell yonder from the rock as move papa in this matter," she said.

"Ah, you have been trying, then? Well, I am thankful to you; but, Miss Lacy, it will be very dull for you all alone, and with an invalid aunt, too. I am quite certain your health requires you to take long walks. Look around you. Just consider the beauty of the scene, and how much you lose if you fail to enjoy it in the fall of the year."

From the grateful shade of tall hazels, among which milky nuts were clustering, they gazed around. The sky was cloudless, deeply blue in the zenith, whence it toned down to a warm purple grey at the horizon where the hills looked softly out, tinted in grey of a delicately deeper hue. Over the rich olives of the woods a slight haze rested, disappearing near the observer, where the tall trees stood, the leafy masses highly relieved by the strong sunlight, which cast shadows of the foliage in darker hues on the warm green of the sward. All colors take richer lustre in the bath of sunlit air, even the cold tints of the hedgerows smiling brighter. The flowers drooped in the heat; the birds were hushed and unseen. Patient cows lowed plaintively, while the wilder of their kind galloped madly, surrounded by buzzing flies. Horses stood in groups, whisking their tails, and now and again biting instead of nibbling a comrade's neck. Among the corn fields the merry reapers were busy, and, now and again, the sad lilt of "Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows," would break upon the ear, contrasting its plaintive melody with the rollicking love-vows of the balladist. Lovingly, indeed, did Rose regard the scene, and when she turned from gazing on the roofs of Limerick, there was a pause which told of appreciation too deep for words.

"And to lose all the loveliness of the country!" said Hastings, presently, "to lose nature's heart's throbs! What can society give to

equal that which nature offers? But above all a sick chamber. Well, forgive me. I know what you will say. It is your duty."

"Of course, a duty of a very ordinary kind; nothing heroic in it."

"You may put it that way, but to me it is serious to lose your society. Forgive me. I have no claim, you will say, still"—

He suddenly took her hand, paused, and then, retaining her hand, he secured her arm, despite a certain half-hearted endeavor she made to prevent him. Then they walked in silence for a few paces. A rabbit almost jumped against them, a couple of blackbirds flew towards them shrieking, and then all three hurried out of view in a side direction.

"I want to speak to you," said Hastings, solemnly; there is,—or I should say, I have been — please, leave my hand there, or"—

Imperious in his superior strength, he put his arm lightly round her waist, a movement which of course, she faintly resisted, only giving in, like all her sex, on the "might is right" principle.

"Please don't," she murmured, confusedly. They came to a sudden halt, and, standing face to face, his eager glances sought hers and her eyelids were drooped, her cheeks flushing, and her lips quivering, as it seemed to him, proudly and indignantly. A swift fear rushed to his heart. Had he been mistaken? Was she only a flirt?

"I fear — Miss Lacy, have I — offended you?" he stammered. She looked up for a portion of a second, but quite long enough.

"Rose, Rose, my darling, I love you, I love you, I love you! I have loved you since the moment I first saw you; by day and by night you have ever been in my thoughts. Oh, I love you better than I can tell you! Darling, tell me that I am not presuming, that my love is not in vain. You cannot understand, how I long to hear you say yes, even to whisper, were it never so low, that"—

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" thundered a voice in the rear, jarring upon his nerves worse than a galvanic shock. They turned swiftly and confronted the intruder, who was no other than the tall, thin, irate veteran, Major Lacy.

"Papa," said Rose, slipping into the breach, her face pale, her radiant looks all absent, "allow me to introduce Mr. Hastings."

"Egad so! And now, perhaps, this Mr. Hastings will reply to me?"

"Certainly, Major Lacy, certainly," said Harry, in a conciliatory manner.

"Then, what the devil do you mean, sir, by this — ah, this conduct? Tell me that, sir! No beating about the bush, sir; out with it."

"In all honor and manly humility, Major"—

"Oh, stop that! For heaven's sake don't rant. Give me a plain answer."

"Then, sir," said Hastings desperately, "what I mean is this,—to marry Rose, if she will have me, despite all the world!"

Major Lacy grew suddenly calm, which was so certain a sign of deep resentment, that Rose looked at him appealingly.

"Ha, very good, egad," he said, stroking his iron-grey moustache. "The descendant of a Cromwellian soldier would match himself with the daughter of kings. The enemy of our house would crawl into it by the kitchen-way! Now, listen to me, my good young man,"—

"I beg your pardon, Major Lacy, but you should listen to my plea before you pass any sentence. Your quarrel is more than a century old, and even then it was only a question of a rash taunt. Why should the quarrels of the dead past bring new suffering to Irish men and women? Can we not bury the evils of the past like other peoples, Saxon and Norman, Highlander and Lowlander, once as fiercely divided as we, and live in peace for the future? Nay, hear me out, I desire to pay all proper respect to your authority, but I will never, never, except at her own bidding, relinquish the claim which I now know God has given me to your daughter's — to Rose's love."

"Admirable, most excellent, indeed! Dramatic, or, I might say, tragic! Well, egad, my daughter shall give you an answer. Listen to me, madam. You have already deceived me. Listen to me, I repeat. Choose between your duty and your disobedience. You can select him or me, but not *both*. Now decide."

Rose did not cry now, her face was fixed and stern, but she hesitated until her father's command again resounded.

"I will never marry any one but you, Harry. I will never marry without your consent, papa," she said in low tones, her honest eyes meeting those of lover and father as she spoke to each.

Hastings raised his hat; Major Lacy smiled grimly and said —

"Very good, egad. That settles it! Now listen to me, young man. Your ancestors insulted and robbed mine. The robbery I forgive, the insult, never! If you are a decent fellow, you should try, earnestly try in future, to act honorably enough to avoid me and mine. The Lacys are Soupers, to use the vulgarism of to-day. Now, look at St. Mary's Cathedral in the distance; you see it? Very good. When the bells in yon Protestant tower ring for Popery you can claim my consent to your proposal — *and not till then.* Now—" Major Lacy extended his arm to his drooping daughter and led her away. As she turned, she glanced again at her lover. His fiery eyes softened beneath her thrilling look; and she was gone.

Boom, boom, boom came the bells of St. Mary's ringing the death-knell of the love of two noble young hearts. As Hastings strode homewards his thoughts upon the spirit of faction were of the emphatic type.

PART III.

Woe and pain, pain and woe, are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so, like to the mournful moon.
MANGAN.

AUTUMN passed away, and winter swept the plains and valleys, as bleak as the hills. Jack Cooney roamed, sick at heart, through the woods of Castle Lacy, but could meet neither with leprechaun nor with

fairy. His beloved mistress lay ill indoors, and the servants' gossip had connected her illness with the disappearance of Harry Hastings from his usual haunts. He was travelling abroad, none well knew where, and Rose grew paler, feebler, day by day, with an uncomplaining patience that was doubly aggravating to Major Lacy. One morning that gentleman found himself suddenly confronted by Jack Cooney, whose features, usually red, were now in a state of purple excitement.

"The country is talking of nothing but your villany," he said to the astonished Major. "From Keeper Hill to Tarbet your name is far and wide. Sure the very ballad singers will be at you, if you go on like this."

"Have you been drinking, Cooney?" inquired Major Lacy, when he recovered breath.

"Drinking, your honor? Faith, I'm sipping sorrow, and nothing else this long while. Isn't Miss Rose dying, and the banshee was seen on the Mague last week, and Mr. Hastings in foreign parts; and you ask me am I drunk."

He paused, but Major Lacy was evidently not listening to him; he was in a reverie, and muttered aloud, after a time —

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"Ayeh, what talk that is," said Cooney; "sure we know what men are, but 'tis only the women themselves, the creatures, that know what women are. Faith, then, they do fret themselves to death sometimes with the fair dint of love. There was my own mother's aunt's first or second cousin, Kate Connolly —"

"Well, attend to your business, Cooney; and don't presume to meddle again. Nothing but your loyalty to your mistress excuses you even now."

"Your honor, there's no two ways about it. When Miss Rose's mother hired me, a small gorsoon, to take care of Miss Rose, you had nothing to say in the matter at all, at all. 'Cooney,' says she (and may her bed be in heaven this day!) 'take care of Miss Rose for my sake.' And when I looked up and saw the smile on her lips and the light in her eyes (och, 'tis an angel she was!), I swore I'd give up my life to make Miss Rose happy. And sure now, when she's dying because your honor is contrairy, 'tis my duty to remonstrate with you, so it is. And I ask you to think of her mother — wait a bit, your honor, and then swear as hard as you like — and let Mr. Hastings marry Miss Rose, for they were made for one another, and the dickens a finer pair will be in the province of Munster than the two!"

Much to Cooney's surprise, instead of the rebuke he expected, the Major was silent for some seconds, and then said, —

"It is impossible, my good fellow. I have pledged my word not to consent to this marriage until the bells of St. Mary's ring for Catholic joy, and I must keep my word. So — why, why, egad, the man is going mad, I think."

For Cooney had flung back his coat-tails, placed his hands on his hips, and whistling "the ace and the duce of pipering," was beating time to the swift-flowing melody in a very deft manner. Then he paused and said:

"I ask a million of pardons, your honor; but 'tis the heart in me that's glad at what you said. Troth, leave it all to me. Them bells will ring for the Catholics. Tell Miss Rose to cheer up and get strong. Them bells will ring, I say, for the Catholics. Where in the world will I find Mr. Harry Hastings? Oh, by my veracity, your honor, them bells will ring for—"

"Cooney, take care of yourself. You seem in a fair way to make acquaintance with the interior of a prison, though the lunatic asylum would suit you, egad."

But Jack's rubicund face was beaming with a mighty resolve. He took off his hat with a flourish, bowed, scraped, and departed, grinning. It was some time before he put in an appearance at Castle Lacy again, as he now attached himself to Kilcoora House, the residence of Mr. Hastings. The winter passed, and spring wreathed the hills and pastures with shamrocks, sprinkled green over the hedgerows, strewed the stream-side with primroses, the lawn with daisies, the woods with purple bluebells, and filled the grove with song, as it thrilled the landscape with soft, mellow radiance. All this time Rose Lacy's *melaise* seemed only to grow greater; the cheerful vernal season brought to her none of the fresh vigor with which it filled nature around. Tidings of the growing seriousness of her decline in health reached Hastings at Cairo, and he hurried homewards, hoping to see her once more before her pure spirit went out into eternity.

It was the afternoon of the 3d March, 1878, that he journeyed from Limerick Junction to "the City of the Violated Treaty, fine women, and curdy salmon." His contempt for the spirit of faction, so conspicuously a curse to Irishmen, had not abated during his absence from his native land. When he reflected that there was no bar to his happiness with Rose Lacy except the combination of a quarrel 139 years old with his leaning to the popular side in politics, he felt inclined to despair of finding either toleration or even intelligent common sense among certain classes of his countrymen. He found the city *en fete* in honor of the coronation of Pope Leo. Bill Neylan, the driver of the side-car which he selected to convey him to Kilcoora, gave an animated description of the preparations for the illuminations and bell-ringings, as they whirled rapidly along. In the midst of his recital Bill pulled up short and listened; then looked back at the city spires.

"Them's St. Mary's bells ringing. I can swear to 'em, your honor! And bedad, there's the tower illuminated! Hurroo for the Dean and the Bishop! We're going to have peace in Ireland at long last," he exclaimed.

His words, however, fell on dull ears. They had halted on the hill above Castle Lacy Lodge, and from his vantage-ground, Hastings distinctly discerned a funeral winding over the white avenue. Too late the bells of St. Mary's had rung for Catholic joy! His heart throbbed violently, he felt that he had arrived in time but to witness the funeral of his beloved one! The first sweet peal was joined by another and another, and the harmonious chiming floated melodiously over peaceful hills and dreamy vales, and stole down the flowing

Shannon, rousing the sea-birds to respond with their chorus of wild and musical cadency.

"Wait for a few minutes,— the scene is beautiful," said Hastings, though his real desire was to keep his eyes fixed on the funeral cortege as long as he could. After a quarter of an hour thus spent, a furiously driven car was going by, when, recognizing it, Hastings hailed the driver. He stopped, and paying off his hired driver, he transferred his luggage to the newly-arrived car, on which he found his young brother Morgan, Jack Cooney, and a female, evidently a servant. After exchanging greetings and inquiries, he was struck by Morgan's embarrassed silence, Cooney's occasional roars of laughter, and the young woman's continual tittering. Somewhat annoyed by this vulgar mirth, while he still watched the funeral now fading in the gloom, he said:—

"What is the meaning of all this, Morgan? Why are you dressed like a priest, sir?"

"Nothing at all,— just a bit of a lark," said Morgan, whipping the horse.

"Come, Jack Cooney, there is something hidden in this matter, I see. Explain."

"Ah, shure, and it's I that will. Haven't we rung the Protestant bells for the Pope's coronation, and done Major Lacy all out? Faith, we have so! I'll tell it all to your honor in two twos. When I heard the vow Major Lacy made, I made up my mind, and I only waited an opportunity, and didn't that same come this blessed day? Mr. Morgan, long life to him for his pluck, and me and my cousin Biddy here,— and faith I'll marry her for it yet,— went to see St. Mary's, and a fine ancient, old place it is, and I wish I had poor King Donogh's tomb out of their hands,— leastways, his crown. So when we got in, Biddy here lost herself in fainting, and the sexton went out for a drink of water for her. So up with us into the tower and set the bells ringing, and put lights in the window. In comes the poor sexton. 'Is them my bells ringing?' says he. 'Divil another,' says I. 'And is that my tower illuminated?' says he. 'Faith it is *so*,' says I. 'And isn't the Pope crowned to-day?' says he. 'I heard tell of it,' says I. 'Oh, blessed St. David!' says he, 'I'm done! With that he got weak, and sat on Biddy's stomach, and brought her to in less than no time. So we made the best of our way out, and here we are."

"So that is the explanation of the bell-ringing at St. Mary's," said Harry Hastings when Jack finished his gleeful tale; "a very shabby trick it is, in my opinion, and without any good motive that I can see."

"Ah, sure, your honor is joking. Isn't the way clear for you now?"

"So you are not aware of Miss Lacy's death," said Harry to his brother. "I suppose there is still little news from Castle Lacy heard in Kilcoora House?"

"Miss Lacy's death!" said Morgan in amazement, while a howl from Jack Cooney thrilled the listeners with its sudden and powerful tones.

"Miss Rose dead! Oh, woe, woe, woe! Dead after all my tending, and my caring, and my roguery! Oh, woe, woe, woe! Pull up, Mr. Morgan, pull up, for the love of heaven! There's a back way to the castle just here, and I must go down at once. Oh, murder! couldn't she hold out another two days? Bad luck to your crooked ways, Major Lacy, and your hooked nose, for 'tis you are at the bottom of all this misery. Good night to ye; I'll go in here."

"Wait, Cooney, I shall accompany you," said Harry, with sudden resolve. "I want to give Major Lacy a bit of my mind. Can you procure me a meeting?"

Jack nodded grimly, his ruddy face perfectly transformed with indignant anger. Waving his hand in farewell to his brother, Hastings followed Cooney into the sombre woods, and in silence they hurried towards the castle. Everything like their own minds was shrouded in gloom.

"If you wouldn't mind following me through the kitchen door," said Jack, "I'll bring you to him at once. You'll be refused at the hall door."

Harry motioned him to proceed, and they entered the castle and passed through a flagged corridor, mounted a flight of stairs, traversed a spacious lobby, and then Jack flung open a door, and Harry entered with the air of a gladiator. In the soft light, diffused from a rich chandelier, he beheld Rose Lacy reclining on a lounge. He drew back spell-bound. Paler, more beautiful than ever she seemed as she rose to her feet, her eyes dilating wildly. She took a step forward, and murmured his name. He sprang to meet her, and folded her in his arms, and kissed her trembling lips again and again.

At the door stood Jack Cooney in strange perplexity muttering,"—"Death alive, what is this at all, at all? Didn't he say she was dead, and is that the way to be treating a corpse or a spirit? I'd better go down to the cook, and find whether she's dead or alive, for certain. Holy Mother, was there ever the like of this before in all my born days? But 'tis alive she is. I see by the grip he has of her, and I'll dance a moneen jig at the wedding after all, faith I will.

But before Jack reached the kitchen Hastings found out his mistake. It was the funeral cortege of poor old "Aunt Trowsdale," which he had seen some short time previously, and Major Lacy had not yet returned therefrom. When he did come back he was astounded to find his cosy study occupied by Harry Hastings, who demanded his consent to his marriage with Rose. And, seeing the new radiance in his daughter's eyes, the sparkling happiness of her changed mien, the unusual mellow tones in her voice, the old Major, upon the recital of Jack Cooney's exploit, very gladly gave his consent.

By the 17th of March, Rose Lacy had recovered sufficiently to wear a bunch of Shamrocks at the Redemptorist Church, the said bunch having been presented to her by the Irish descendant of the Cromwellian trooper, Hastings. Even her Conservative sire displayed on the same day a spray of the chosen leaf, happy omen of the good time coming, when all Irishmen will live in peace, in toleration and

brotherly love. But on the same festival in the following year he performed his crowning peace-sacrifice when he gave his beloved Rose into the life-long keeping of the Radical and Home-Ruler, Harry Hastings. Kilcoora House and Castle Lacy are at length peaceful neighbors; the old feud is dead.

. . . . . .

Let no man doubt the truth of this modern legend, for any one who goes to Limerick can find St. Mary's Cathedral. Having found that sacred edifice, it is easy to meet with the intelligent sexton, who will tell in a pathetic manner the whole story of the ringing of the bells. He may not know any of our acquaintances, but that is a mere detail, for this is the first recital of this Legend of "Dark Rosaleen" and the Bells of Limerick.

W. J. MUSGRAVE, in *Dublin Weekly Freeman's Journal.*

St. Columba and the Bird.

ONE morning on Iona's sea-beat shore,
Turned to the land he might behold no more,
Stood God's high saint, Columba; at his feet
On jagged rocks the hoarse white breakers beat.
Far out on the wild sea the rough waves rolled,
With thundering roar, as when the great bell tolled;
But not on sea or storm his thoughts were then.
Nor his high task to preach God's name to men;
For at his feet, wet with the chill, salt spray,
A little bird from Emerald Erin lay.
Kindly he took it in his breast to warm,
And prayed heaven's Monarch to allay the storm.
With tender care nine weeks he kept that bird,
Till May's warm gales the draighnan's white spray stirred:
Then forth he cast it on an eastern gale,
With prayers for safety to green Innisfail;
And thus he charged it on its homeward flight
To that loved land that ne'er could bless his sight:

* "*Beir beannacht o'mo chroidhe go thir na'n oir,*
That I may view with mortal eyes no more,
A blessing to the people brave and good,
To every streamlet, mountain, well and wood,
To the sweet flowers that through the green fields grow,
To the deep rivers dreaded by our foe,
To sheep and steeds and mild sweet milking kine —
Cead mille failthe from this heart of mine."
Then swift she flew from Alba's rock-bound coast,
And faithful bore the message of her host;
And countless blessings o'er the land like dew,
Were shed from heaven — and all the people knew,
That God's high saint, tho' exiled far away,
For Erin prayed, as still her exiles pray.

J. K.

* Bear a blessing from my heart to the land of gold.

"Chinese" Gordon.

THE *London Tablet*, reviews a book recently issued giving some account of the famous General who now occupies a prominent part in the war pending in Soudan. General Gordon's life has been the record of the faith that is in him, and seldom has the picture of the Christian soldier been drawn more winningly than in the pages before us. Sprung from a soldier race, Gordon first saw service in the English lines round Sebastopol, and went through "the black winter" of the Crimea in a way which brought him honorable mention in despatches. Sent on a boundary commission first to Bessarabia, and then to Armenia, it was not until the autumn of 1858 that the young officer found his way back to England. One year more was spent as Field-work Instructor and Adjutant at Chatham, and then he was on his way to China, the scene of the great work of his life. Present at the taking of Pekin by the allied French and English forces, on the 11th of October, 1860, Gordon gives a graphic account of the destruction of the Summer Palace, the fabulous glories of which every traveller in the Far East has so many times heard of. The city itself had surrendered and been spared, but it was resolved that the great palace should be razed as "warning to all time."

"We went out," writes Gordon to a friend, "and after pillaging it, burned the whole place, destroying in a Vandal-like manner most valuable property, which could not be replaced for four millions. We got upwards of £48 apiece prize-money before we went out here; and although I have not as much as many, I have done well. Imagine D—— giving 16s. for a string of pearls which he sold the next day for £500. . . . The people are civil, but I think the grandees hate us, as they must after what we did to the palace. You can scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the places we burnt. It made one's heart sore to burn them; in fact, these palaces were so large, and we were so pressed for time, that we could not plunder them carefully. Quantities of gold ornaments were burned, considered as brass. It was wretchedly demoralizing work for an army. Everybody was wild for plunder. You would scarcely conceive the magnificence of this residence, or the tremendous devastation the French have committed. The throne and room were lined with ebony, carved in a marvellous way. There were huge mirrors of all shapes and kinds, clocks, watches, musical boxes with puppets on them, magnificent china of every description, heaps and heaps of silks of all colors, embroidery, and as much splendor and civilization as you would see at Windsor; carved ivory screens, coral screens, large amounts of treasure, &c. The French have smashed everything in the most wanton way. It was a scene of utter destruction which passes my description."

Two years later began the series of events which ended in giving Gordon a European reputation. The Tai-ping rebellion had defied every effort of the Imperial Government and the whole province of which Nankin is the capital, and Shanghai the chief port, had been almost definitely abandoned to them. On more than one occasion the English and French forces had joined the Imperialists in driving back the rebel armies which, however, in spite of defeat still remained a permanent menace to the foreign colony at Shanghai. Under these circumstances, numbers of English and American adventurers at-

tracted into the Imperial service by the promise of high pay, had helped to keep up a sort of desultory war, but the rule of Tai-pings seemed the settled fate of the province, when by a happy inspiration the English Government was formerly applied to by the Chinese for a captain to direct their troops, and Gordon was the man chosen. The Governor-General of the Kiang Provinces at that time was Li-Hung-Chang, now recognized as the ablest soldier and administrator of modern China. Ten years' service against the rebels had taught him their strength, and with quiet patience he bent himself to the task of training up Chinese levies after European methods and to the use of European arms. Li-Hung-Chang and Captain Gordon were soon working together for the common purpose, and before long an army was got together of 4,000 Chinese armed, for the most part, with smooth bore muskets and officered by Europeans. The record of the work that was done by this little force, the battles they won and the cities they took, forms the greater part of the volume before us. The nature of the country which was the scene of Gordon's operations gave them a character of their own. Flat, and cut up by broad canals, the country is commanded by stockaded cities; and to the taking of these one by one Gordon set himself with all his strength. His first triumph was the taking of Taitsan, and Mr. Hake's description of its capture must serve our readers as a sample of the sort of work which was done: —

"This was a great undertaking and full of peril. The place was garrisoned by 10,000 men, of whom 2,000 were picked braves, with several English, French, and American renegades serving at the guns; while his own force numbered only 3,000 of all arms. That, however, mattered little to him. He lay siege to the city forthwith. He took some outlying stockades, and established his army in the west suburb, about 1,500 yards from the gate; he then seized upon the two bridges of the main canal. Working round the town, and keeping out of gunshot, he captured some small forts which protected the Quinsan road, and so cut the two centres asunder. At a distance of 600 yards from the walls he placed his guns in position, each covered with a portable wooden mantlet, and flanked with riflemen. Thus prepared, he advanced with his artillery to within 100 yards, when he opened a scorching fire upon the battlements, rapidly overpowering the fire of the enemy, which was brisk, but not as yet damaging. He bridged the moat with gunboats from headquarters. In two hours he breached the walls, and his stormers crossed to the attack. Suddenly the wall was manned; a tremendous fire was poured down upon the heads of the column; the bridge was pelted with fire balls; and, in the confusion, one of the gunboats was captured. Still, Captain Bannen gallantly led on his column, and succeeded in mounting the breach. The enemy, headed by the foreigners in his service, met the assault with spears; and the stormers, after a short and bloody conflict, were compelled to retire. Gordon now cannonaded the breach for twenty minutes, over the heads of his stormers. They mounted it once more, when the energy of those in front, and the impetus of the men in the rear, broke through all obstacles, and the breach was crowned. All resistance ceased, the city was captured, and the enemy fled in the utmost confusion; the men trampling each other to death in their eagerness to escape pursuit."

The swiftness of Gordon's movements and the vigorous way in which he followed up his success at last told, and gradually, after three years of fighting, the rebel forces were broken and the Tai-ping rebellion was put down. But if Gordon's military ability wrung tribute of admiration from those he served, they were much more impressed by

his disinterestedness, and the quiet, firm way in which he put aside all personal reward. When his work was done, and he was about to leave China as he came, a poor man, having time after time refused large sums of money from the Imperial Government, Prince Hung then Regent of China wrote: "We do not know what to do. He will not receive money from us, and we have already given him every honor which it is in the power of the Emperor to bestow; but as these can be of little value in his eyes, I have brought you this letter, and ask you to give it to the Queen of England that she may bestow upon him some reward which would be more valuable in his eyes." On the 12th of July, 1864, Sir Fiederick Bruce, wrote to Earl Russell: —

"Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon well deserves her Majesty's favor, for, independently of the skill and courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes of the Chinese. Not only has he refused any pecuniary reward, but he has spent more than his pay in contributing to the comfort of the officers who served under him, and in assuaging the distress of the starving population whom he relieved from the yoke of their oppressors. Indeed, the feeling that impelled him to resume operations after the fall of Soochow was one of the purest humanity. He sought to save the people of the districts that had been recovered, from a repetition of the misery entailed upon them by this cruel civil war."

"Chinese" Gordon in Ireland.

In the winter of 1881 the General visited Ireland. In a letter to a friend he writes: —

"My idea is that, seeing — through this cause or that it is immaterial to examine — a deadlock has occurred between the present landlords and tenants, the Government should purchase up the rights of the landlords over the whole or the greater part of Longford, Westmeath, Clare, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Leitrim, Sligo, Mayo, Cavan and Donegal. The yearly rental of these districts is some four millions; if the Government give the landlords twenty years' purchase it would cost eighty millions, which at 3½ per cent. would give a yearly interest of £2,800,000 of which £2,500,000 could be recovered; the lands would be Crown lands: they would be administered by a land commission, who would be supplemented by an emigration commission which might for a short time need £100,000. This would not injure the landlords, and so far as it is an interference with proprietary rights, it is as just as is the law which forces Lord A. to allow a railway through his park for the public benefit. I would restrain the landlords from any power or control in these Crown land districts. Poor-law, roads, schools, &c., should be under the Land Commission.

"In conclusion, I must say, from all accounts and my own observations, that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made as we are, that they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation, in places in which we would not keep our cattle.

"The Bulgarians, Anatolians, Chinese, and Indians are better off than many of them are. The priests alone have any sympathy with their sufferings, and, naturally, alone have a hold over them. In these days, in common justice, if we endow a Protestant University, why should we not endow a Catholic University in a Catholic country? Is it not as difficult to get a £5 note from a Protestant as from a Catholic or Jew? Read the letters of —— and of ——, and tell me if you see in them any particle of kind feeling towards the tenantry; and if you have any doubts about this, investigate the manner in which the Relief Fund was administered, and in which the sums of money for improvements of estates by landlords were expended.

"In 1833 England gave freedom to the West Indian slaves at a cost of twenty millions — worth now thirty millions. This money left the country. England got nothing for it. By an expenditure of eighty millions she may free her own people.

She would have the hold over the land, and she would cure a cancer. I am not well off, but I would offer —— or his agent £1,000, if either of them would live one week in one of these poor devils' places, and feed as these people do. Our comic prints do an infinity of harm by their caricatures: firstly, the caricatures are not true, for the crime in Ireland is not greater than that in England; and secondly, they exasperate the people on both sides of the Channel, and they do no good.

"It is ill to laugh and scoff at a question which affects our existence."

Mgr. Capel: A Universalist: A Rabbi: Etc.

A REMARKABLE and interesting discussion was held at the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, in New York, lately. Monsignor Capel, by invitation, was present, and delivered an address upon the Catholic Church, stating the grounds upon which she bases her commission. His proposition was then criticised by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Pullman, the Rabbi Gottheil, and Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman, the free thinker. Each speaker was nominally limited to twenty minutes, and the monsignor was given fifteen minutes in which to reply to his critics. The parlors were crowded with refined and thoughtful ladies and gentlemen, and the discussion was followed with the keenest interest. A small table, set in the wide doorway between the two parlors, and furnished with a pitcher of ice water and an open watch, was the point from which the addresses were delivered. Near to this at 8 o'clock sat Monsignor Capel, his clerical robes, in which purple silk was conspicuous, giving him an individuality in the throng of ladies and gentlemen in conventional evening dress. Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, president of the club, introduced the prelate with a few complimentary remarks, and he was received with much clapping of hands when he stood up to speak.

The Position of the Catholic Church.

Monsignor Capel in the course of a brief address stated the position of the Catholic Church, as follows: "The Catholic Church maintains that man is endowed with intellect to know truth, with will to do good, he is gifted with reason which, among its other capabilities, and by its own power and light, can know of the existence of God, of the immortality of man's soul, and of man's responsible dependence on God. But the Church holds that there is another body of truth called revelation, giving still more extensive knowledge concerning God and man. This revelation began with the promise of a Redeemer, and ended with the ascension of Christ. All dogmas since formulated by the Church are but explicit declarations of the several truths contained in revelation. We hold that such revelation is embodied in certain inspired writings and traditions.

The Catholic Church in speaking of God, manifested by reason and by revelation, is speaking of a self-existing personal Being really and essentially distinct from the world, infinite in intelligence and will,

and in all perfections, this personal God creating all men to be saved, desiring the salvation of all, and putting within the reach of all the necessary help for such salvation.

The Church holds that between reason and revalation there can never be any discrepancy, since the same God who gave the one gave the other. Here it is important to remember the gulf separating the facts in nature from the scientific theories advanced by men.

The dimness of man's knowledge about his Creator, the weakness of man's moral nature, the responsibility of man to God, and the goodness and justice of man's Maker not only rendered revelation possible, but also necessary; and the Catholic Church holds that, revelation being made, there is the need of an authoritative teacher and guardian of it, so that in all times, for all persons, and under all circumstances, the individual may know the teaching of God.

This implies infallible or divine authority, exercised though it may be through weak, sinful, fallible agents. The commission, not the individual, is to be looked at. Reason has the right to examine the credentials of such commission, but being convinced, the commission is genuine, and has emanated from God, who cannot deceive, nor be deceived, reason has but one duty, to accept the message, though it may be beyond the ken of intellect.

Such divine, and therefore, infallible authority was given to the organic body called into existence by Christ, and which received on Pentecost Sunday, as its perpetual principal of life, the Holy Ghost. From that day forward, a human divine organism existed on earth easily discovered by the Rock, Peter, on which it was formed, and by the marks of unity, Apostolicity, Catholicity, and Holiness, which are of the essence of its being and purpose. This is the Church of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth.

The Criticism in Reply.

The Rev. Dr. Pullman, Universalist, was then introduced as a defender of Protestantism. He said that all that had been urged by Monsignor Capel, after a thousand years of universal rule, had resulted in a reaction which made Protestantism a necessity. Modern civilization was the outcome of Protestantism. It was yet too early for a perfect creed, but we can know already this is God's word, and not the devil's, and this should suffice us.

Rabbi Gottheil said that once before he had fallen in with a Romish Priest, with whom, of course, he had a religious discussion. The priest said: "If you are right, we are wrong, and if we are right, you are wrong." "I am sorry to say," added the Rabbi, "that he left no standing place for Protestantism. Absolute and perfect truth," continued the Rabbi, "is found on no particular side. Every religion which is given by God, and which has morality for its basis, reflects one or the other side of the universal truth. The Quakers, I think, approach most nearly to the ideal of the Founder of their faith." Unitarianism he defined as "modern culture with a slight flavor of Christianity." He considered Methodism to be organization as far as

it was consistent with individualism. Romanism is organization without that limit. Attacking Monsignor Capel's argument, the Rabbi said, that if reason can prove the existence of God, immortality, and our responsibility, there is no need of revelation. Of course God created all men to be saved. Had he not done so, many would prefer to be among the lost rather than among the saved. "There is a stamp on the foreheads of us all," said the Rabbi, referring to his race, "the stamp of unparalleled martyrdom; but that the time will come when all men will see the truth as we see it, we still, and will ever, hope."

T. B. Wakeman, speaking in behalf of Agnosticism, said that the universal Church was not that of Monsignor Capel, but was that of humanity, into which evolution would in time transform all religions.

In conclusion, Monsignor Capel made such a good-humored but destructive and logical reply to his critics as drew laughter and applause from the large audience. Mutual introductions and informal conversations followed the debate.

Consistency.

A CONSISTENT man is one who is true to himself, unchanging and always the same. To call a man consistent is to praise him, because consistency is always, or at least is properly, used in a good sense. To call a man inconsistent is to blame him, and to imply a kind of practical unveracity, instability, weakness, or proneness to be swayed by influence or by interest. Aristotle says, that men can be good only in one way, but bad in many ways. Consistency, therefore, is the sameness of good men; and inconsistency is the mutability of bad men, or of men not wholly good. To say that a man is consistent in evil or wrong, is to liken him to a very dark original.

In its etymology, consistency means coherence, as by an intrinsic law which holds things together, or by which a man holds himself together. The Greeks called such a man "a four-cornered man," a square man; as Tennyson says of the Iron Duke, that "he stood four square to all the winds that blew." But the Latins called him, *totus teres atque rotundus* — a round man. They called everything square except the moral nature of men — letters, verses, speeches, and even the body, but not the mind. We use both metaphors; for we describe perverse misgovernment as "putting round men into square holes, and square men into round holes."

Now, consistency is a virtue; but it may be a vice, and a disease.

As to the virtue of consistency, it implies that the character of a man has been formed round a central truth with which the continuous accretions of habit intimately cohere; or rather from which, as from the heart of an oak, all the rings in its growing bulk steadily expand. To a man brought up in truth, philosophical, moral, or religious, con-

sistency — if he be sincere — is of easy acquisition. His whole mind is formed upon a centre which can never be moved. And the fixity of this first law of his life gives to his moral action what an axiom gives to intellectual speculation — that is, a steady, unchanging rule. But consistency is chiefly an acquisition of the will. Men are often intellectually very great, and morally very little; for intellectual greatness depends chiefly on the brain and moral greatness on the will. But no amount of will can make a character consistent, if the brain be contradictory, or inconsequent. A scatterbrain never goes twice by the same path; he straggles and loses himself in contrarieties; and is always doing what Hotspur wished to do, "divide himself and go to buffets." Nothing can be willed which is not first known. It must be an object of the intelligence before it can be a subject of the will; for to will is a deliberate and positive resolution of intelligence and volition united. It is this deliberation and union of intellectual and moral powers that forms a consistent life. Some men have by nature clearer brains and stronger wills than others, and they start with advantage over other men.

But, after all, consistency is an acquired habit, and of slow growth. What, then, are the conditions necessary for its acquisition? Right and fixed principles of faith and morals; sincerity, as against all equivocations and pretences; simplicity as against all eager running after many things; singleness of aim, as excluding fear or fondness for the world and its good word or will; with contentment in the peace of a good conscience. Add to this, high temper enough not to be trifled with; honest pride enough not to seek for popularity; temperance enough to resist the fascinations of flattery and admiration; and fortitude enough not to evade a painful duty, or to draw back in a conflict for truth or right. Such a character will steadily grow into a consistent whole, and into perfect harmony with itself. What it is within, it will be without. What it appears without, it will be within. Its words are its thoughts: and its thoughts and words are equivalent; and its acts are at one with both. It is the same always, in every place and in all societies of men. It receives no stain or color from them, but leaves its own marks, or even its full impression upon them.

We may be asked: Who ever came up to this ideal? Many we hope; but it is not easy to give examples, except from a sphere which is out of the reach of us common men. Let us come lower down. How few men carry to the end of life the opinions, or the character with which they begin. For instance: the younger Pitt, after long years of large and popular policy in his first administration, ended by resisting all reform in his second. Sir Francis Burdett, who began life as a Radical of dangerous vehemence, died an old English Tory. Sir Robert Peel, after opposing Catholic Emancipation, and defending the Corn Laws, ended by emancipating Catholics and abolishing the Corn Laws. Mr. Gladstone began a Church-and-State Tory. How he will end, who can tell? He has disestablished one Church, and may have to disestablish two more. And for his Toryism, Mr. Bright is his godfather. Lord Beaconsfield is charged with beginning as a

Radical, and ending as a Tory. Nevertheless he never passed through the mutabilities of other great men. Now, inconsistent as all these outwardly seem, there may be a thread of continuity by which their ending may be united, by the admission of a new premise, with their beginning; and their ending may have a legitimate lineal descent from their outset. A man is not inconsistent who, upon good reason shown, changes his conviction and his course. Rather he would be inconsistent if, seeing the rational evidence for change, he were to refuse to change his mind. Some men are like an army resting on its base, firm and immovable. You can foretell what they will do. Others are like a flying column, of whose movements and direction you can make no forecasts. They may be consistent althrough, though appearances are against them as they who, from first principles and elementary truths, work out the whole science of secular or sacred truth, its unity, harmony and fulness. They have never changed, or been inconsistent with themselves, or with their past. They have but expanded with uniform growth, and filled up with consistent acquisition the whole outline of knowledge or of faith.

So far, consistency is a virtue. How can it ever be a vice? The word in itself has no exclusive meaning either of good or bad. Like *meritum* in Latin, it is neutral. But in what way can fixity of conviction, character, or conduct through a long career, be a vice? Whensoever any man resists the reasons which justify or demand a change, he is inconsistent with the primary law of truth. If, then, he has been consistent with his reason and conscience until then, he is inconsistent with his former self now. If he has not been consistent with these laws of our moral being in the past, he is consistent in his insincerity. And such consistency is a supreme vice. To be consistently at variance with the light of reason and with the dictates of conscience, is to be hollow, false, and immoral. When we call a man unprincipled, we mean that he is an anarchy in himself. There is no law, rule, government, or authority to sustain him in doing right, or to restrain him from doing wrong. As interest, passion, or temptation takes him, so he becomes. He is not his own master. The consistency of a bad man is consistent badness; and of a false man, is consistent falsehood. It is the uniformity of a bad life, and uniform persistence in evil is the highest reach of vice.

But we may hope that such men are few. There is, however, a consistency which is a disease. Some men will never do anything which they have never done before. It would be inconsistent with their past; it would be out of keeping with their ideal. So it would be if a Chinese tailor, as we are told, should make a new coat without patching the elbow — the Celestial Empire having never seen an aboriginal sleeve. There is a pedantic uniformity about some people, especially of the prim and proper school of goodness, which is a sort of moral red-tapeism. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," is the rule of their life; and they set themselves against the incursion of inventions, improvements, and useful discoveries, howsoever good, because they are new, and inconsistent with the uniformity of their past habits in life. To this amiable pertinacity we

owe many interesting survivals of old ways, suggestive of a high antiquity, and picturesque, but deplorably inconvenient — such as obsolete spelling, Gothic inscriptions, and the glacial curfew which, in spite of the thermometer, extinguishes fires after Lady Day.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP, in *Merry England.*

Wendell Phillips.

THE death of this man calls for more than a passing notice. He has been for many years one of the plastic and formative influences of our national growth. When we spoke of our American institutions we always included Wendell Phillips. He was a popular tribune, of matchless eloquence and of unimpeachable integrity. He was in the very best sense a demagogue, a loved and trusted leader of the people. His religion was humanity. Those who knew him intimately, describe his private charities and his succor of the poor, as even beyond the warrant of his ample fortune, and assure us that these acts of benevolence were as incessant as they were undemonstrative. This goes to show that he was not a philanthropist in theory only, but that he was in very truth a lover of his kind. In all race conflicts he sided with the weak against the strong, and his words of fire, and his voice of flame, melted the fetters of the American slave. But every just and pure national aspiration found in him a promoter and advocate. Since the days of O'Connell no man has spoken so eloquently of Irish wrongs, and his words sounded with terrific import in England. He was a warm personal friend, and enthusiastic admirer of O'Connell, and the speech of his that will live longest, is his grand eulogy of the Irish Liberator.

Wendell Phillips was naturally intensely religious. Personally he recognized most of the conclusions of the Christian code of ethics; yet he was not explicitly a believer in supernatural revelation. He knew no above, beyond what man had lifted himself, and he knew no below, but ignorance and slavery.

In this respect he was a type of a class. The foremost writers and thinkers of our age are men who formulate their own creed, and look to personal experience only for the sanction of their conduct. They belong to the church of Plato, and worship apart, like the philosophers of the age immediately preceding the Christian era. It is a church composed of high priests only. It has only a Holy of Holies, and no room for the multitude within its narrow and select precincts. Their souls are wild flowers, beautiful and not wholly without fragrance; but they are only wild flowers, and they lack the fine aroma of the supernatural. We feel sorry that such men, possessed with keen appreciation of the true, the beautiful and the good in nature, should live and die strangers to Him from whom all truth and beauty and goodness are. We do not mean to say that Wendell Phillips was

an infidel. Far from it. He believed in monotheism. He believed in an hereafter. He thought that the future state would be an improvement on the present. As to the difinitions of Christianity and the personality attributed to God by the Evangelists, and taught by the Church, he neither believed nor denied. His God was the God of Socrates and Plato, and his heaven was blank expectancy.

Our Lord has not unfolded the Deity to human comprehension, for that would have been impossible. Carlisle says that to comprehend God, and to understand thoroughly his attributes, is the exclusive privilege of ignorance. Still Carlisle was not an infidel. What we know about God is not much, but the knowledge is real. We know that He is love. We know that He has care of us. We know that He has providence over all. Not a hair of our head falls to the ground without His permission. We have in Christianity the whole council of God made known to man, in so far as that council affects man here or hereafter. We know by what means we may propitiate Him, and by what acts we can offend Him. We have a law for our conduct and an altar for our worship, and these two truths are not speculations. We know the way to God and when we see Him face to face we shall know more. This is Christianity, which the class of which Wendell Phillips was an exponent, refuses to accept. It is a grand thing to have knowledge, but a divine thing to possess faith.

REV. FATHER PHELAN in *The Western Watchman.*

Black Flags — Yellow Flags.

WHO are the "Black Flags" and who the "Yellow Flags?" A Shanghai paper has lately given an interesting account of these mysterious tribes. Liou-Yuen-Foo, chief of the Black Flags, was a ringleader in the Taiping rebellion. He is now a man of over sixty, with white beard and commanding aspect. Not only is he very brave, but also an able administrator. Twenty years ago the Chinese troops forced him and his companions to take refuge in the northern part of Annam. The sovereign of that country found them too strong to either oust or control, and allowed them by treaty to inhabit and cultivate the wild regions of Tien-Foo Chang. The district is truly savage, covered with jungles, intersected by deep ravines, and infested with tigers and wolves. Monkeys swarm all over it, especially at nightfall. Liou-Yuen-Foo's administration was so successful, that soon other bands placed themselves under his jurisdiction, which now extends over 700 li (or 200 miles). His colony reckons 80,000 Black Flags, 60,000 Yellow Flags, 30,000 White Flags and 20,000 natives. Little by little the Annamite king found himself obliged to yield immunity from taxation, and eventually complete self-government, to the enterprising Liou. How well the latter was fitted for his office may be seen from the excellent order of his administration. He paid great

attention to the encouragement of agriculture, to the military organization of his people, and to the exact administration of justice. He emulated M. Ferry in his zeal for public instruction, and had all his young men taught to read. He has now 50,000 of these well-trained young men under arms. He has constructed two canals to turn aside the current of the Red river, and to render his position more secure. The capital, Tien-Foo-Chang, is thus well defended; and in it assembles the "Yamen," or Grand Council of the "Three Flags." The French will apparently not have to deal entirely with barbarian savages. A French contemporary publishes the translation of an order of the day, found at Hanoi, and addressed to the Black Flags by one of their commanders. The pirates and marauders were expressly charged before engaging in battle, to eat such things as would keep up their courage. The *menu*, from an English point of view, was not appetizing. The first dish was a jelly of tiger's flesh, to give combatants the "ferocity and anger of tigers." On eight successive days they were to eat lion's liver, to make them intrepid, serpent's tongue, to endow them with craftiness, crocodile soup, to enable them to pursue the enemy by land and water, the brains of the hippopotamus to render their skins hard and proof against bullets, the heart of monkeys, so that they might possess that animal's dexterity in climbing, a dish of scorpions, a panther's breast, to render them pitiless. The order concludes with the last and most important dish, which consisted of gunpowder made into pellets with leopard's blood. The Black Flags are firm believers in bravery being transmitted. How they could fight at all after such a meal is a mystery. British warriors, we can say with safety, would feel exceedingly unwell after a course like the one we have described. At any rate the British army would object to the most important dish, viz., the gunpowder pellets and leopard's blood.

Vera Effigies — Images of The Holy Face.

THESE pictures are stamped on linen, and are the fac-simile of the Veil of Veronica, which for so many centuries has been religiously preserved with so much reverence in the Vatican Basilica at Rome. In all ages the Church has surrounded this precious relic with every possible mark of respect and honor. Until late years the penalty of excommunication was incurred by any one who would dare attempt to reproduce it, with such jealous, almost parsimonious care, was it guarded, so much so, that only two authentic copies existed before the present century, one, the property of L'abbaye de Montreuilles Dames, which was sent them by Innocent IV., and the other given by Gregory XV., in 1621, to a lady of the family of Storza, who gave it afterwards to to the Professed House of the Jesuit Fathers in Rome. It is to the liberality of Pius IX., that we owe the great privilege of possessing such numbers of these fac-similes. Mr. Dupont, the Holy

Man of Tours, seconded the zeal of our illustrious Pontiff, and tried to forward their efficacious agency, the work of the Reparation for Blasphemy, that persons gazing upon the bloody portrait of their Redeemer, might become new Veronicas, and strive by loving Reparation to make atonement for outrages offered the Divinity, of which His Admirable Face was the visible expression. Our Divine Lord told Sr. Saint Pierre, the Holy Carmalite of Tours, that the blasphemers of the present day, renewed the indignities and insults which the Jews heaped upon His Holy Face during His Passion, and according to the care, we would take to Honor his Face, so He would take care to reimprint His image on our souls, and render them as beautiful as when leaving the baptismal font. Pius IX., on approving the work of the Reparation said: *This Reparation is a divine work destined to save society.*"

These *Vera Effigies* have touched the veil at Rome kept in the Vatican Basilica, also the instruments of the Sacred Passion of our Blessed Lord. They are sent from there accompanied by an "authentic" bearing the seal of the conrm of the Vatican. One of these holy images was sent by the Discalced Carmelite Nuns of New Orleans, to their kind friend, Miss Mary J. Hoffman, the gifted and pious authoress, well known for her valuable contributions to Catholic literature. All will, we feel sure, feel deep interest in perusing her beautiful reply of grateful thanks to the Carmelites for this gift of priceless value.

STOCKBRIDGE, MADISON COUNTY, N. Y.

Dear and Revered Sister— I promised you as soon as I got a little rested, I would tell you the feelings the blessed picture of the Holy Face you so kindly sent for me, inspires. The evening it came I was very busy at my books, and with your letter, came two more from other beloved Religious, each letter freighted with a little picture. I read the letters, glanced gratefully at the souvenirs, and was about returning to my books, when I had to turn and look at yours again. It was decidedly simpler in style than the others; they were artistically lace-bordered, and, aside from their religious characters, beautiful specimens of art. This had nothing of the kind, it was plain, perfectly plain; and yet it at once arrested my absorbed attention. I found it impossible to take my gaze off its holy lineaments.

The history of the Adorable Passion came up before me; more than eighteen hundred years have passed since the dark handwriting of sin was washed away in the Saviour's blood; but gazing on those Divine features, I seemed wafted back to that far-off morning dark and gloomy, when the streets of Jerusalem were thickly thronged with an infuriated mob thirsting for the blood of the Sanctified; when the shrill shouts of "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" rent the murky air; when His chosen disciples had fled from Him in terror, and only feeble and weeping women remained to evidence the slightest compassion for His great and terrible sufferings. Even at that hour, in the midst of blasphemies, insults and cruel blows, His Infinite love overpowered His supreme agony. He saw far down the coming ages, what a comfort and solace in our human sorrows and afflictions the sight of His Holy disfigured Face would be, and when toiling up Calvary's rugged and rocky height, He mercifully wrought the wondrous miracle whereby this precious legacy was left to our reverent keeping.

In handing back the Veil, the tearful and yet heroic Veronica had given Him to wipe away the streaming perspiration mingled with tears and blood, she found impressed upon its snowy whiteness those Divine features so indelibly stamped with the seal of infinite suffering, infinite tenderness and love. That first night I could only gaze upon them, and weep and sob, the next day I ventured to offer my petitions to this Adorable Image. My aged father was very low, I begged; if it was

our dear Lord's Holy Will, he might be longer spared to me. Every one thought he was about to leave me all alone in this world; but thanks to God, he began to get better, and soon regained his usual health. Then other needs, spiritual and temporal, were thought of, and other favors asked, and, dear sister, will you be surprised to hear, that those also, have been mercifully granted, through the virtue and power of the Holy, Sorrowful Face of Jesus, our Blessed Saviour.

Never do we now go to our daily prayers that it is not placed before us. It drives away all distractions, it fills our hearts with love and gratitude, comforts and strengthens us more than words have power to tell.

How can I ever thank you for sending it to me. My dear father unites with me in sending kind regards.

In the love of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, I am your very grateful friend,

MARY J. HOFFMAN.

A Tribute to Ireland's National Bard.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 20, 1884.

Editor Donahoe's Magazine. — Mr. George Martin, in an address on "Poetry as a Moral Force," recently delivered before the Montreal Pioneer Free-Thought Club, pays the following tribute to Ireland's national bard, Thomas Moore, which may prove interesting to many of your readers:

JOHN FRANCIS MARRIN.

"Had Moore given to his countrymen a 'Marseillaise' or a 'Bruce's Address,' England would have been forced, ere now, either to have annihilated the whole race, in their uncontrollable resistance to her rule or to have yielded independence to Erin. His national lyrics are more provokative of tears than of daring, patriotic hostility to a foreign foe. They are lamentations. He wrote, perhaps, with some fear of English vengeance hanging over him, and felt it safer to plead for liberty than to demand it. Yet who can doubt that his inimitable melodies have gone far to keep alive the sparks of national aspiration in the hearts of the people, from which flash forth with alarming frequency the lurid lights that trouble the eyes of England at this moment? Very sweet and precious are these melodies. They have helped largely through their subduing influence, to secure for Irish subjects the ameliorations that were granted after Moore's demise, — removal of religious disabilities, and other reforms of a later date.

"What English ruler could read or listen to such lines as those commencing,

"'The harp that once through Tara's halls,'

and not feel a shudder of remorse?

"The words of the second stanza of this melody have haunted me for years, like the wail of an injured spirit: —

"'No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes:
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.'

"The lines in memory of young Emmet are, if possible, even more affecting. Robert Emmet, when condemned as a rebel and sentenced to die for having loved his country too well, enjoined that no one should write his epitaph till his country was free. Moore, mindful of the injunction and moved to do honor to the senti-

ment expressed by the dying patriot, has fused into eight lines the compressed sorrow and sweetness of Ireland's mourning heart: —

"'Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dews that fall on the grass o'er his head.
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Will brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps.
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Will long keep his memory green in our souls.'

"In lingering over such lines as these, one can fully understand Ossian's apparently paradoxical phrase, 'the joy of grief,' — joy awakened by the rare beauty of the lines, and grief at the burden which they bear."

THE LANGUAGE OF UMBRELLAS. — There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it will change owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it, means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making an nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means — well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that! To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry your umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh! do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means "It will clear off."

WE trust, for the sake of our own, and for the benefit of all the people of the country, that the day is near at hand when every Catholic child shall receive regular religious instructions at school. If others think they can do without this let them go their way and multiply the brood of indifferentists, whose morals, like their religion, are *nil.* — *The Catholic Review.*

Our Young Folks.

MY ANNIE:—A LULLABY.

Air—"*Rocking the Cradle.*"

HUSH-A-BYE baby! Your mother is singing,
Praying, and singing a low lullaby;
Sleep, sleep, my baby, the angels are winging
To watch o'er your cradle their way from the sky.

Oh, the wild birds with music the woodlands are filling,
Greeting with glad notes the spring's early rays;
But they feel not the rapture my full heart is thrilling,
For my life, since your first smile, is one hymn of praise.

My sweet little Annie—my own darling Annie,
Now peacefully slumber, your mother is near;
Fair flower of my bosom—my bright budding blossom,
That came with the snowdrops in the spring of the year.

The rooks on the tree-tops are drowsily cawing,
While rocked by the breeze in the moon's golden glow.
Chanting their hoarse song and gently see-sawing
Above the bright river that murmurs below.

The fresh breeze comes laden from balm-breathing flowers,
And round my child's pillow the sweet burden flings,
And butterflies flit from the rose-wreathed bowers,
To fan her soft cheek with their sleek velvet wings.

Then, hush, hush, my baby! Your white lids are shading,
Like two lily curtains, your blue eyes so clear;
Those eyes like a deep well when daylight is fading,
That with violets open in the spring of the year.

Oh, we'll roam through the fields in the cool, dewy morning,
And again when the crimson clouds flush in the west,
Till the "wet weather" note from the meadow gives warning
For my little bird to repair to her nest.

And when cruel winter his fierce war is waging,
When song-birds are silent, and leafless the tree,
By our own happy fireside we'll heed not his raging—
Oh, 'twill always be May time for baby and me!

My sweet little Annie—my own darling Annie,
Now peacefully slumber, your mother is near;
First flower of my bosom, my bright, budding blossom,
That came with the snowdrop in spring of the year.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

UPON a writer claiming that his words contained much "food for thought," a friend remarked, "That may be but it is wretchedly cooked."

CHILDREN AND SKYLARKS.

THE dawn is breaking, and already the lark is rising from the fields, with eager wing and exultant voice, singing as he rises, higher and still higher, as if he meant to reach the very throne of God, there to thank the great Creator, who made the world so beautiful and so good.

How sweet and bright a song it is! I almost feel inclined to agree with Shelley, and with him to say to the lark:

> "All that ever was
> Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

Yet no — there is something more beautiful, more joyous still, which Shelley had forgotten, and which, alas! did not gladden his desolate home. "It is the happy voices of innocent children, rising like the lark, to rejoice in the Lord."

I hear them now in the room above me; first two little clear trebles joining in a morning hymn, then a ripple of laughter and the pattering of little feet, as they beat a *pas de joie* on the nursery floor, then cries of delight, and clapping of hands, and a rush to the windows to greet the sun which is just appearing over the sea, then nurse's slower, graver voice chiding the children and bidding them be quiet.

Ah, foolish nurse! no one tries to hush the lark's glad song, or to restrain his eager flight, and why should our children be less joyous and less free?

Yet, how many of us are as unwise as nurse. We love our children, we would willingly give our heart's blood for their welfare, and still we manage to throw many useless shadows across their morning path. We are commanded to serve the Lord with joy; we also know that joy is one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost; and how often have we heard quoted those wise words of the wise St. Francis of Sales: "Except sin there is nothing worse than sadness," yet one would think we considered it Christian perfection to be miserable and, above all, to look so. We constantly manage to dim the brightness of our children's spirits; we scold them for things which are not wrong, we worry them with a thousand fidgets, to them incomprehensible, and we conjure up an atmosphere so disturbed and so gloomy, that a London fog would be cheerful in comparison.

"I never reprove my children except for things that are sinful, and I never interfere with a pleasure that is harmless," once said to me the best and wisest woman that I know; and those children have grown up now into good men and women, who bless the gentle hand that guided them so lightly yet so firmly, and love the gentle voice that was so strong because it was so sweet.

Jack and Maggie are at times, I own, as nurse says, "the most tiresomest children that ever were born." Maggie is certainly not Tennyson's

> "Sweet, pale Margaret,
> Of pensive thought, and aspect pale,"

but a laughing, dancing sprite, whose restless little feet leave mud marks on all the carpets, and whose busy little hands must send cold shivers of fear through all the breakable things in the house. As to Jack, I often ask myself if there ever was a boy with such glorious lungs and such a talent for the rending of garments. It was only yesterday that nurse brought me his jacket, torn from shoulder to shoulder, and she looked so utterly woe-begone at the task before her that I volunteered to mend it myself, resolving at the same time that Jack should be well scolded. The naughty boy had appeared at breakfast with an ugly scratch across his face; — and now the jacket! Yes, certainly he deserved a sharp reprimand. But, as my needle went to-and-fro, repairing the long rent, I had time for reflection. If Jack's face was scratched, was it not because he had scrambled up the elm, to replace some little nestlings blown down, nest and all, by the wind; and did I not know that he tore his jacket fighting for little Mary Gaoghan, whose big brother was beating her on the roadside. Would I have had my boy remember his clothes, and leave the poor child to her fate? When I thought of these things the torn jacket assumed quite another aspect, and not even St. Martin's cut cloak seemed to me a greater emblem of charity; indeed, I am not sure that I did not begin to consider Jack an embryo St. George fighting the dragon, and of this I am certain that a grateful, happy tear fell on my work and rusted my needle.

It is true that our darlings rush through the house, very much like a high wind, bringing dust and confusion wherever they go. We have a headache, and their laughing voices interrupt those forty winks which would have set us right again. Papa has an important case on hand, and has busied himself, after breakfast, in taking notes for that speech of his which, we both feel convinced, must carry the jury by storm; but, alas! he has left his notes for a moment on the table and when he returns Maggie's clever fingers have converted them all into boats and cocked hats. Then Aunt Touchyman has come to pay her yearly visit, and we are naturally anxious that all things should be made pleasant for the crusty old lady, but Jack manages, by his innocent remarks to offend her more, and to cause his parents greater confusion than could all Punch's *Enfants Terribles* put together.

Such things never happen at Mrs. Primley's! In that model household nothing ever goes wrong! Phillis' cap is never pulled on one side, or her apron torn by mischievous little hands; nor does John appear with rumpled hair and twisted cravat because he has been romping with the children. Still I fancy that when Mrs. Primley, having for the twentieth time surveyed all the faultless arrangements of her house, sits down alone by a silent hearth, she would give up all her comfort and all her repose to hear once more the patter of those little restless feet that now lie silent and cold in Glasnevin Cemetery.

Ah, yes! we sometimes grumble at our children; we grow a little weary of the trouble they give, of the care they entail, but even when they stand by our side, healthy and happy, do not our hearts grow cold at the thought that the angel of death might come to us, as of old to the Egyptians, and bear away our first-born; and when we wish to pic-

ture to ourselves the greatest depth, the last extreme of woe, do not our thoughts turn at once to parents bereft of their children? — To Rachel, weeping and refusing to be comforted because her children are no more; to Niobe, turned to stone at the sight of their death; to Ugolino, watching his sons who are dying of hunger, while he looks on and is unable to save them; or, above all, to that holy Mother — the Queen of Sorrows — who stood at the foot of the cross, and beheld her Divine Son's long agony.

I often think what unutterable joy must have been Eve's when her first-born smiled and stretched out his little hands to caress her. Life before must have seemed so utterly hopeless and desolate, with the sound of God's angry voice ever ringing in her ears, with the sight of the angel of the flaming sword ever before her eyes, with the remembrance of all she had lost through her sin ever gnawing at her heart, and filling her with ceaseless remorse; even her love for Adam turned to bitterness by the knowledge that she was the cause of his ruin! But when she looked at her boy all her sorrows must for a time have been forgotten, for here was a human being like themselves, yet happy and joyful, in whose looks his mother would detect no regret, and in whose voice she would hear no reproach. Poor Adah, too! When she followed into the wilderness the husband on whose head God's curse had fallen, and whose hands were stained with the blood of his brother, could she have lived through all her shame and grief if she had not held her child in her arms, and clasped him to her heart? And since those days, to how many poor women has the world proved a wilderness as cold and desolate, where bleak winds blow and wild beasts prowl in search of prey, where all earthly hopes and all earthly loves lie withered except one; for these poor mothers, like Adah, have been consoled by the touch of baby lips and the clasp of baby hands.

In truth there is no lot so hard, no life so dreary, but the laughter of our children can gladden it; and, on the other hand, there is no sadder sight than to see a childless woman trying to win the passing caresses of some stranger's child. How vain are all her efforts! The wondering eyes that look so coldly into hers, the little hands irresponsive to her caresses, the words that sting, as bees sting whose honey is all for another. "Please let me go back to my own mamma," says the little voice, and the poor childless woman puts the child gently down, and watches, with envious look, how it runs back at once, with eager, loving speed, to its mother's side.

Since, then, God has given us this greatest of all blessings — the crown of motherhood — let us, in gratitude, make our children as happy as we can; and, believe me, an innocent, merry childhood will be the best preparation for a brave and useful life. Would Nero, think you, have been so utterly heartless and cowardly if his early years had not been spent in the gloom of state intrigues? or would Rousseau have been so depraved and so hopeless if his first home had been happy? For my part, I never read of the bold front presented to misfortune by Mark Taply and Mr. Micawber without feeling sure that their boyhood was a bright and pleasant one. There will be thorns and briers enough on our children's road through life; perhaps

they may have to climb the stony mountain paths alone, with no other companion than Misfortune, and she — laying her heavy hand upon their shoulders — may insist upon following them all through the dreary journey. Ah! let us, then, give them the sunshine and the flowers while we can, that so, remembering the happy past, they may look forward hopefully to the future.

* * * * * * * *

"Mamma! mamma!" cry the children from the lawn, and Jack's voice is trembling with anger, while in Maggie's I hear the echo of a sob. "Mamma! mamma! a cruel bird has wounded the lark! It is dying! It is dead!" "It is dead, and what of that!" whispers the cynical spirit at my elbow. "It was happy while it lived; and which of us, poor mortals, can say the same? Will your children, think you, go on singing, like the lark, till they die? No, indeed, they will not."

But I say yes. *Deo volente*, I will teach them to go through life singing their song of hope and love; singing through the snows and rain of December as in the brightness and warmth of June; singing in sorrow and in joy, until their voices are hushed on earth, to wake once more in heaven and join in the angels' endless hallelujahs.

MRS. FRANK PENTRILL, in *Irish Monthly*.

NAPOLEON AS A CATECHIST.

SOME thirty years ago the Archbishop of Bordeaux being at Aix-les-Bains, was called to visit a dying woman, daughter of a general that had become celebrated in the wars of the First Empire. The venerable prelate was moved even to tears in listening to the dying woman speak of religion; for she spoke as few could do. And having asked her who had instructed her so perfectly, he received the following answer: "Monseigneur, under God I owe my religious instruction to the Emperor Napoleon. I was on the island of St. Helena with all my family when I was only ten years of age. One day the Emperor called me to him, and taking my hand, he said to me: 'My child, you are a pretty girl now, and you will be still more beautiful in a few years; nevertheless these advantages of yours will expose you to great dangers in the world. And how can you overcome those dangers unless you have a large fund of religion? Unfortunately, your mamma cares but little about religion, and your papa still less; therefore I will fulfil the obligation that rests on them; come to-morrow, and I will give you your first lesson.' 'For two consecutive years, and several times each week, I was taught my catechism by the Emperor. Each time he made me read a lesson out loud, and then he explained it to me. When I was beginning my thirteenth year, his Majesty said to me: 'I think that you are now well enough instructed. You should soon receive your First Communion. I will have a priest come from France, who will prepare you for that *great action*, and will prepare me for death.' And he kept his promise."

THE DISINTERESTED BOY.

It was just at night. The sun had set, and the curtains of the night were fast hanging themselves over hill-top and valley, and the lonely wood and the busy village. While the night winds were beginning to sweep through the trees, lights were here and there peeping through the windows to tell that though the wind was cold and blustering without, there might be peace and comfort within.

At this hour Mr. Bradley passed through a little village among the hills of New Hampshire, and urging his horse forward as the night became darker, took his way along the main road towards the next town, where he intended to pass the night. As he passed the last house in the, village he thought he heard some one call; but supposing it might be some boy shouting to his fellow, he thought but little of it. He heard the call again and again, and at last on hearing the call repeated several times in succession, it occurred to him that some one might wish to speak to him, and he slackened the pace of his horse, and looked behind the chaise to see if he could discover who was calling after him.

"Stop, sir, stop," said a little boy, who was running with all his might to overtake him.

Mr. Bradley stopped his horse, and a little boy of eight or ten years of age, came up, the blood almost ready to burst from his face, and panting at every breath.

"Well, my little fellow, what do you wish for?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"You are losing your trunk, sir," answered the boy, as soon as he could speak.

"And so you have run all this way to tell me of it, my good boy?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bradley jumped out of his chaise, and saw that his trunk, which was strapped underneath his carriage, was unfastened at one end, so that a sudden jolt might have unloosened it altogether, and he would have lost it; without knowing where it had gone.

"You are very kind, my little lad," said the gentleman, to take all this trouble; "you have saved me from losing my trunk, and I feel much obliged to you."

"You are welcome," answered the boy.

"And now are you tall enough to hold my horse, while I fasten my trunk as it should be?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boy, stepping up, and taking hold of the bridle.

He held the horse until Mr. Bradley was ready to start, and then he said "good night, sir," and was walking away.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Bradley, taking a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket; "here is a piece of money to pay you for your trouble, and I feel very grateful to you besides."

"No, sir," said the boy, drawing himself up, erect, and looking

the gentleman full in the face, "do you think that I would take the money for such a thing as that?"

"Ah," said Mr. Bradley, as he related the story to me, "I saw by his look that he had run from a half to three-quarters of a mile, for the sake of doing a kindness to a stranger, and not for the hope of pay; and I could not find it in my heart to urge him to take the money, for I knew that the thought of having done a good act was a greater reward than money could have been. So I bade him 'good night,' and he ran towards his home, while I gave the whip to my horse, and rode briskly on; but I often think of that journey to New Hampshire, and the noble-hearted boy who lived among its hills."

POOR KITTY'S TAIL.— Susie came to my office, sat on my lap, and told me all about her kitty's tail. It was broken and mamma had put on splints and tried to mend it. Poor kitty's little mistress cried and begged me to cure the tail. I promised a professional call. While Susie was telling me this sad story, I noticed her breath. It was as sweet as a healthy baby's. I called next morning, convinced Susie that a bob-tailed Kitty was stylish, and amputated at the point of fracture. She climbed into my lap to thank me, and I exclaimed: "Dear me! who has been giving this child candy?" "How did you know she had eaten candy?" asked mamma. "How did I know? Why, I smelled her breath. It is too bad. Yesterday her breath was perfectly sweet. Now, it is dreadful." Just across the street is a large candy store, and behind it a grog-shop. I wonder which does the more harm.— *Dio Lewis.*

A GRANDFATHER bequeathed unto his granddaughter as wedding presents, a broom, a looking-glass and a crucifix. With the broom he said — "You shall only sweep before your own door. In the glass you will consider and correct your own shortcomings and faults. In that way you will have peace with strangers, and humbleness, patience and indulgence in your own household. You may remain ever so far from foreign disputes; you may keep clean before your own door; you may correct and watch yourself ever so much, and treat your own with patience and indulgence in their weakness; you may save yourself much trouble, but you can never keep all crosses and afflictions out of your house. Should it please the dear Lord to try you with crosses and afflictions, look at your crucifix. Remember that only through the carrying of your cross you can follow your Saviour into heaven. Don't tell everybody your trouble, but kneel silently before the crucifix, and make your complaints to the Lord and He will give you the best consolation.

Useful Knowledge.

PENNYROYAL distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away.

TO PREVENT hair falling out, wet it thoroughly once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water.

THE VALUE OF OYSTER-SHELLS.—A new and valuable use has been found for oyster-shells, which until recently were utilized only in making lime. It has been discovered that the shells make a capital foundation for oyster beds, and within the past two years many thousands of bushels have been used for this purpose in the United States. The oysterman selects a good spot for the bed, and simply drops the shells overboard. This is done in July and August, during the spawning season. The spawn attaches itself to the shell, and in two years the shell is covered with young oysters. These are big enough to seed, and are therefore planted. Sometimes thirty or forty of such oysters are found attached to a single shell. The shells are worth only three-halfpence per bushel when thrown overboard, but at the end of two years, they are worth from two to three shillings per bushel, allowing a very good margin for profit.

EATING LEMONS.—A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice is how to use them so they will do the most good, as follows: Most people know the benefit of lemonade before the breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking one at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system without the blue pills or quinine, is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of Calomel or Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemon clear, the powerful acid of the juice, which is always most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly, says a medical authority.

HOT WATER AS A BEVERAGE.—A physician writes in the *World of Science*, some very interesting things regarding what to drink. "The habit of drinking strong tea, or black coffee, directly after dinner, is especially bad, and certainly interferes with digestion. At breakfast time, a healthy man has all his sleep in him, and surely it is then unscientific for him to inflict upon his system strong tea or coffee. At 'tea time,' tea or coffee may well be indulged in moderately; the bulk of the day's work is done; the body not only wants rinsing out, but fatigue is felt which may well be counteracted by the use of a mild stimulant, such as tea; and bed-time is not yet so near that sleep is thereby interfered with. Most nations that drink coffee largely get a sallow skin; and I am inclined to think that the carbonaceous matter of the roasted coffee, when so largely and freely taken, may perhaps have something to do with this. For hard-working people, who are not corpulent, I should suggest they take thick flake cocoa, as the healthiest and most nutritious beverage. For those who do not want fattening drinks, and who often cannot digest cocoa, I should say, drink hot water for breakfast. Those who dine late, and make their dinner their main meal, need a dilulent drink an hour or two afterwards, and if they drink tea, it keeps them awake, or makes them irritable and nervous. I find, for myself, that dining solidly, as I am obliged to do, when I have done my work (7.30 p. m.), and often needing to work from 9 to 11, a tumbler of hot water brought into my study or laboratory is the best and wholesomest drink, and after a few evenings, it will be as much relished as the usual draught of tea. The hot water assists to complete the digestion of residual food, it acts upon the kidneys, and rinses out the effete matters, and thus will be found to wake one up sufficiently and neither to injure the stomach, nor to keep the brain awake after bedtime. In cold weather warm water is by far the best drink at dinner time, and in hot weather a draught of warm water is far wholesomer and more cooling than cold or ice water."

The Humorist.

WHEN a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

CHURCH music is sold by the choir. Drum music and much of the piano kind comes by the pound.

A WOMAN woke her husband during a storm, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

"DON'T," said Tawmus, "don't throw that away; it's something I am very proud of." "It's only an old tailor's bill." "Yes but it's paid."

A WHALING company has been started in San Francisco. An old-fashioned school-master would make a good president of the concern.

SOME shoemakers get on their uppers, or high heels, and go out on strikes. Others keep pegging away. Those who stick are bound to last.

A NEW YORK engraver made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. —— respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

IF a man doubles his fists, does he not also double his fingers and thumbs? And if he doubles his fingers and thumbs, how many fingers and thumbs does he then have?

"VEN some men slap me on the shoulder and says; 'I vas glad to hear you bes so yell,' and sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I haf my opinion of dot feller."

"WHY do you carry your purse in your hand!" asked a husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light that I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

IN Curran's last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered: "That is surprising, as I have been practising all night."

A CERTAIN lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said: "Your lordship is right and I am wrong, as your lordship generally is."

PROFESSOR of Chemistry: "The substance you see in this vial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man."

"NO," said a fond mother, speaking proudly of her twenty-five-year-old daughter, "no, Mary isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever any one scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to talk back vigorously, she isn't fit for a wife."

"NO," said George Henry, "I didn't go there to court the girl, only called in occasionally to pass the time, you know; but the first thing I knew they had me up for breach of promise, and so, you see, I went to court at last."

THE Kansas City *Times* mourns that our Jewish citizens have no land of their own; no country to call home. What do they want with land? They have all of the clothing stores and most of the money.

A LADY once borrowed a dictionary of an acquaintance; On returning the book she was asked how she liked it? "Oh," replied the fair one, "the words are beautiful, but I don't think much of the story, it changes its subject so often."

"I WISH your reverence," said Curran one day to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, then you'd be able to let me in." "By my honor and conscience," replied Father O'Leary, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place for then I could let you out."

A WOMAN'S brain is of finer quality than that of a man. Fineness of brain gives quickness of perception, and we see that fact illustrated in this: A woman can tell what another woman has got on, at a glance, whereas a man might study the matter a year and be no wiser.

"SAL," cried a young girl, looking out of the upper story of a small grocery, and addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to camp-meeting and been converted, so when you want milk on Sundays, you'll have to come in the back way."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

FOUNDED 1864. RE-ORGANIZED 1878.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

CHICAGO, Feb. 29, 1884.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.

Dear Sir: On behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, I have the pleasure to invite you to the Annual Dinner and Reception given by the St. Patrick's Society, which will take place Monday, March 17, at 7 o'clock, P. M. in the Grand Pacific Hotel.

The Committee will be pleased to receive an early notification of your acceptance of this invitation, and give you in advance the assurance of a warm and hearty welcome to the festivity.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully

JOHN GAYNOR, *Cor. Sec'y*,

177 La Salle Street.

WM. J. ONAHAN, PRES'T. JNO. CUDAHY,
W. P. REND, 1ST VICE PRES'T. M. J. DUNNE,
JNO. NAGHTEN, 2d V. PRES'T. P. H. RICE,
P. J. HEALY, TREASURER. J. J. McGRATH,
M. W. KELLY, REC. SEC'Y, P. J. TOWLE,
JOHN GAYNOR, COR. SEC'Y. J. C. CARROLL,
Committee of Arrangements.

We regret extremely that we cannot accept the very flattering invitation to be present at the celebration. But we will be with the celebrants in heart and soul. It is pleasant to be remembered by so patriotic a body of men as compose the St. Patrick's Society.

LETTER FROM CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY TO THE CATHOLICS OF NEW YORK.—Cardinal McCloskey has written a letter which was read in the Catholic churches in the Arch-diocese of New York Sunday morning. The cardinal directs that "in accordance with the apostolic brief, we hereby ordain that in addition to the daily recitation of the rosary in our cathedral, this devotion be practiced also on Sundays and holidays in all the churches of the diocese in which there is a resident director." It it is also required that three "Hail Marys," the "Salve Regina," and a fitting response be recited by the celebrant and the faithful after every Low Mass in future; and that the invocation, "Queen of the most sacred rosary, pray for us," be inserted in the litany of the Blessed Virgin, after the title "Queen conceived without original sin."

The letter says: "The Church is now assailed not only by private individuals but by civil institutions as well and civil laws affecting ecclesiastical liberty." These words have reference to the recent decision of the supreme court of Italy regarding the property of the Propaganda. "The sacred Congregation of the Propaganda," the letter continues, "was instituted by Pope Gregory XV., in 1622, to direct the work of foreign missions in spreading the light of the gospel and the benefits of civilization. More than two-thirds of the Catholic world (our own country included) are at this moment under its beneficent supervision and direction. Among its auxiliaries, beside the famous Polyglot press for the printing of Bibles and liturgical works, is the celebrated Urban College, for the education of missionaries of every clime. To this school of Theological learning the American Church is indebted (to speak only of those who are gone) for such names as the late Bishop Lynch of Charleston; Bishops O'Connor of Pittsburg, McMullen of Davenport, Rosecrans of Columbus, Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia, Archbishops Kenrick and Spalding of Baltimore. Another subsidary agency of the Propaganda in which Catholics of this country have reason to be specially interested is the American College in Rome. The spacious buildings forming this insti-

tution were purchased by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda of the Faith, and placed at the service of our prelates for the preparation of candidates for the sacred ministry. At present over 50 young Levites are peacefully pursuing their studies in the American College. By the sentence of the court of cassation, both the Urban and the American colleges are liable at any moment to be sold and the proceeds converted into Italian rentes. There is not even the pretext that the property thus threatened with confiscation was ever the fruit of anything but the lawful and voluntary offerings of pious individuals. It is in no sense the result of government grants or bounty. The kingdom of Italy has no more right to seize upon it than the United States would have to appropriate the funds of the American Bible Society in this city or the Methodist Book Concern. Both are corporations and legal trusts for the spread of the Bible and the gospel. The Propaganda is the same. Meanwhile, reverend brethren and beloved children, let us pray earnestly that the hour of trial and affliction for our holy father and the Church may be shortened; that all wrong-doers may return to wiser counsels and to a sense of justice."

It is reported that eight students of the University of Upsala, Sweden, have abjured Protestantism and embraced the Catholic Faith. Judging from the lament raised by M. Schull, a professor of Theology in the University, the Protestant Church in Sweden is going to pieces.

The O's Have it.—There is many a Turk from Tipperary among the constabulary of Colonel Baker, says a correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, as well as among the satellites of another Sahib nearer home, and the other day I counted in the military service of the rulers of India no less than one hundred and fifty-four names of commissioned rank beginning with the O' which marks the current of the Milesian blood. There were five or six O'Neils, a dozen of O'Connors, and a good score of O'Briens. England is a wise and prudent ruler. There is policy in her impartiality. Bourke may wear the viceregal coronet of India, Dillon may command the Madras army, a Galwayman may administer Ceylon, a Corkman may transfer the benefits of his humanitarian genius from Barbadoes to China, and from China to the Isle of France.

The Death of Cardinal Bilio at the age of 57, has caused profound sorrow in Rome. Deceased was born at Alexandria, in 1826. In 1866, he was created Cardinal by the late Pius IX. The last, and highest manifestation of his true character, was conspicuously shown, in his humility at the last Conclave. A Roman journal gives the following statement. In the first scrutiny of the Sacred College, next, after Gioachino Pecci, the largest number of suffrages was given to Luigi Bilio. Cardinal Bilio, it is said, went and knelt before the future Leo XIII., and effaced himself, transferring, so far as was in his power, the votes given in his own favor to the future Pontiff, whose election was promptly completed the next morning. The intimate friends of Cardinal Bilio can attest that this was an act of the sincerest self-renunciation. At a private conference of cardinals held before the Conclave, the majority would have chosen him as successor to Pius IX., but at once, with the visible firmness of sincerity, and with a humility of self-depreciation, in detailed and explicit reasons, Cardinal Bilio repelled their desire, and declared with great and peremptory decision, that, even if elected, he should feel himself in conscience bound to refuse the Supreme Pontificate.

Leo XIII. has appointed his brother, Cardinal Pecci, to the office of Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Studies, and Cardinal Parocchi, to be his Vicar-General at Rome, in place of Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, who has succeeded Cardinal Bilio, as Grand Penitentiary. The new Cardinal-Vicar has only just passed his 50th year. He is a man of much capacity and great strength of will.

The Feast of St. Patrick has been raised in the Archdiocese of Boston to the rank of Double of the First Class, and the Holy Father has granted a Plenary Indulgence to all the faithful of the diocese who will receive Holy Communion on that day, and visit some church and there pray for the intention of the Pope.

THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF is still continuing to show his appreciation of the great O'Connell. The first stone for the chapel to be erected at Cahirciveen (O'Connell's birthplace) is from the house of St. Clement, Pope and Martyr. This, and the marble slab for the high altar, are the gifts of Leo XIII., to do honor to the memory of Ireland's greatest son.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL'S DEATH.— Mgr. Anzino, the court chaplain who confessed the King of Italy, was asked by a correspondent, "What happened after the Sacraments were administered?" Mgr. Anzino — "I suggested to His Majesty the advisability of giving him Extreme Unction, but the doctor, who was standing by, said things were not so bad as that yet, and I did not press the matter. After absolving the King I made a sign to the persons present to leave the chamber. As for myself, I had meant to stay to the end. The courtiers slowly filed out, and, as they passed his bed, Victor Emmanuel, who was truly a King to the last, sat up and gravely saluted them. When all others had gone the King turned to the Prince and Princess, who were kneeling beside him, and said only this, '*E finito;*' nothing more. I left and went home. Hardly had I reached my rooms when a messenger came down poste-haste to fetch me back to the palace. I returned at once with holy oils, hoping to arrive in time to give the King Extreme Unction. I arrived too late, however. When I reached the Quirinal Victor Emmanuel was dead."

MICHAEL DAVITT, in a recent speech at Glasgow, Scotland, denied the assertion of *United Ireland* that Irishmen would rejoice at the death of General Gordon. General Gordon, he asserted, was in sympathy with the Irish national movement. See article in this issue of our Magazine.

THERE was one item in connection with the late celebration of Cardinal McCloskey's jubilee that escaped the notice of all the newspapers, daily and weekly. Here it is:— At the banquet in the afternoon a number of the orphans in the asylum approached His Eminence for the purpose of presenting him with an address. Ten of them were robed in white, as representing the ten years of his priesthood: thirty-one were robed in white wearing purple sashes, as indicative of the thirty-one years of his episcopacy, and nine of the children were robed in white with red sashes, suggesting the nine years of his Cardinalate. The little ones were in charge of the Sisters. The address affected the Cardinal it was so touching.

LOOK OUT FOR THE MURPHYS.— The *London Universe* says that nothing is more suspicious now-a-days in England than for a person with an Irish accent to be seen going about carrying a box. When the suspicious-looking individual turns out to be a Murphy, the first idea that strikes the British detective is that something dynamitish must be in contemplation. A very remarkable, if not a startling, discovery was made the other day at Cardiff. It became known somehow that an Irishman and a Murphy happened to be travelling in a train bound for Cardiff. He was noticed to be carrying in a very cautious manner, "a sort of box." The eyes of the law were upon him. A limb of the law made it his business to watch him. This limb noticed that when the parcel was moved a ticking noise was heard. "It must be an infernal machine," said the officer to himself. The limb had by this time become a fellow passenger of the suspicious Murphy. The "dynamiter" was arrested and taken before a magistrate. Great caution was exercised in the opening of the box. Its contents consisted, however, of nothing more than — an ordinary timepicce! If ever a community were the helpless subjects of a cleverly concocted scare, the British public of the present day are. Irishmen in England, particularly Murphys, had better in future not be too careful in the manner in which they carry about such a domestically useful and harmless article as a clock. The Murphy in question was subjected to the indignity of arrest, was brought before a magistrate after suffering some little imprisonment, and lost at least a couple of days' time. Yet he has no redress. Liberty of the subject!

THE GERMAN MILITARY AUTHORITIES are about to make some experiments in the way of aerial torpedoes. An ordinary war-balloon is to be dispatched, fitted with a machinery resembling that of torpedo boats, by means of which the charge could be projected on the troops beneath. The project is considered feasible, and the day may not be very far distant, when we shall have navies fighting in the air. There seems to be no limit to the invention and production of instruments of death and destruction.

THE RACES AS SAILORS.—The Swedes hold their own, not only as match makers but as sailors, for recently a well-known New York shipping agent delivered himself as follows: "Swedes as a class are the best sailors shipped. They have to serve some sort of an apprenticeship in their own vessels when they first go to sea. Then they will stand more abuse than any other nationality. They are docile. They are as healthy men as can be found anywhere. Negroes are good in summer because they can lie down on deck when the tar is running out of the seams and dripping from the rigging, and sleep soundly. In winter the cold kills them. Irishmen are dreaded, because when disciplined with a marline spike they are pretty sure to kick up some sort of a mutiny. The Dagos and the West India negroes are treacherous. The English are good sailors, but we do not have many of them. They stick by their line steamships. The Yankee sailor that used to man the clipper ships doesn't grow any more. Why should he? What is there to induce a boy to go to sea? Is it the eighteen dollars a month that he can earn, but not always get, when he has sailed long enough to learn his trade? Is it the salt horse and hard tack that he lives on? Is it the persuasive fist of the mate when that gentleman is afflicted with a sour temper? Can you think of one reason why a young man should go to sea?" If the treatment on board American ships is as bad as thus indicated, it is perhaps no wonder that young America does not take to the sea like his fathers. But want of spirit can never be laid at the doors of our transatlantic cousins; and we think that, quite apart from the question of bad fare, the reason there are so very few American sailors now-a-days, is the fact that there are so few American ships for them to sail in. The protectionist policy of the States has ruined its mercantile marine, says the *London Tablet*.

THREATENED ACTION AGAINST THE POPE.—The London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* says: "I learn on good authority that the will of Mrs. Stapleton Bretherton, who recently bequeathed a sum of £400,000 to the Pope, is likely to become the subject of ligitation. Some of the relatives most nearly interested have already taken the initial step toward contesting the validity of the instrument on the ground of testamentary capacity. The plaintiff's beneficial interest in the will is of the most trifling kind."

SAYS the *New York Freeman's Journal*: The Radicals of Lyons, France, have just received a lesson in tolerance from one whom M. Gambetta himself called "the great Frenchman." At a meeting to commemorate the foundation of the Geographical Society, M. de Lesseps said energetically, speaking of hospitals: "When I saw the Sisters chased from French soil I begged them to come to Panama; sixty of them accepted my invitation, and there is now no longer an exceptional mortality in the hospitals; I belong to no administration, but I do not like Republicans or Liberals who make war against religion as some have done." The editor of *Les Annales Catholiques* wonders what the Radical organs which have, in imitation of their leader, ostentatiously praised "the great Frenchman," will say to this!

GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.—Dr. Stade, Professor in the University of Giessen, a clever and instructed man, and a determined, conscientious opponent of Catholicism, his statements are well worth noting. Herr Stade is appalled at the rapid dissolution of Protestantism. Religious ignorance among the mass of the people, indifference and prejudice in the middle and influential classes, the culpable negligence of the clergy,—who do not try to stem the downward current,—these are the salient features of the picture he presents to our eyes. "Our German Church," he exclaims, "is at this moment powerless in strength and influence; she is in the *stadium* of decadence of a crisis." These words, following swiftly on the recent Luther celebrations, are a strange commentary on the latter.

DUELLING IN AUSTRIA.—It is any thing but consoling to find that in a Catholic country like Austria, public opinion on the abuse of duelling is quite as backward as in Protestant Germany. In Innsbruck, Joseph Hintner, Lieutenant of Reserve, has just been condemned to the loss of his rank in the army, for having declined a challenge to a duel on the part of another Lieutenant, Von Mörl. In October last the latter publicly insulted Hintner and some of his companions at

the railway station, calling them among other things Papist rascals. This led to an altercation, in which Hintner threatened his opponent with a box on the ears. Eventually Von Mörl challenged him to a duel, which, however, he absolutely refused, declaring that both his Catholic belief, his common sense, and his convictions, forbade him to take part in a duel, and that duelling was condemned under a penalty by both the civil and military laws. Notwithstanding this, Lieutenant Hintner is obliged, by the decision of the "Court of Honor" above quoted, and solely on account of his absolute refusal of a duel, to forfeit the rank of officer conferred upon him by his sovereign. Is it not almost incredible, that in this latter end of the nineteenth century, and in one of the most educated and Christian countries of Europe, public opinion can still tolerate the scandalous contradiction between reason, the law of God, the laws of the country and of the army on the one hand, and the so-called code of military honor on the other?

MANY of our readers will remember the "Prayers for Peace," which, ordered by Pio Nono for the Roman States in 1859, were adopted in many other dioceses throughout the world. Pope Leo XIII., inspired by the blessings which the universal and combined prayers of last October brought on the Church, has again ordered all the world to unite in prayer for the prosperity of the Christian religion. Therefore, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, his Holiness has ordered that in every church throughout the world, there should be said after every Mass the following prayers, which are enriched with three hundred days indulgence:

The *Hail Mary* three times.

Then once the *Salve Regina*, and at its end this versicle, response and prayer:

V. Pray for us, Holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O God, our refuge and strength, graciously hear the pious prayers of Thy Church, and through the intercession of the glorious and Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of the Blessed Joseph, of Thy Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and of all the Saints, grant that what we humbly ask for in our present necessities we may efficaciously obtain, through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord.

This decree is dated January 6th, the feast of the Epiphany, and is signed by Cardinal Bartolini, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites.

SINCE its restoration in 1836, the Catholic University of Louvain has conferred 5,292 diplomas in law, 5,837 in medicine, 3,352 in philosophy and letters, 3,112 in other sciences; a total of 17,593 diplomas.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN says the measure nearest the Pope's heart and the one he hopes to make the historic event of his pontificate, is the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches. Many circumstances point to such a blessed consummation in the near future, says the *Western Watchman*.

A GLORIOUS RECORD. — The Most Rev. Dr. Delany, who has just applied for a Coadjutor, has been bishop of Cork since the summer of 1846. The long administration of this learned prelate has been singularly able and successful. There is not a child in his vast diocese who cannot have a free Catholic education; and there is scarcely a poor-house within the same limits, whose sick inmates are not nursed and tended day and night by nuns — blessed results largely due to the energy, zeal and charity of this eminent prelate.

THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES is a motley assembly. It is composed of 325 members. Of these 221 are lawyers, 19 manufacturers, 18 farmers, 10 editors, 8 merchants, 7 bankers, 5 doctors, 2 lumbermen, 2 railroad presidents, 2 railroad operators, one minister, druggist, zoologist, hatter, railroad ticket agent, cooper, printer, and capitalist — with 22 not classified as to occupation. Of these men 119 served in the army or navy during the war, 65 on the Union side and 54 on the rebel; all of the latter are Democrats, while of the Union veterns 50 are Republicans and 15 Democrats. Seven-eighths of the Southern representatives are lawyers.

BEEF TEA AS A BEVERAGE.—Beef tea has become a popular bar-room beverage in Omaha. The demand, which began to be lively early in the autumn, has now

attained such proportions that the prohibition folk are perfectly delighted. Said a philosophical bar-keeper to a reporter the other day: "At first we laughed at the idea of going to the trouble of making it, but now we laugh because we do make it. We sell over a hundred drinks per day, and as it is a fifteen-cent drink there is no reason why we should not smile. Who drinks it, do you say? Why, everybody; the man about town who has been out with the boys comes in here in the morning and calls for beef tea; the business man comes in the afternoon and braces his system with beef tea; the temperance man who drops in with a bibulous friend takes beef tea; and, in fact, everybody is becoming a slave to it."

THE POTATO.—The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown in some counties in England a hundred and fifty years later. In Pennsylvania, potatoes are mentioned very soon after the advent of the Quakers; they were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of 11,000 bushels grown on one sixteen acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian emigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels were accounted a large crop of potatoes for a Connecticut farmer: for it was held that, if a man ate them every day, he could not live beyond seven years.

THE SICK.—The *Catholic Chronicle* gives excellent advice to persons, who when sick, or wounded, are obliged to go to an hospital. Any one could read the article and profit by it. No discredit is reflected on any institution supported by private bequests, or public appropriations, but deservedly the article places where they belong the hospitals in charge of the Sisters. To these institutions, it says, all Catholics should go, since in them they receive a care equal if not superior to that, which even they could get at home; and besides, they have the assurance that, what to them should be most consoling, their spiritual interests will not be lost sight of. The kind-hearted matron, or doctor, in hospitals, termed non-sectarian, may send for the priest, but the look-out is all on the part of the patient; and as no one loves to look death deliberately in the face, the priest is generally the last one asked to come.

THE AUGUSTINIANS.—The Vicariate of Cookstown, which comprises a large section of the important and prosperous colony of Queensland, has been entrusted by the Holy See to the spiritual care of the Augustinian Fathers of the Irish Province, and the Very Rev. Father Hutchinson, Provincial, has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic. The Augustinian Order has already made its mark at the antipodes. The venerable Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Goold, and the Bishop of Sandhurst, the Most Rev. Dr. Crane, are both members of the Augustinian body. The vacant Provincialate in Ireland has been filled by the succession of the Very Rev. William O'Sullivan, Prior of Cork.

TEA WITH EGGS.—Penitential things are wont to be done "during the saying of the *Miserere*," but few have thought of applying that austere method of measuring time to the refinements of tea-making. It appears, however, that a quaint little volume, entitled "The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Opened," and published in 1677, recommends the infusion of tea "while you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." Sir Kenelm had the rule from Waller, who learnt it of a Jesuit Father, who brought from China an admirable recipe for tea with eggs—"To near a pint of the infusion take two yolkes of new-laid eggs, and beat them very well with as much fine sugar as is sufficient for this quantity of liquor. When they are very well incorporated, pour your tea upon the eggs and sugar and stir them well together. So drink it hot. This is when you come home from attending business abroad, and are very hungry, and yet have not conveniency to eat presently a competent meal. This presently discusseth and satisfieth all rawness and indigence of the stomach, flieth suddenly over the whole body and into the veins, and preserves one a good while from the necessity of eating." The world should be thankful for the posset, and should own its debt to the good missionary, even though it has forgotten its more poetic obligations to Padre Camelli, another Jesuit who brought from Japan

the beautiful flower that has usurped his forgotten name, and that should always be called a camellia and not a camelia.

SCOTLAND.—The total estimated Catholic population of Scotland is 321,008, who are served by 319 priests, under the government of two Archbishops and four Suffragan Bishops. The Church possesses, besides, 19 educational institutions of a higher order, with 27 convents, 191 congregational day schools, 177 missions, and 303 churches, chapels, and stations.

SETTLING JEWS IN THE UNITED STATES.— The movement began early in 1881, and at once assumed immense proportions. Societies were founded with the benevolent intention of aiding emigration, and of assisting the colonists in their new life. In the first half of 1882 no less than 20,000 Russian refugees landed. But the tide was checked almost immediately: the numbers diminished with astonishing rapidity until they were reduced to *nil*. The various benevolent societies found themselves unable to cope with the large numbers of absolutely penniless immigrants who arrived from the Old World, and were obliged actually to send back many of them—5,000, at least, whence they came. The Jewish colonies, too, have been an utter failure. These Israelites are not cut out for farm life; settled as they were on farms in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York, Louisiana, Missouri, Ohio, Oregon, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, no sooner had they succeeded in getting together a few dollars than they either returned to Europe, set up little shops, or took to the life of pedlers. The Jewish pedlers in the States are now legion. Over ten thousand dollars were spent in the small colony of seventeen families at Cotopaxi, in Colorado; and now no trace of the colony is left. So in the colonies of Vineland and Estelville (New Jersey), some fifty altogether helpless families were settled there, under the direction of General Burbridge, at a cost of five hundred dollars each, of which the benevolent society paid one hundred and fifty dollars, and lent the remainder on easy terms. The entire number of colonists has disappeared, and not one has paid a cent of the three hundred and fifty dollars advanced to them. The society in New York spent over two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and in other large cities similar sums have been uselessly expended. America, therefore, does not seem to be a Promised Land for the people of Israel.

CHILD LABOR: *What Gen. Butler says:*— With sufficient time given for the education of a child in each year, I think it would be inexpedient to pass any law that children should not work in the mills. Their work may be the only support of a crippled father or mother, or of their still more helpless young brothers and sisters, and in a properly constructed and ventilated mill it is not unhealthy for a child to work not too many hours a day. The laws of Massachusetts require children to go to school a certain number of months in the year, which affords quite as long a term of education each year as was received by the majority of children when I was a child, unless they were sent to some private school. And it was that kind of education that made the men of New Hampshire, who stood in the country the peers of the men of any other state, and some of them without peers. The labor of the children of the family might be the very means of keeping the family together, so that the child would be brought up under proper influences, instead of being thrown upon the world or sent to an almshouse or some reformatory institution, which is the very worst place in the world to send them to, in my judgment; for, as a rule, institutionized children are of no use to themselves or the country."

THE NEW ST. PETER'S CHURCH in Dorchester District, Boston, was dedicated on Sunday, 17th February, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. It is one of the finest churches in the Archdiocese, and reflects great credit on the pastor, Rev. Peter Ronan. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy.

MONSIGNOR.— As the number of Monsignors and their grades in the United States are increasing it may be of interest to give their different degrees. First, there are the "Participants:" and these always reside in Rome; next the "Prothonotaries" and the "Domestic Prelates." All of these have the title of Right Reverend, and retain their title and dignity for life. By custom the

Vicar-Generals of Cardinal Bishops are made Monsignors. There are also the "Camerieri Segreti," or Secret Chamberlains, who retain the title only during the lifetime of the Pope who creates them. These are classed as Very Reverend. There are minor grades of no importance, they being simply attaches of the Papal court, as supernumeraries, and all advance as circumstances may require. The habit of the Chamberlains is a kind of purple vestment which goes to the feet, with a sash and purple buttons. The habit of the higher degrees of the Prelates, the Monsignors and other members of the Papal household, is a purple merino cassock, seamed with red silk and having a long train, which is called a smyrna, a lace rocket, a purple mantelletta, and other insignia of the office, including the pectoral cross, a plain cross of heavy gold, and the ring, the setting of which is an amethyst in the shape of a bessica piscis, or fish bladder, one of the early symbols of the Christian faith.

SWEDISH READY-MADE COFFINS.—Perhaps one of the strangest cargoes ever landed on a Thames side quay was one of Swedish ready-made coffins of all sizes and classes,— and to economize the space they were filled with matches,— which it was jocosely said at the time were tipped with brimstone. This was years ago, before the Swedish match-trade had assumed its present gigantic proportions. The head-quarters of this business is at Tonköping, where is now an enormous engine which, it is said, daily produces 1,000,000 boxes of matches. The raw material in the shape of wood enters at one end, and the blocks come out at the other as matches, neatly arranged in boxes, ready to be shipped to the uttermost parts of the world. This is perhaps hardly so astonishing as the pork-packing factories of Chicago, where in a few minutes the live hog is converted into sausages and bacon; but it is a fresh proof of the labor-saving energy of the times. In the old days of tinder boxes and flint and steel, it often took a longer time to light a candle, than would be occupied in Tonköping in making a hundred boxes of matches.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN CHINA. —In the seventeenth century, says Sir Richard Temple in his *Oriental Experiences*, one Chinese emperor employed the Jesuit Missionaries to make the best geographical surveys possible with the then existing appliances; and the results were collated by D'Anville in his famous *Atlas de la Chine*, published at the Hague. in 1737. In the eighteenth century another emperor caused further surveys to be made by the Roman Missionaries, who fixed many points by astronomical observations about the year 1755; and these points were a century later presented to the English public by the appendix to Mitchell's book upon the Russians in Central Asia. The Jesuit surveys were also published in Europe by Du Halde. Those who know the persevering zeal of the Roman Catholic priests in Asia will readily imagine how steadily those Missionaries must have prosecuted their surveying operations. After them there was a lull in the advance of Chinese geography for three generations. Within the last generation, however, the Chinese empire has been the scene of many wonderful explorations. Again Roman Catholic Missionaries, two Frenchmen—Gabet and Huc,—led the way by toilsome marches of more than 7,000 miles right through China proper and Mongolia, between the years 1845 and 1850. Gabet died from infirmities caused by his sufferings during this journey, but Huc survived to relate their proceedings in one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written.

A GRAND DEMONSTRATION of the friends of Ireland assembled at Boston Theatre on the evening of the 17th of February, to listen to the Hon. John E. Redmond, member of Parliament for New Ross, county Wexford. The theatre was filled in every part. Some five or six thousand persons were present, among them mayor of the city, governor of the State, &c. The speech of Mr. Redmond was a masterpiece of common sense, good judgment and eloquence. In the absence of Gov. Butler, who was expected to preside, John Boyle O'Reilly, Esq., occupied the chair.

CHURCH HISTORY OF 1883.—The *Moniteur de Rome* writes concerning the year just closed:—The year will be reckoned among one of the best and most fruitful of the pontificate of Leo XIII. We need but cast a glance over late events to recognize what an important position the Papacy takes up, and

what incomparable significance it enjoys in modern society. It seems indeed to have pleased God to surround the peaceable institution of the Roman Papacy with a new, brighter, and more noble majesty. The difficulties which had arisen in Spain, Portugal, and Austro-Hungary are now happily smoothed away. The religious crisis still goes on in France; but the extreme solutions which were feared, appear for the present to be delayed. Russia has taken a step nearer to Rome. If the work of religious pacification has fallen foul of unexpected obstacles in Poland, yet the resumption of benevolent relations between the Holy See and the Government of the Tsar will certainly tend to the extinction of secular antagonism. Prussia has given new pledges of reconciliation, and the centenary year of Luther has seen at its close the future Sovereign of the mighty German Empire solemnly pay an unexpected honor to Leo XIII. England, which has continually to struggle with ever-increasing difficulties in Ireland, has recognized the significance of the moral aid of the Papacy in the checking of the revolutionary tendency in that unhappy land. Even Switzerland has bowed before the wise and pacific policy of Leo XIII. Even a closer *rapprochement* has taken place between Rome and the majority of the Powers. If we cast a glance at contemporary history, we are forced to the conclusion that the *rôle* of the Papacy has increased in importance.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, Winchester, Mass., which has been greatly enlarged and decorated, was dedicated on Sunday, February 24, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. Some twenty priests and a large congregation were present and participated in the ceremonies.

THE ELECTION IN CORK, for a member of parliament, on the 23d of February, resulted in the triumphant return of Mr. Deasy, the Nationalist candidate.

THE CHARITY BALL, in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, was a financial success, and every way a creditable affair.

THE HOLY SEE has risen step by step, in the public mind of Europe during the past century; and that the idea of its moderating and beneficent influence has steadily deepened. Public opinion is less hostile, even less indifferent. In our century of brutal conquests and material triumphs, there is a remarkable and instructive spectacle in the recognition of the fact that this institution,— which is only a moral power, and has no other influence than the persuasion at her disposal,— still has so much vitality and fruitfulness. This more lively activity of the Papacy flows from both the greatness and the weakness of our epoch. The ever-increasing *rôle*, and more and more complicated character of general politics, which is daily calling up new questions, and opening out wider vistas in the future; the often apparent rather than real antagonism between civil and religious society; the present need of governments and peoples for moral strength and means: the necessity, daily more conspicuous, of a supreme moderating power in the general *mêlée* of strivings and quarrels; lastly, also, the wise and just position of Leo XIII., are all causes which have operated, though in very different directions, towards the glorious development and general attractiveness of the Papacy.

NEW ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. — The Bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, D. D., has received the appointment to the Metropolitan See, in succession to the late lamented Archbishop Vaughan. Doctor Moran was born at Leighlinbridge, county Carlow, Ireland, Sept. 16, 1830, and was educated at the Irish College of St. Agatha, Rome, where he was appointed Vice-President of the College in 1856, and Professor of Hebrew in the College of Propaganda. Returning to Ireland in 1866, he was private secretary to his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Ossory on March 5, 1872; and succeeded, a few months later, to that See. Archbishop Moran has labored diligently to promote the study of Irish history and antiquities. Among other works he has published: — "Memoir of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunkett," 1861; "Essays on the Origin, &c., of the Early Irish Church," 1864; "History of the Catholic Archbishops of Dublin," 1864; "Historical Sketch of the Persecutions, &c., under Cromwell and the Puritans," 1865; "Acta S. Brendani," 1872; "Monasticon Hibernicum," 1873; "Spicilegium Ossoriense, being a Collection of

Documents to Illustrate the History of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the year 1800," 1874.

THE GOOD THIEF.— St. Dimas, the Good Thief, is constituted in some countries the patron of repentant thieves, and of households, to guard them against burglars. Perhaps the kernel of the custom which makes him guardian of the house,— we mean no want of respect to the holy penitent, who was so singularly honored by our Blessed Lord for his simple faith,— is the old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief." It is not an unreasonable idea, which supposes in St. Dimas a desire to prevent the same sin in others of which he was once guilty himself.

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. — According to Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1884, just issued, there are in the United States, 13 archbishops, 57 bishops, 6,835 priests, 1,661 ecclesiastical students, 6,613 churches, 1,150 chapels, 1,476 stations, 22 theological seminaries, 87 colleges, 599 academies, 2,532 parochial schools, 481,834 pupils attending the parochial schools, 294 asylums, and 139 hospitals. There has been an increase during the past year of 289 priests, 217 ecclesiastical students, 372 churches, 6 colleges, 20 academies, 41 parochial schools and 19 asylums. In the attendance, an increase of 53,192 pupils. The number of Catholics in the country is given at 6,623,176.

The Catholic population is nearer 10,000,000, than the number stated.

"HORRIBLE" LONDON. —Remarks the *London Universe:* Drink, we pointed out last week, was undoubtedly the cause of "horrible" London. Mr. Cowen, M. P., in his speech at Newcastle the other day, gave the annual expenditure in drink at £126,000,000. This, when divided among our population, is about 2¼d. each a day, or leaving out children, 4½d. a day for each person. We spend about 2d. a day on bread, 1d. on butter and cheese, and less than a penny a day on milk. We spend five times as much on drink as on sugar, and nearly seven times as much as on tea, coffee and cocoa. Is it to be wondered at, then, that "horrible" London exists? That the money spent by the adult population should almost equal that spent on bread, butter, cheese, sugar, tea, coffee, and chocolate together, is a sad thing to hear of in what has come to be known as the greatest country in the world. Count the number of people who abstain from alcoholic drinks, count the number of drunkards, subtract the lesser from the greater, and what a terrible majority of drunkards would be found. "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!" was what Shakespeare, who was born over three hundred years ago, put into the mouth of one of his characters in *Othello*. The same character — Cassio — is made to call the invisible spirit of wine "devil." Were England's greatest of poets living now, what would he term those who imbibed £126,000,000 worth of drink a year? What would Shakespeare say of Scotland? Statistics just published show that between 6 A. M. on Saturday and the same hour on Sunday no fewer than 12,254 persons were arrested in Scotland for drunkenness during 1882, while only 1,492 were seized by the police on Sunday, and 17,977 during the whole of the rest of the year. And on Sunday, too! Fie upon you, Sabbatarian Scotland, as you used to be!

THE 107th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated with appropriate demonstrations in various parts of the United States, Canada, and elsewhere. His memory will ever remain in benediction in the hearts of his countrymen.

LEO XIII.—Monday, March 3, was the sixth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo XIII., and the grand pontifical celebration in the Sistine Chapel was unprecedentedly magnificent and impressive. Long live Leo XIII!

IRISH EMIGRATION.—According to the returns obtained by the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Metropolitan Police, who acted as enumerators at the several Irish ports, the number of emigrants who left Ireland during the quarter ended, 31st December, last, was 10,590 (5,216 males and 5,374 females), being 356 less than in the corresponding quarter of 1882, but

1,330 over the average number for the fourth quarter of the ten years 1873–82. It is interesting to observe, that, whereas, in January, 1883, only 566 Irish emigrants went to the Australian colonies, the number for January, 1884, had risen to 683; while the number who went to the United States showed a falling off, in almost a corresponding degree; thus in January, 1883, 1,002 Irish emigrants sailed to the United States, while in January, 1884, the number was but 821.

THE FLOODS, CYCLONES and other disasters at the West and South has been the occasion of great loss of life and property. The *Catholic Review* comments upon these calamities: "The distress and suffering of our brethren all through the immense empire drained by the Ohio system, is so great that statistics fail to picture them. What a terrible visitation it is, and who shall interpret its meaning? Some of its lessons are obvious enough. Marvellously blessed as this land is with all that nature can endow man, are we so permanently happy that we may consider ourselves independent of God? Having given us everything that is needed to make a country physically great, has He divested Himself of the power to call us to ourselves, when in our pride and strength we despise Him and the law He has written in our hearts? One time it is war, now it is flood, again it is financial panic, a little later, perhaps, some fatal and unheard-of plague. All these scourges, trace them though we may to human excesses, to neglect of apparently unalterable laws, come from the hand of Providence. We have, indeed, as mankind before us has done, in the fairest regions of earth, desolated the face of nature, and to the greed of the lumberman may be traced, with some distinctness, the present innundations which swept away villages and destroyed the fairest portions of great cities and prospering towns; but, beyond all this, the national sins of corruption, of child murder, of lawlessness, of self, have long since cried to Heaven for vengeance. Has it come?"

POWERFUL STEAMERS.—Two new steamers, the Umbria and Etruria, are now being built for the Cunard Steamship company, on the stocks of the Elciers, at Glasgow. The new vessels will be on the general plan of the Servia, but still further improved, are to register 8,500 tons, and their engines will be of 16,000 horse power. The internal arrangements will be subordinated to strength and safety, eleven water-tight bulkheads being provided for, all of which are to be carried up to the upper deck. In addition to the great steam power of these magnificent vessels, they will, like the Aurania, have an enormous spread of sail; so that, without using steam at all, they are expected to make rapid passages under sail alone, probably beating any sailing vessel afloat. These steamers will be able to carry coal enough for a voyage around the world without once stopping to coal, on a speed of fifteen knots an hour. The new steamers will be fitted to carry 600 cabin passengers, and they are expected to cross the Atlantic in six days. All the houses on deck are to be strongly built of iron, and all the openings to the engine and boiler rooms will be protected by double casings, one being placed about six feet inside the other. The new vessels will be lighted throughout with electric lights, and every modern improvement is to be incorporated into both construction and furnishing. The engines will have at least three cylinders, with a stroke of at least six feet. Those of the Aurania have three cylinders, one of sixty-eight inches, and two of ninety-four inches each, the stroke being six feet. There will be ten or twelve boilers, fifteen feet in diameter, which will work up to a pressure of ninety pounds. These are made of steel, and will be provided with the latest improved furnaces.

THE FLOODS. — A Protestant minister in Pittsburgh, Pa., "is inclined to consider the extraordinary visitation as *a reminder* from God, that our people are too much given to blasphemy and sins of sensuality." In regard to "providences" that are entirely outside of human control, he remarks, very happily, that "the philosophy of man has entirely exiled God, and dethroned Him from his power."

THE Irish Land Commissioners have most properly dismissed one who held a high position under them for taking a public part in support of Lord Rossmore. This cannot be called the sole act of Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Chief Commissioner, a Catholic, for his three Protestant co-commissioners, unanimously joined in condemning a government employee, for publicly playing the Orangeman.

Personal.

RIGHT REV. EUGENE O'CONNELL, Bishop of Grass Valley, California, recently celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of his consecration.

THE Holy Father has promoted the Rev. A. Bessomies, Vicar-General of the diocese of Vincennes, Indiana, and the Rev. Patrick Donahoe, Vicar-General of the diocese of Milwaukee, to the rank of Domestic Prelates.

HIS Holiness, the Pope, has given the sum of £160 to the Roman Society of young workingmen, known as the "Little Artisans of St. Joseph."

IT is announced — says the *New York Freeman's Journal* — by cable, that His Holiness, Leo XIII., has conferred on the Hon. Edmund Dunne, formerly Chief Justice of Arizona, and now at the head of the San Antonio Colony, in Florida, the title of Count with reversion to his male descendants. Judge Dunne's friends who are legion, will be gratified by the news that the Holy Father has publicly honored a Catholic jurist, who has in every possible way testified his devotion to the Holy See, and his exact understanding of Catholic principles, and the rights of Catholics. Judge Dunne has been a manful and consistent advocate of the necessity of Catholic education, and a most logical opponent of the usurpation of the state in matters of education. The title is honored by Judge Dunne's acceptance of it. It is a mark of the appreciation of the Holy Father of good which has been energetic and unceasing.

MACKAY. — Mrs. J. W. Mackay's jewel chest, which she keeps in the vaults of a Paris banking house, contains the finest collection of precious stones, outside of a royal treasury, that exists in Europe. It is valued at something like $1,000,000. Foremost in the collection shows resplendent the famous set of sapphires which attracted so much attention when exhibited by the jeweller Boucheron at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878. It is valued at $300,000, and comprises the diadem, bracelets, ring, earrings, and necklace, with a large pendant. The necklace is double, the upper row being a band of large, square diamonds and sapphires, fitting the throat closely, while the lower row, a wide arabesque of the same stones, supports the pendant. This last is composed of one enormous sapphire, peerless in color and in water, and set in large diamonds. The stone is of the size of a pigeon's egg, cut transversely, a perfect oval in shape, and is alone valued at $30,000.

THE British government has appointed a royal commission of which Cardinal Manning and the Prince of Wales are members, to examine into the condition of the homes of the poor in England.

IT is stated that the late Hon. Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, of Rainhill, Liverpool, has bequeathed £400,000, to the Pope.

MISS NEVADA, the American prima donna, has become a convert to the Catholic faith. She will shortly receive the rite of baptism at the English Passionist Church. M. Gounod, the composer, will be one of the sponsors.

REV. P. A. STANTON, D. D., O. S. A. of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has arrived home. The reverend gentleman has been in Rome since October last, on business connected with the Augustinians. He is accompanied on his return voyage by four missionary Augustinians *en route* for Australia.

MICHAEL J. MCNEIRNEY, Esq., has been elected City Solicitor of Gloucester, Mass. Mr. McNeirney is a brilliant young lawyer, a graduate of Holy Cross College. Students at Georgetown, in recalling his name, will remember him as one of the most efficient junior professors of that University.

FATHER BECKX, the venerable General of the Society of Jesus, entered on his ninetieth year on the 7th of February. He still happily retains much of the intellectual and physical vigor which he enjoyed in earlier life.

MISS ROSINA EMMET, a direct descendant of the great Irish patriot, Thomas Addis Emmet, and an artist of reputation, has just completed a portrait of her distinguished relative, Robert Emmet, for the Speranza Club, of Yorkville, N. Y.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Thorndike Nourse, Detroit, Mich.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson, vol. vi. containing the second part of the writings in defence of the Church.

The subjects treated of in this volume are: Transcendentalism; Protestantism ends in Transcendentalism; Protestantism in a Nutshell; The Presbyterian Confession of Faith; The Two Brothers; or, Why are you a Protestant? Professor Park Against Catholicity; Thornwell's Answer to Dr. Lynch; Literary Policy of the Church of Rome; Methodist Quarterly Review; Hopkins's British Reformation.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

WHAT TO EAT DURING LENT, is a question which every year presents itself to the Catholic housewife, with a regularity as annoying as it is certain. In the hope of answering this difficulty, the publishers have issued the FOURTH edition of a cookbook for Lent filled to overflowing with plain, practical, and toothsome receipts, by aid of which the most inexperienced, even with meagre materials, can prepare wholesome and palatable food at a moderate cost. The book is the result of many years practical and observing housekeeping by a thoroughly practical woman, and can not but prove a veritable boon to the Catholic housekeeper. It is of convenient size, 16mo, and, to be within reach of all, is published at the low price of 20 cents.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1884. With reports of the Dioceses in the United States, Canada, Ireland, England, and Scotland. Fifty-second Annual Publication. Price, $1.25.

This most useful annual is a little late, but the publishers are not to blame. Fault has been found about certain inaccuracies. But when we take into account the labor in preparing so great an amount of detail in relation to the Church in this country and abroad, due allowance should be made. On the whole, no Catholic can have an intelligent view of the Church without it. Buy it by all means.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS, Apostle of Peru. By a Priest of the Order of St. Francis, Province of the Sacred Heart. Price 60 cents.

Rev. Alban Butler writes of this saint: "An extraordinary humility, contempt of himself, of worldly vanity and applause, self-denial, obedience, meekness, patience, love of silence, recollection and prayer, both mental and vocal, formed his character." This edifying life of a great saint is an appropriate book for the season of Lent.

Robert Coddington, New York.

GOD AND REASON: *Lectures upon the Primary Truths of Natural Religion.* By the Rt. Rev. Monseignor T. S. Preston, V. G. LL.D., Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Leo XIII.

The subjects treated of in this excellent book are: The Existence of God; The Divine Attributes; The Creation of the World; The Immortality of the Soul. These subjects are ably discussed and freely defined. The book is well printed and handsomely bound.

E. Steigher & Co., New York.

Culture of the Spiritual Sense. By Brother Arzarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. President of Rock Hill College, Md.

The author delivered this address to the Senior students of the College. He now sends it forth to the larger audience outside the College walls. Brother Arzarias is a learned man. He is the author of "An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature." The development of English Literature:" "The Old English Period," Psychological Aspects of Education," "On Thanks."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE celebrated Dominican, Father Didon, is preparing a work on Germany which will probably create no little stir. The object of the book is to combat the free-thinking spirit of the age, not only in Germany but throughout the world.

PRINCE ALESSANDRO TORLONIA, the well-known Roman millionnaire, who has recovered from a serious illness, was recently received in private audience by his Holiness the Pope. The prince took occasion to present the Holy Father with a splendidly-bound volume containing a description of the works carried on for a number of years at his own expense for the purpose of draining the Lake of Fucino — a work first attempted by the Roman Emperor Claudius, in A. D. 52, and described by Tacitus. Only a limited number of copies of the volume have been printed. Prince Torlonia, who remained with the Sovereign Pontiff over

an hour, went afterwards to pay his respects to Cardinal Jacobini.

THE CATHOLIC DICTIONARY, by Rev. William E. Addis, Secular Priest, and sometime Fellow of the University of Ireland, and Thomas Arnold, M. A., Fellow of the same University, has just appeared. The Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York, will issue it on this side. The *Weekly Register* writes: Though this volume contains nearly nine hundred pages, there is not in it any wasted space. Every page is filled with matter of the highest interest, excellently expressed. A Dictionary of Catholic terms, which should include essays on all Catholic doctrines and practices, has long been needed by the public; and now that need is supplied, and with more learning, completeness, and discretion than the most sanguine readers could allow themselves to expect in any single work. Father Addis and Mr. Arnold are to be congratulated on having taken in hand a great task, and carried it through in a manner which will win for them the gratitude of their co-religionists. The priest, as might be supposed, is responsible for the articles on Dogma, Ritual, and the ancient Church; while the pen of Mr. Arnold contributes those on Mediæval and Modern History, the Religious Orders and Canon Law. Both have discharged their tasks with an efficiency which makes the volume not merely indispensable to all Catholic libraries as a work of reference, but actually interesting to the reader to take up and go steadily through. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster encouraged the authors in their undertaking by expressing his own sense of the want of such a work in our literature. Cardinal Newman also, in expressing a similar opinion, adds: "So much have I felt the need that once, many years ago, I began such a work myself, though I was soon obliged to give over for want of leisure." We cannot pay the present authors a higher compliment than to say that his Eminence, with their work before him, will probably cease to regret his own abandonment of a similar enterprise. Nor can we conclude our brief but hearty tribute to the volume, without adding that in the admirable moderation of its tone, when treating of the most delicate doctrinal questions, is a sure guarantee of its holding a high place in the estimation of many generations of English Catholics, not in the United Kingdom only, but throughout the world.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "I Dream'd a Dream," Song, words by W. Wilsey Martin, music by Edith Cooke. "Cavalier's Farewell," Song, words by Earl Marble, music by C. D. Blake." "Daddy," Song, words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by A. H. Behrend.

Instrumental: "The Cracker Polka," by Alex. De Gabriele. "Au Bond du Lac," for piano, by J. Leybach. "Trip to Africa," by Franz Suppe. No. 1, "Oriental Polka Mazurka;" No. 3, "Trip to Africa Polka." "True Friend Mazurka," by J. Thos. Baldwin." "The British Patriot," by George Arch." "Lagoon Waltzes," by Johann Strauss. "The Alpine Maiden's Dream," by C. D. Blake.

Books: "The World of Gold," a collection of Sunday School music by J. A. B. "Winners New Selections for the Violin," in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s well-known tasteful style.

THE RECEPTION of Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, on the 17th of February, on his return from Rome, was superb. He was welcomed at the depot by Mayor Harrison and special representatives of Catholic bodies and escorted to the Episcopal palace by a procession numbering 25,000, composed of Catholic societies in regalia, the Irish military and numerous bands. Notwithstanding the inclement weather and exceedingly sloppy streets, over 100,000 people congregated along the three mile line of march to witness the parade.

WE are for the future to add to the Litany of Our Lady the petition, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us." The announcement is made in a decree of the Congregation of Rites, dated December 10th, which we published in our last Magazine.

THE ROSARY DECREES.— Questions as to the Rosary decrees have been submitted to the Sacred Congretion of Rites, the answer to which informs us that by the Rosary is meant only the third part — the performance of the whole not being exacted; and that the recitation in parish churches is to take place on all Sundays as well as on all other days of obligation.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THEODORE DE RATISBONNE, Superior-General of the Congregations of Our Lady of Zion, has just died in Paris. He and his brother Alphonse were Jews, and their conversion to Catholicism made some stir. Theodore was received into the Church at Strasburg in 1826, and Alphonse at Rome in 1842. The former was born in 1802. Their father was President of the Jewish Consistory at Strasburg.

THE English Benedictine Congregation has sustained a great loss in the death of the Right Rev. Dom Cuthbert Smith, O. S. B., Abbot of Glastonbury, which took place at St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, early on the morning of the Feast of St. Maur. The deceased prelate, a native of Fishwick, Preston, was born in 1815, and entered St, Gregory's College, Downside, in 1829. Six years later he received the monastic habit from the late Prior Brown, afterwards Bishop of Newport and Menevia, and made his solemn profession on December 8th, 1836.

THE Diocese of Harrisburg, Pa., has lost one of its most active, energetic and useful priests by the death of the Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, Cumberland County, who passed away from this world at his late residence on the morning of Jan. 6, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Father Hickey was a native of the parish of Clogheen, in Southern Tipperary, and in that old Diocese of Lismore, now united with that of Waterford, where he first saw the light in 1840.

REV. WM. CHISHOLM, one of the best known Catholic clergymen of Nova Scotia, died on the evening of Feb. 15, at Antigonish.

REV. MICHAEL F. MARTIN, the venerable and revered pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Falls of Schuylkill, Pa., passed away from this life at his late residence there on the 18th of February. He had long been ill, in fact his health had not been good for years, and when stationed at Phœnixville, three or four years ago, he once was almost at the point of death. Surrounded by all the comforts and consolations of religion, he quietly breathed his last attended by his assistant, Rev. John A. Keul. Rev. Michael F. Martin was born in Ireland about sixty-five years ago.

MGR. LOUIS E. HOSTLOT, president of the American College, Rome, died in that city on the 2d of February. He seemed in perfect health when the American bishops took leave of him in Rome; in fact he caught the cold that cost him his life while seeing them off. Mgr. Hostlot was born at Bedford, L. I., Nov. 19th, 1848, was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College in New York, in 1868, and sailed for Europe in the same year. He was ordained priest in 1872, was made vice-president of the American College in 1874; and president in 1867, succeeding Bishop Chatard.

IN the death of the venerable Father Brouillet, director and founder of the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions, which lately occurred at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., the poor Indians have lost a friend and protector whose life for a quarter of a century had been entirely devoted to their service. He was seventy years of age, and had been forty years a priest. Formerly Vicar-General of the diocese of Nesqually, he resigned the dignity in order to give his exclusive attention to the spiritual welfare of the Indians; and the latter years of his life were spent in defending their rights, establishing schools among them, providing them with priests, etc., as far as lay in his power.

THE English Province of the Dominican Order has sustained a great loss by the death of the Rev. Leonard Gardiner, O. P., late Chaplain to the Sisters of St. Rose's Dominican Convent at Stroud, which took place on the 29th ult. Leonard Gardiner was converted to the Catholic Faith in early life, while carrying on a flourishing business at Leicester in conjunction with his father. He received the habit of the Dominicans at Woodchester, but soon after his profession was obliged to go for the benefit of his health to Corbara in Corsica, spending some time, on the way, in the Convents of his Order in the South of France.

WE deeply regret to have to announce the death of ARCHDEACON MAYLER, of Kilmore, which took place on Thursday, the 10th inst., after a comparatively long and distressing illness, which he bore with that Christian philosophy and resignation that characterized him through all the vicissitudes of his long, laborious, and useful life. The *Wexford Independent* gives the following sketch of his life:—"He was born in the year 1805; and, after a careful and religious training in the domestic circle, which forms so important a factor in the formation of the future man (whether he be lay or cleric), entered St. Peter's College at an early age; from whence he proceeded to the Irish College at Rome, in 1828, where he was ordained priest in 1831, and promoted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Propaganda in the following year. He was one of Cardinal Mezzofanti's (the great linguist) favorite pupils, who often astonished the young Levite with his accurate knowledge and pronunciation of the Barony of Forth patois, which the late accomplished President of Maynooth, Dr. Russell, came down here to study—and, if possible, perpetuate. On his return home, in 1832, Father Mayler was appointed to the curacy of Castlebridge, thence to Camolin, and afterwards to Enniscorthy, where he labored, in season and out of season, in the service of his Divine Master. His good sense, calm temperament, tolerant disposition and unswerving adhesion to duty, endeared him to all creeds and classes, and particularly to his good and discriminating ordinary, the Right Rev. Dr. Keating."

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Canon M'Donald, Vicar-General of Port Louis, Mauritius, which occurred somewhat suddenly, and has created the deepest grief throughout the colony, where he was universally beloved. Canon M'Donald, who was a native of county Cork, evinced at an early age a vocation for the priesthood, and after completing his studies at the Diocesan College was sent to Maynooth as a representative student from the Diocese. When the Right Rev. Dr. Collier, then Bishop of Port Louis, was on a voyage in Europe, he called at Maynooth to obtain priests for Mauritius. Father M'Donald at once volunteered. His mother and uncle, becoming aware of his decision, travelled from the South of Ireland, and endeavored to induce him to alter his determination, but without effect. From Maynooth he proceeded to Rome, and after a residence of three years in the College of the Propaganda started for Mauritius, arriving in that colony in 1849. After having been Administrator of the Cathedral, he was placed in charge of St. Jean, Plaines Wilhelms, which at that period included Vacoa and Curepipe. His exertions during the cholera of 1852 and 1862 form part of the history of the place. For the land of his birth he entertained the warmest feelings of affection, and never hesitated, when occasion required, to express for it his deepest sympathy. During the recent famine in Ireland he appealed to his parishoners, who generously responded, and he had the satisfaction of being able to have the amount transmitted for the benefit of the poor and suffering. At the funeral the Bishop of Port Louis officiated, attended by a large number of the Secular and Regular Clergy. Among the pall-bearers was his Excellency Sir John Pope Hennessy, K. C. M. G., who is also a Cork man.

DIED at Shandoah, Iowa, on Sunday, February 17, J. J. Ryan, formerly a priest of St. Louis.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. JAMES POWER, one of our most estimable Irish-American citizens, died at his residence in South Boston on the 20th of February. The funeral took place from St. Augustine's Church on the 23d. Rev. Fr. O'Callaghan paid a fitting tribute to the honorable character of the deceased. The remains were interred in St. Augustine's cemetery. A son of the deceased, who had been sick for some time, died on the 26th of February.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI. BOSTON, MAY, 1884. No. 5.

Orangemen Sixty Years Ago.

ONE of the most noteworthy events in the recent history of Ireland is the collapse of the late Orange outburst in Ulster. This is the more remarkable, from the fact that the movers and fomenters of the disturbance were thoroughly in earnest, and were not as of old, intent on fun; but were working for their bare lives. Nor did they go unprepared or unaided to the struggle. They brought over the leader of the Tory Party, Sir Stafford Northcote, to inaugurate their display of murder, madness, arson and calumny. They had lords and gentlemen, lay and reverend, at their head. They had assurances of favor from Dublin Castle — they had the slandering press of England and West Britain at their back; and yet they failed most miserably. Not only have they not accomplished their purpose, but they have done themselves and their cause irretrievable injury. They can no longer pose as orderly citizens. The windbag is exploded, and they now appear in their true colors to the world, as the most bigoted, narrow-minded, intolerant set of *amadowns* that history has record of. Rowdy Rossmore and his gang have tolled the death-knell of Ulster Orangeism. It never again can be what it was — and it was the most disgraceful association of ruffians that ever disgraced humanity. I know its day is at hand — its day of final annihilation — it shall soon cease to cumber the world, or have an interest for mankind. This recent outburst is its last kick. So, after all, we owe something to Rossmore & Co., for hastening the much to be desired catastrophe.

Now that Orangeism has made some stir, and attracted some notice, I take this occasion, of relating an incident in its career, that has not hitherto been known to many outside the area it most nearly affected. It was remarkable as one of the most crushing defeats ever experienced by the party of blood and confiscation, from the Battle of the Boyne till the passing of the Emancipation Act.

The Manor of Arvagh is the most extensive Protestant settlement in Southern Ulster. It extends from Killeshandra to Bruce Hill north

and south; and from Ballinnagh to Carrigallen east and west. It comprises thirty-four townlands all in one solid group; and was originally intended to be a focus, from which colonists might branch out into the neighboring counties of Leitrim and Longford. The plantation was mainly in Cavan, but stretched here and there into Leitrim. For a long time the progress of the colonists was barred on the Connaught border, by the famous fighting clan of the McKiernans, backed by the O'Rorkes, Keegans and McGaurans. The McKiernans, however, were almost crushed by the hanging of thirty-nine of the most prominent among them, by a Scotchman named Cunningham in the early penal times. The O'Rorkes were driven from Cloncorick in the reign of Charles I., and the head of the Keegan Clan, a youth of sixteen, was hanged in Carrick-on-Shannon by his guardian, the high Sheriff of Leitrim, in Queen Anne's time. This exposed Connaught to the merciless fury of the ascendancy party for over one hundred years. They killed several priests, and mutilated others; they burned down a few chapels, and never let the twelfth of July pass without riddling their windows with bullets. I have often talked with old men, who remembered the times no man could go to a fair in Cavan County, or on the border of the manor, without having purchased the protection of an Orangeman or Freemason. Five shillings and a quart of whiskey was the least that would be taken; and the way the Orangeman protected his client, was, first to abandon him on the fair green, and perhaps point him out to some brother chips for a thrashing, and then when he was well beaten, come forward and save him from being killed. The first inquiry a Protestant mother made when her husband or sons came home from fair or market was, "How many Papists have ye smashed to-day?" or "Did ye kill ony o' the crew?" It was also a custom, that every young Orangeman immediately after his initiation, should beat a lot of Catholics. A fair or market was usually selected for the purpose. To attack them when they were going to Mass was also favorite pastime; and it is related that some young bloods, who had just donned the yellow scarf, and avowed on oath their willingness to wade ankle deep in Popish blood, used to go round to where the people were working in the fields, and compel them under threat of firing on them, to submit to the ordeal of a beating. If a woman was seen wearing a green ribbon at market, it was torn off her, and she was kicked for her presumption. Such were some of the tender mercies of the Ulster Loyalists in the day of their power. Now, I am not over-stating the case, but rather the contrary. I heard from eye-witnesses and sufferers atrocities ten times worse than these.

Such were the sufferings our fathers underwent for Faith and Fatherland all through the gloomy night of the "Penal Laws,"

You may say, why did they not fight like men, and not submit to be trampled on like dogs. Well, they did often fight like men and heroes, but they always lost. If they were victors in fair field, they were always vanquished in the law courts. It was better to submit to a half dozen cuts on the head, a few broken ribs, and perhaps a random slug, than have the satisfaction of breaking an Orangeman's arm or skull, and get hanged, or transported for life for it. For, bad as Irish Orangeism was, English law was always more cowardly and more cruel. Indeed, there never was a time, but there were some Orangemen whose hearts were generous to their Catholic countrymen; but into the precordial region of English Law in Ireland—Dublin Castle, to wit — one feeling of generosity, or magnanimity, never entered. The rebellion of '98 for a short time gave the Catholics peace; but when it was quenched in blood, they suffered worse than ever. The Yomanry gangs searched every Catholic's house within their reach, for arms; and I knew a case where they shot an old man who was smoking his pipe in his own door, and justified themselves on the plea that he was carrying fire arms. At length, however, a great voice was heard in the land, and that was the voice of Daniel O'Connell. The effect of that mighty voice was wonderful on the down-trodden Catholics of Ireland. Those whose hearts were dead within them, and whose heads were for ever bent under the crushing burden of slavery, felt those hearts beat wild with new life and hope in their bosoms; those stooping heads were once more proudly raised. The heavy slouch of the serf was converted into the proud, quick step of soldier of freedom. Truly it was a wonderful metamorphosis.

In the year 1819, this new awakening was felt far and wide through Connaught, and in no place more than in Leitrim. The little town of Carrigallen was for generations the battlefield of Orange and Green. It was of old one of the princely homes of the O'Rorkes; and after the fall of that heroic race, was kept as a fort of Catholicity by the McKiernans. The slaughter of Croghan Hill by Cunningham, crushed for a time, but did not destroy, the McKiernans. They were a most indomitable clan. Backed by the Kegans of Cloone, they maintained their ground for two hundred years, as the guardians of the Connaught border. In this memorable year, 1819, there was a well-to-do merchant and farmer, named McKiernan, living in Carrigallen. He was one of the noblest Irishmen of his day. He was a wit, scholar, and patriot, and, withal, one of the shrewdest business men in the country. He went regularly to Dublin on business, and knew

how the world was doing abroad. He was the life and soul of the Leitrim Catholics; and was equally at home making a bargain with the Dublin merchants, leading the Rosary at Lough Dearg, twirling a black thorn, or dancing a jig. Whenever there was a row, he was either a peacemaker or the hardest hitter in the crowd. For years he sustained the Catholic cause. But for him, there might have been no priest or Catholic Church in Carrigallen; indeed, but for him, there might not be many Catholics to-day in Leitrim. He was at this time in the prime of life and popularity, by long odds the most powerful Catholic on the northern border of Connaught; at this time also, he determined to put an end forever, to Orange ascendency in Carrigallen.

St. Stephen's day was always kept holy in a peculiar manner in Carrigallen. It was observed alike by Catholics and Protestants. This observance consisted in making merry, dancing, drinking, and "coortin'," the performance to be wound up with a party fight. The town is bounded on the east and west by two streams: whichever side cleared the town, that is to say, drove the opposite party over the stream that lay on their road home, claimed the victory. The Orange party fought with clubbed muskets and hangers, the Catholics with blackthorn sticks. The hangers were used to cut the sticks across then the muskets did the work. A short time before the final combat Mr. McKiernan procured a large supply of iron bars from Dublin. He had these bars cut into lengths of from three to four feet. The reason he gave afterwards on the trial was, that he got this done for the convenience of the country blacksmiths, who had no fitting instrument for doing it. These handy substitutes for the shillelagh, were neatly distributed around the inside of his store, which by some unforeseen accident was burst open by the Catholics before the fight commenced. The Orange did not expect any unusual opposition, and came with their ordinary force. McKiernan's runners were abroad for four or five days previous it was rumored, but then it was known that he was fond of hunting, and he always took his gillies with him. At all events, it was not without consternation, that the Blues and Yellows saw the vast lines of freize-coated slashers, that came pouring from north, south, and west into the village, on the appointed day.

At about three o'clock in the evening, the cheers of "Croppy lie down," "To h—l with the Pope," etc., arose from the Orange ranks, as they came "at a run" down the street. The Catholics gave way slowly, until they drew their opponents across a lane that intersected the main street. Soon the lanes poured their hidden hundreds on the Orange rear, and then arose the counter cheer of "Fag an beal-

leagh!" and "Erin go bragh!" To the consternation of the broad-sword men, the blackthorns would not be cut this time. Blood and thunder! their hangers flew into smithereens. Then commenced the thrashing. The Connaught men knew their hour had come, and they resolved to make good use of it. I heard the story from several old men who were in the fray; I saw scars received that day, and I felt in one man's hand the grains of duck shot that he got, as he wound his iron bat. There they were between his thumb and forefinger after sixty years. He used to say, it was like five hundred men beetling flax. The blood rained over the heads of the combatants like spray. When the Protestants saw the victory going from them, they began to fire and stab, which was contrary to the recognized code of party fighting, this only maddened the enemy, and made their overthrow the more complete. As one of my informants, who was in the battle told me, their heads were beaten into the ground. I never heard what were the losses on either side, but I know the victory on the side of the Connaught men was complete. A dread terror seized on "the manor," and on the day after the fight, twenty-seven families, who had settled on evicted farms on the west side of Carrigallen, took a moon-light flitting to Canada.

Beaten in the field, the Orangemen with their inherent meanness, had recourse to law. They hoped to hang, at least, a few score of the "Papishers." But here again, McKiernan and Destiny were too much for them. The wily merchant knew how things were managed at the four courts, and on this occasion, is said to have resorted for advice to Councillor O'Connell. The plan he adopted certainly seems to have originated in that wonderful mind. While the Orange Lodges of Cavan and Ulster, at large, were as they say, "stirring up earth and h—l," McKiernan was making his stations at St. Patrick's Purgatory in Lough Dearg. He bided his time until the judge was named to go on the Connaught Circuit. Then one fine morning it was rumored that Mac had gone west to a horse fair, but not a foot further west he went, than Cloone bridge, when he turned for Dublin.

It happened that the daughter of the judge who was to try the case was lately married to a young barrister, who was yet to receive his maiden brief. To him, by Dan's advice, some say, McKiernan went in haste, and paid him a goodly retainer-fee. Dan himself "out of regard for the young man," did not disdain to put him on the track of winning the case; but the best advice he got was from his dear spouse, who besought papa to decide in her darling's favor. The choice of council was kept a profound secret till the very day of the trial. When, on the case being called, it was discovered who was

the Catholic's lawyer, dismal forebodings filled the Orange bosom. Of course it was fully proved that the Orange party had begun the disturbance, as they had on every similar occasion for the last hundred years. Sufficient grounds for the justification of the resistance on the Catholic's side were brought forward and duly listened to, for the first time, perhaps, in these hundred years. The judge delivered a scathing invective on Orange tyrrany and intolerance that would have done honor to John Philpot Curran; and as has been often the case since, dictated the verdict to the jury. For once, dictation was right; for once, law was justice, and the case was dismissed with costs on the Orange party. Great was the exultation from the Earne to the Shannon; on every one of Letrim's thousand hills bonfires of rejoicing blazed.

Such was the action that stopped the southward flow of Orange aggression. Those who once ruled like conquerors on the Ulster border, are now for the most part, a starved herd of beggarly emergency men. Having known what they did in their day of power, we can honestly rejoice that that day is gone, and that soon earth shall know them no more. From recent utterances and acts we have learned, that they would repeat the crimes of those dark days, if they dared. In our gladness that the reign of justice is gradually asserting itself, let us not forget to honor the memory of the noble Michael McKiernan, who first showed the trampled Catholics of Connaught how to assert their rights, and maintain the cause of faith and fatherland.

J. K.

FASTING.—As St. Chrysostom tells us, "It is no profit to merchants to have passed over great lengths of sea, but only to have done so and bring home much merchandize. The length of the fast will be of no profit if at the end there be no result. Seek to be able to say at Easter, I had an enemy, and I am reconciled; I had a habit of detraction, and I have left it off; I was used to swearing, and I have corrected it." These are the triumphs for which all must strive, however delicate of frame; while for the more robust there remains the double duty, if not the double merit, of bodily discipline. If, as is commonly asserted, the race is advancing physically as well as mentally the older the world grows, there may come a time when that bodily discipline will be lightly borne; but for the present, in a climate and under dietetic conditions which render it peculiarly difficult, it is wisely relaxed even for those who glory in their strength.

Our Cause.

SEVEN hundred years of blood and tears, of famine and of chains,
Of outlaws on the mountain path and victims on the plains,
Of blazing homes and bleeding hearts to glut a tyrant's rage,
Of every crime that ever time recorded in his page,
Have failed to quench the burning sparks of freedom that illume,
With radiance bright, the centuried night of fettered Ireland's gloom:
Nor guile nor force could stay its course beyond a moment's pause,
For ever still, through good or ill, marched on the glorious cause!

Its heroes flung their naked breasts on Strongbow's hireling spears,
And Essex saw them shatter his proud line of cavaliers,
And what though Cromwell's fraud and craft had blunted Irish swords,
They still could deal rude blows of steel on William's German hordes.
The after years beheld, 'tis true, the old green flag laid by,
No gleaming of its sunburst flashed across the ambient sky;
But yet in many a faithful breast, spite cruel penal laws,
The love remained undimmed, unstained, that glorified the cause.

It sprang to life, in brief, stern strife, in storied ninety-eight;
It only slept when Erin wept o'er gallant Emmet's fate;
O'Connell's accents broke the trance, and found the cause once more,
Still burning in the nation's soul as brightly as of yore.
Hunger and fever stifled for an hour its thrilling tones,
And paved the deep encircling seas with bleaching Irish bones;
But, ah, the brave old race too well its inspiration draws,
And how it flamed when Three brave lives were given for the cause.

What is that cause that time nor change has ever known retreat,
That smiles at persecution and that triumphs in defeat,
That mingles with the ozone in the Irish infant's breath,
Whose memories soothe the pillow in the lonely exile's death?
'Tis mother Ireland's liberty, expansive and complete,
No aliens in her senate, in her armies or her fleet;
Faithful to this the tribune gains the multitude's applause,
And the scaffold is a kingly throne ascended for the cause!

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

A FAIRY BOAT.— A Turin jeweller has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl, which shape it assumes in swell and concavity. Its sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce; its price is one thousand pounds.

Essays on the Philosophy of Religion.

THE PROPHECIES.

HAVE the impugners of the scripture prophecies any ground to stand on? Not they; their fabric of falsehood is like the house of the unwise man, built on sand. The close investigations which leave the truth intact, make rents in falsehood here and there, and make its edifice finally topple down. Truth comes forth from the fiery ordeal, brighter than ever, while falsehood being composed of dross, melts away into fragments.

The prophecies made by those men whom God had especially inspired, were corroberated by the miracles which those holy men were empowered by God to perform. When a man who possessed the power of miracles, an evident proof of his divine mission, made predictions of future events, his hearers were predisposed to regard his utterances as true, and sure to be verified by future events.

It has been well said that those who lived in the earlier ages had miracles, while those who live in the latter ages have the fulfilment of the prophecies as motives of credibility, and as inducements to believe in the doctrines of the Christian religion.

Of course, we Catholics would not think for a moment of comparing the absolute certainty which faith when infused in baptism imparts, to the high moral certainty which is afforded by motives of credibility. A blind man may obtain a sufficiently correct idea of the various apartments of a house — an idea sufficient for practical purposes, but his knowledge must ever remain far inferior to the knowledge acquired by a man who, having excellent sight, can scan every part of the house, can see how it is constructed, and can view it as a whole.

But those men, who are outside the Catholic Church, must be content with moral certainty. As the totally illiterate man cannot enter into the thoughts of the profound theologian, so neither can those who are aliens to the Church of God, enter into the deep feelings and sublime thoughts of those who are "taught of God." It is singular that some anti-christian writers ask for absolute certainty to convince them. Edmund Burke says that to refuse to hear the *evidence* in a cause, is equivalent to a refusal to hear the cause at all. Moral certainty is the highest certainty attainable in matters of fact or history. If men refuse that, the highest certainty they can get, they must put up with inferior certainty. Of course, certainty in one sense admits of no auguries; but in a popular article like this, I do not mean to

adhere too closely to the technicalities of philosophy. Is not moral certainty deemed sufficient by men in their most important affairs. Is it not by such certainty that men's properties, liberties and lives are daily disposed of? To ask for better evidence than can be required by moral certainty, is evidently to throw up the cause.

This moral certainty we have in proof of the truth of the scripture prophecies.

We find, for example, that the sacred writers and pagan historians, concur in stating that Judea was a beautiful and fertile country, and that it abounded in cities and towns.

We find that it was predicted that Judea should be desolate, and its cities destroyed.

We find that travellers through that country tell us of the general desolation and that the ruins of cities and towns afford inconvertable proof that it was once a most populous region.

A famous, (or rather an *infamous*) infidel, of the last century, went to the Holy Land for the purpose of collecting weapons against the Church of God, but thanks be to our gracious lord and master! the materials which he collected at the cost of much trouble, have been wrested from him by the champions of Christianity and employed against himself, and this infidel Goliath has had his head cut off by his own sword.

Oxford, N. J. REV. P. A. TRACEY.

A Trip to the Jesuit Novitiate at West Park.

PART I.

ON a fresh and lovely June morning, I had the pleasure of forming one of a very agreeable party of New York friends, who found themselves whirling along the romantic banks of the Hudson River, in a Central Railroad car, *en route* for the picturesque retreat at West Park. The company comprised a genial ecclesiastic from New York, a famous, witty, long-headed Fulton Street merchant, an intelligent and social relative of a well-known Dobbs' Ferry citizen, and your humble servant, who hails from a pretty, rural nook in the suburbs. The principal cause of our trip was to pay our respects to the pious and talented son of the merchant, who had for ten successive years borne off the chief prizes in St. Francis Xavier's College, Sixteenth Street, as well as obtained five silver medals for especial accomplishments. He also was the honored man for 1877–78. The quasi religious trip of the little party was exquisitely spiced with innocent

pleasure. Those who were not engaged in reading the newspapers of the day, employed the time agreeably in looking out of the railroad car, upon the magnificent scenery before them. The whole Hudson was filled with romantic associations. How grandly it rolled from the wilderness to the sea! Every rock, hill, ravine, village, and city on its banks was immortalized by some interesting history, tradition or legend.

What a contrast between it now and its appearance at the time that Henry Hudson first discovered it. If that great navigator came to visit it to-day, he would be amazed at the changes that have taken place in the landscape. Instead of seeing on Manhattan Island a few Indian villages, dense forests, strange birds and beasts, red men and women in light canoes dressed in gorgeous feathers and valuable furs, he would perceive the great city of New York, with its numerous streets, palatial residences, colossal iron, granite, and marble stores, and public buildings, its elevated railroads, choice art monuments, extensive shipping, and other attractions. The sight of the harbor would fill him with wonder. He would see it surrounded by Staten Island, with its fine villas, cottages, and gardens, by noble fortifications, by Brooklyn with its monster warehouses, by Bay Ridge with its sandy beaches and shady groves, by the breezy, beautiful battery of the Metropolis, and the mouths of the East and North rivers, each decorated with gay, noisy craft, and glittering, floating palaces. Instead of the stillness of the wilderness, he would experience the constant roar and din of a vast commercial neighborhood. In place of the light of the Indian camp fire, the songs of forest birds, the growl of the wild beast, and the war whoop of the red warriors, he would now behold and hear the smoke and flame of hundreds of furnaces, chimneys, locomotives, steamboats, and gas jets, the shrill whistle of numerous crafts, the melodious sound of church bells, and the confused chattering of thousands of individuals. No person acquainted with the history of the Hudson from the time that its discoverer first anchored in the bay in his little yacht, the *Half Moon*, in 1609, to the present time, can help expressing himself astonished at the rapid progress of civilization and commerce on its banks. Our friend, the merchant, solemnly pondered on the enormous amount of freight, carried over its waters year after year. Beef, pork, hides, clothing, wines, liquors, groceries, cigars, grain, drugs, fancy goods and thousands of other commodities were daily imported and exported, and could the Indians who lived during Hudson's time, now witness this tremendous traffic they would go crazy with astonishment. Our clerical companion who had a splendid voice and ear for music, hummed a little air when he noticed flocks

of sparrows chirping above Harlem. The Dobb's ferry citizen's relative fell into a lager-beer trance at the sight of certain very expressive house signs, and your humble servant felt very happy at the thought of all his companions, feeling so comfortable on this bright and beautiful morning. Central Park with its woody hills and grassy slopes, Harlem with its green vegetable gardens, Washington Heights, with their abrupt picturesque features, all were rapidly left behind, and High Bridge with its majestic arches and romantic neighborhood soon greeted our delighted eyes. Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which the Dutchman tried to cross long ago (in spite of the devil), presented varied and attractive features which, though familiar, aroused the attention of the whole party. The Palisades looked bold and grand on the opposite side, and were only unobserved by me when I tried to gaze through the window, above leafy bowers, on the splendid site of Mt. St. Vincent. The visitas appearing amid deep, rich, green foliage, and above the sparkling waves of the river, were sights truly enchanting. The blue sky, clear waters ornamented with sail boats, silent fishermen sitting on neat little piers, glittering sands washed by silvery waves, green canopies enlivened by birds and breezes, handsome gardens with smooth emerald lawns, and lovely, happy children —all made our journey seem very pleasant. Our train soon whistled, the brakeman did his work, and in a few minutes we found ourselves at the Yonker's depot. "Yonkeer, Yonkeer!" cried I, to the reflecting merchant. "Come, sir," exclaimed he, "I want no calling of names." "Ah, friend," said I, "you are not aware of the honor I am paying you. By addressing you thus, *Yonkeer, Yonkeer,* I salute you as *young lord, young lord.*" "All right," remarked my witty companion, "though I confess my ignorance of the Dutch, yet I understand and accept the lordly English of it." My friend looked irresistibly droll and happy as he spoke, his gray eyes twinkled with innocent delight, while his quasi ascetic face beamed with an expression that showed his honest, noble heart in sympathy with all that was joyous and beautiful in nature. "Here," said he, "lives our friend Father Conley. What a pity we have not time to visit him. I understand that his parish and schools are doing splendidly." "That," I remarked, "is only to be expected from the sweet, bright character of the priest. Father Lings, aided by whole-souled Father Malloy, is doing remarkably well, also. All here are *Yonkeers,* 'young lords.'" Amid laughter and jests we whirled away as the breeze swept in the windows laden with the fragrance of wild brambles, flowers, and the more cultivated exotics that now blossomed in the many open gardens that appeared here and there on our right. We soon approached Hastings, and were glad to notice its charming villas,

roads, and lawns. A dandied, liveried coachman, sitting on his horse as stiff as a statue, drove up to the depot, as we arrived, with a magnificent span of horses. The easy distance of Hastings from New York, and its picturesque situation, make it a very desirable spot for a home. The taste and wealth of distinguished New Yorkers appeared more visible to us as we came to Dobb's Ferry, the home of that modest and distinguished divine, Father O'Connor. The hills and slopes near Irvington formed one succession of delightful parks, adorned with magnificent mansions. The noble trees, smooth, close-cut, green carpets, splendid fountains, statuary and flowers, presented to our view an aristocratic Eden. The river, widening at this point, lay between us and the pretty towns of Nyack and Peirmont, backed by a chain of verdant, gracefully rolling hills. Yonder, Father Penny dispenses kind words, graces, and blessings, to his happy flock. We could not see the beautiful, gothic church and residence of Father Maguire, at Irvington, from the cars, but we imagined that we did so, and the recollection of the lovely reality, filled us with a sense of pleasing wonder.

In this neighborhood, within cover of the charming cottage of Sunnyside, Washington Irving gave birth to those works of genius which have fascinated so many thousands. The surroundings of this place, and of Tarrytown, which we now reached, were well calculated to inspire him with the most beautiful thoughts and sentiments. After passing red, brick buildings, the smoke and dust of the depot, and peering long and earnestly for a glimpse of the grand new mansion, where the two genial and industrious Fathers Egan live, we emerge again into the open landscape, noticing to the right, the romantic position of Sleepy Hollow, with its dreamy vales, its ever memorable old church, and the favorite haunts of Ichabod Crane and Katarina Van Tassel. How interesting this trip must be to a stranger, since it was so delightful to us, who had made it so often before.

Every town on the route possessed some national or local importance. Here we are at Sing Sing, riding right beside its immense and world-known prison. Many a hardened, intelligent ruffian, many an unfortunate, innocent creature, is confined within its walls. The culprits might well *sob sob* on entering its precincts, and *Sing Sing* on quitting its cells. The establishment is economically managed at present, and annually affords large financial gains to the State. Foundries, hat, shoe, and other factories flourish in the building. The Catholic church and Rectory are perched on a beautiful hill, to the north of the town. Many a pleasant hour has the writer spent with the late good and dear Father Hassen, while he was pastor here. His

solid learning, pious and modest manner, are still remembered by his friends with great esteem. His successor, Father Tandy, is every way worthy of his position, as his intelligence, zeal, and popularity sufficiently prove.

Here we noticed an irregular but picturesque bend in the river made by Croton Point. Travellers on any of the day boats passing this place can catch a sight of beautiful vineyards towards the end of the Point. Numerous vaults owned by our underhills, penetrate the depths of the hills, and are filled with choice and elegant wines. From the train we could see Croton Bay where Henry Hudson formerly anchored his little exploring vessel. Long lines of brick yards extend here on the shore, and back in the interior Father McGovern preaches and ministers to a well-disciplined band of Catholics. On the opposite side of the river lies Haverstraw, which was the scene of stirring events during the American Revolution. Father Baxter does not hesitate to make many self-sacrifices over there for the good of his parishoners. Stony and Verplanck's Points, on the shores of the river, are not devoid of interest. The former place was taken from the British during the Revolution by American General Wayne, who seized it during the night amid a terrible storm of grape, shot and shell.

A few miles in from the banks to the right the pastor brings up his people in the love and fear of God. The engine shrieks, the coal dust blows, the birds sing and Peekskill soon lies before us. "Here they kill all the pigs, isn't it?" said the merchant half dreamily, after awaking from a nice little nap. "Never mind your puns, now," I replied, "but open your bright gray eyes to nature and admire this way. See these grand rocky and woody hills in front, observe that sylvan headland with its edges of gray and white rocks, bathed by the waves! "Yes, yes," said my friend. How grand it is! oh, dear! His eyes as he gazed almost burst from their sockets, and as he spoke his heart palpitated with joyous emotion.

The handsome new convent of the Sisters of St. Francis looked down from a hill over the village on the beautiful scenery beneath. All was peaceful and grand, and nothing could surpass in purifying, health-giving power, the breezes that swept through the green bushes on the flower-scented mountains. Handsome white cottages peeped from the trees, but we could not get a view of the priest's house. Father Callahan, the pastor, has an exquisite residence and flourishing mission here. His untiring labors are highly appreciated by his flock. When I expressed this fact to Mr. R—— of our party, he raised his pious eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, "God grant that the most cordial and loving relations may ever exist between pastors and people."

Now we rushed by pretty little coves edged by verdant flowery banks. A sea of weeds waved gracefully on the left, and its beauties were enriched by a serpentine stream that ran through it. Cedar trees of various sizes, grew out of the rocks, looking as fresh and green as if they never endured the fierce frosts and storms of last winter. Thousands of vines spread their delicate blossoms and leaves over gigantic stones and crept up the trunks of great forest trees. Robins, bobolinks and blackbirds, filled the thickets and meadows with their cheerful songs. As we neared the Highlands, the scenery assumed an air of bold and savage grandeur. The chain of hills, with their beautiful cedars and high rocks, was sometimes broken by enormous ravines; but the peaks towered gracefully aloft towards the blue sky. Down the river came floating one of the grand and majestic Albany steamers, as far surpassing, in swiftness and splendor, the first boat of Fulton, as the sun outstrips the palest star. Over four hundred feet long, with fine state-rooms, dining-saloons, rich hangings, gorgeous chandeliers, and furniture, it supplies all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class hotel. Passengers smoked, chatted, laughed and yawned on the decks, feeling as happy as spirits borne through the air, on the wings of the zephyrs. Cozzen's hotel soon appeared perched on the top of a rocky wall that flanked the river. It looked like some grand, ancient castle, of some proud, feudal lord, overlooking the wealth of wood and water scenery, that lay beneath it. We scarcely noticed the finely wrought cuts on our way, the elegantly laid tracks, and the signal men with their red and white flags, so wrapped up were we in this sublime scenery. In the course of a little time we came to Garrison's station. From this place a neat little ferry boat runs regularly to West Point and Highland Falls, where Father Early's splendid new house and church can be seen by the traveller. The military fabrics in connection with the Academy, dot the plateau above. The rocks, and their presence add to, rather than detract from, the picturesque appearance of the scene. The clang of arms, the sound of the trumpet, the voices of commanders, and the sweet, enlivening strains of martial music often echo and reecho among the sunny hills. Many a clever engineer and gallant general, once boys on these grounds, came forth men who won great fame for themselves, and laurels for their country, for the manner in which they planned campaigns and directed armies. Grant, Hancock, Sherman, Sweeny, and hosts of others, are among the fruits of this fine institution.

Few if any rivers in the world can equal the Hudson in the boldness and grandeur of its scenery at West Point.

The velvet softness of the foliage on the picturesquely rolling

hills, makes them look as smooth and lovely as the feathers in a peacock's neck. The government grounds, whose entire area comprises 2,015 acres, is marked by splendid features. Rocky cliffs, verdant dells, mountain spurs, lovely lawns, and the ever-winding, noble river, are all well calculated to fill the souls of the cadets with sublime and lofty thoughts. Here may be seen the ruins of Fort Putnam over the plain on Mount Independence. The sight reminds one of the brave and devoted Polish patriot, Kosciusko, who was warmly beloved by the American people whom he served so well. The cadets of West Point erected a handsome monument to his memory within the ruins of Fort Clinton, in the vicinity of the government grounds.

Not far away is a little verdant nook called Kosciusko's Garden, where the gallant Pole was wont to admire his fountain and enjoy his studies, and repose under the blue sky of heaven and the shadow of the mountains. The traveller can see in this neighborhood, the white marble monument erected by the government in honor of the many United States soldiers, who were slain several years ago by the Indians in Florida. Between Fort Putnam and the east side of the river, a great chain was laid by the American patriots to prevent the passage of British troops during the Revolution. This neighborhood is rendered immortal by the many bloody battles that took place between the red and white men, the Americans and the British.

Many a bold, athletic Indian, wild and free as a bird, has chased a heavy, phlegmatic Dutchman along these hillsides, and with unerring aim sent a quivering arrow through his enemy's heart. The loveliness of the panorama appeared to us to be increased by the presence of a large, gaily decorated, excursion steamer, a few stately, pretty yachts, and some Rondout canal boats and ice barges, great white and brown rocks crowned with spongy, green mosses and ferns peeped out between the evergreen brushwood. Charming boat houses here and there dotted the craggy shores. Gay pleasure seekers were seen wandering along the emerald slopes, gazing down on the river, and aloft on the beautiful sky, while kingfishers, pigeons and numbers of other birds flew by the banks.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN, Author of Alice Harmon, Sidney Flint, Southern Sketches, &c

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MANY hotel servants are now complaining of the wretched quality of food given to them. We don't blame them one bit if they have to live on the same stuff that is served to the guests.

The Novelists of Spain.

PART IV.

We have said that in the distinctive *Novela*, or short tale, the Spanish genius found a congenial form. Even more true is this of the class we now arrive at, the *Novelas Morales*. The novel with a moral purpose is held to be a failure in these latter days; and this is true enough, in regard to the English form. Few English novels, grounded on a distinctly expressed moral teaching, have obtained a general popularity. Thackeray and Dickens approached it very often but they always halted at the widest generalizations; and anything like a system they would have nothing to do with. When we take up, however, the Spanish novel, we shall have to reverse our criticism. Among the English, men of great genius have never given themselves to works of this nature; on the contrary, their force was expended in a fiery rebellion against the straight-laced system of the tight little island. Among the Spaniards, their greatest men of genius were in cordial accord with the religion and morality prevailing; and to give it expression, they wrought out the form of prose fiction now being handled.

The *Novelas Morales* may be divided into three branches — the *Alegoricas*, the *Satiricas* and the *Picarescas*.

1. Here the taste and invention of the Spanish character found the earliest outlet. The Arabs were the first to present regular specimens of this kind of composition; and from them the Spaniards inherited and enriched the form.

The *Conde Lucanor* — valuable alike for its antiquity, for the name of its author, and for the talent exhibited in it — has long ranked above all the productions of its time. It was written, early in the fourteenth century, by the Infante Don Juan Manuel. Nearly unique, it is at once the most singular, the most precious record of that age. Still, as a composition merely, it has been ranked too high. It consists of short apologues illustrating moral and political propositions. While in the manner of their presentation there is nothing very striking, the quaint idioms and expressions charm us not less than the force and originality of the remarks. Some of the observations are calculated to delight and instruct the mind; but most are common-place, and far below the exquisite fables of Æsop, Phrædrus, and Pilpay. The style is easy, simple, full of *naivete*, and as a production of the period, it deserves great praise. Chapter forty-fifth, "concerning what hap-

pened to a certain young man upon the day of his marriage," contains the most interesting apologue of the series, both on account of the ingenuity of the plan, and of its striking resemblance to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

La Vision Deleitable, by Alonzo la Torre, was published about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was written to promote the moral education of the young heir to the crown of Navarre. It has, however, few of those fine qualities of the good Fenelon's work, which latter, was produced for a similar purpose. Still the moral and political maxims are introduced skilfully, and blended with poetical imagery in a flowing and dignified style.

El Conde Mantillo, by Zabaleta, next deserves mention. It was most likely written with the intention of satirizing the popular *Novelas Picarescas.*

Eusebio — the great novel of Don Pedro Montengon — ranks in this branch, and has justly obtained for him more fame than all his performances in the heroic line. Disguised in the dress of fictitious narrative, the work is really a treatise upon education, and is unexceptionable in tone. Narrow views are eschewed, and healthy feeling, and sound sense prevail throughout. The *Emile* of Rousseau probably furnished the idea of Montengon's work. The latter must have been struck while reading Rousseau's masterly performance, like every reasonable man, with the absurd and visionary errors of the morbid savage. Accordingly, while he borrowed the main idea from Rousseau, he employed it for a healthy purpose. The *Eusebio* contains passages of great power and beauty; some of the characters are drawn well; a few sketches are full of nature and truth. But, though Eusebio travels and visits different courts, it would seem that he drew — or the author for him — his reflections from books rather than from observation o men and events. Still, with all its defects, it may well be considered a valuable work, and it is destined to hold its place in the republic of letters. *La Muger Feliz* — another of Montengon's works in the allegorical style — is a comparatively worthless and forgotten performance.

2. As the masterpiece of Cervantes was placed at the end of the Novelas Cabalerascas, fitting conclusion to the chivalric books, so now it is found standing at the head of the school it inaugurated. Of this kind it is first and best.

El Criticon,— by Father Balthazar Gracian, deserves the second place on the list, because it is a work which, notwithstanding its many blemishes, has a great reputation. It has no plot, no dramatic situations, and its machinery is very badly managed. The style is loaded

with figures of speech which give it a pedantic air. Still, in spite of these blots, the *Criticon* had sufficient power to obtain popularity, a large measure of which it keeps yet. A keen satire, ever on the alert, runs through the whole book; and the reader's attention is retained, now by a shrewd observation, now by a bold stroke of humor, and anon by some ridiculous sally of fanciful allusion.

The *Fray Gerundio de Campazas* by Father Isla, is evidently an imitation of *Don Quixote*. It contains a severe satire on bad preachers. Father Isla was a man of much learning, taste, and wit; but he failed, when he undertook to rival a great book, precisely because he had not the masterly genius of his great prototype. Therefore, his book stands an immense distance below the chief work of Cervantes. The prolixity of some of his dissertations are simply intolerable; while a heavy, dull, sleepy tone pervades the larger part of the book. Yet there could scarcely fail to be passages of exquisite humor and keen satire. The opening sermon of the Friar is in keeping, and is a fine stroke; and occasional sketches like this are to be met with, showing the hand of a master.

Several other names of this branch were selected for mention, but relegating them back to the obscure mass, and allowing what we have already brought forward to stand as examples of the satiric form, we proceed to consider the last branch of the last class of Spanish prose fiction.

3. The *Picarescas* are the most peculiar productions of Spain; and in the form the Spanish novelists surpass all others. It is also one of the most interesting and ingenious forms of prose fiction ever conceived by the mind of man. The title —*Picaresca* — is derived from *Picaro*, a rogue, and is meant to imply an exposure of the characters and customs of a worthless class then abounding in Spain. The class of people, and the novel that drew them, originated in the time of Charles the Fifth, whose warlike disposition kept the nation perpetually unsettled, and turned men from merchants and farmers into half military adventurers. Thrown out of honest employment, they became idlers, sharpers, swindlers, and worse, preying off the charity and credulity, the follies and the dissipation of the rich. These adventurers are drawn as men of acuteness, ready invention, lively talent, in fact, geniuses in their line of imposture and intrigue. Only with this prolific tribe of outcasts, then overrunning Spain like a swarm of locusts, were the Spanish novelists allowed to deal freely. To expose the vices of the nobility, to show the crimes of the great, in those good, old feudal days, would have brought down swift vengeance on the head of the impudent author. Satirists and novel-

ists steered clear of this rock with the greatest caution. The pride, the hobbies, the excesses of the great and rich went unwhipt of justice at the hands of the Spanish Thackerays; and as a compensation, they were allowed to lash the vile agents of a profligate aristocracy. But this army of *picaros* was reinforced by birds of the same feather, only otherwise engaged. There were those ill-boding personages, the gentlemen of the long mustachios, the long rapier, and the long cloak, whose only occupation was to parade in public places, and stand fiercely prepared for any feud or broil. There were the imposters, vagrants, and petty mendicants, who counterfeited all the infirmities of nature, and perpetually haunted the doors of churches and convents. These and many more furnished an inexhaustible mine for the authors of the *Picarescas* to delve in; and accordingly, the number of these novels is as great, as their nature is interesting. The most amusing have been translated into every language of Europe; but, having sunk quickly out of sight, they have only served as the basis of many novels whose authors have obtained world-wide celebrity by using the patient studies of their Spanish prototypes. A case in point: Mr. Henry Van Laun has recently been agitating, in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, the question about Le Sage's alleged plagiarism, which has been hitherto thought to be settled. We do not wish to go into the complications of the subject; but one point is clear enough, and seems to cover the ground. Le Sage is evidently deficient in invention in every novel of his but Gil Blas; as soon as he puts his pen to the Spanish tale, presto! a work of marvellous invention. And invention, plot, fable, whatever we call the machinery of a novel, was precisely the highest gift of the Spanish mind in prose fiction. So great, too, was the number of these novels that Le Sage would have found no difficulty in putting some of them together, and passing as the real author, undetected. This is but one instance,— one discovered on account of its clearness. Most of the plagiarisms were of such a nature that they might be called imitations; and the Spaniards can only claim the honor of being the originators.

Lope de Rueda, an actor, who is regarded by some critics as the founder of the regular drama in Spain, instituted likewise the *Novela Picaresca.* His two books, *El Deleitoso* and *El Patrañuelo*, are partly of this class — the beginnings being in them.

El Lazarillo de Tormes, which followed some time after, and when a great many novels of the kind had already been written, eclipsed all its predecessors, and is the master-piece of *Picarescas.* Father Siguenza attributes it to a friar named Juan Ortega, but the general opinion of critics, sanctions the belief that the true name of

the author appeared on the title page — Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, one of the most illustrious figures in the annals of Spain. It was said he composed it while a student at Salamanca. The *Lazarilla de Tormes* has been repeatedly translated into many languages; but the English and the French versions that have fallen under our eyes convey little idea of the surpassing merit of the original. It is doubtful if it can be translated at all. The difficulty about translating Spanish novels is found in the proverbs and idioms which abound in them. Mendoza bristles with these; and, in addition, he evolves, just as Dickens did in English, a number of quaint expressions of his own, which absolutely defy all but those to the manner born. The most patient translator, no matter how he may be allured by the glitter of the prize, will find himself baffled in seizing it here.

The great success of the *Lazarillo* gave rise to the *Lazarillo del Manzanres* and numbers of other imitations; all of which, though very good, fall below the mark of a general criticism.

El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache, by Mateo Aleman, is a work whose plan is very amusing, and whose satire is powerful. Faults there are: some of the incidents are puerile, and many of the remarks are common-place. The diction, also, is weak compared to that of Mendoza, who was a deep and accurate scholar, and well-versed in all the shades of language.

El Gran Tacano, the principal work of the celebrated and industrious Quevedo, is ranked in this branch. Had Quevedo's taste been at all equal to his learning and talent, his fame would, undoubtedly, stand on a higher level. In this work his failings appear in exaggerated scenes, some positively gross, which is always an offence to true art, and in the disgusting remarks put into the mouths of the chief characters. The good features are its poignant strokes of ridicule, rich idiomatic expressions, and breezy, never-failing humor.

Though they are varied enough in character, and worth attentive perusal, it would prove rather dry work to continue a long list of names. The above may be taken as indications, which, while they differ widely from each other, some of them having even founded schools of their own, do, nevertheless, bear that likeness each to each as to warrant them being ranked in what is called a class.

El Ercudero Marcos de Obregon, a work written by Vincente Espinel, does not, exactly speaking, belong to the *Novelas Picarescas*. It, however, comes nearest to this class, and deserves mention because it founded the school of that novel which aimed exclusively at drawing the higher classes of Society, as the *Picarescas* included all shades but that. The head of the school is distinguished by its vivid portraiture

and quiet satire, and is authority on the manners and customs of the aristocratic classes at that period. Nor was his work underrated by the author, who imagined it would displace the *chef d'œuvre* of Cervantes; and, what is worse, he lost no opportunity of satirizing the great master — with how much success every one knows.

PART V.

Of the modern Spanish novels we say nothing. But surely the classic productions in prose fiction of the peninsular deserve a wider attention than they receive. Why have they been neglected? Because the Spaniards themselves have not taken the trouble to make them known; and the way to make them known is by a great, connected history of the Spanish literature, written by Spanish scholars, who are best competent to interpret. Catalogues and atlases to guide the student will not do; and unconnected studies go a very slight way. But indications point at present to a revival of Spanish letters; and as one of the first fruits, we hope to see a work something like that we desire issue from the press.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

The End.

Death of Napoleon.

I.

HE was: as lay outstretched his corse
When the last breath of life had fled,
Palid and cold and motionless,
Of such a soul untenanted;
So, stricken with a shuddering awe,
Earth at the tidings speechless stood;
She ponders o'er the dying hour
Of him, the Man of Destiny,
And marvels if in coming years,
One like to him she e'er shall see —
One who upon her trampled fields
Shall leave such traces deep of blood.

II.

My Muse beheld him on his throne,
Like portent blazing in the sky;
She silence kept — she saw him fall
And rise again and prostrate lie;
Nor 'mid the nation's loud acclaim
Commingling then uprose her cry;
She held aloof, a virgin pure
From slavish praise, from slanders vile,
She rises now when sets his star
In eclipse o'er that rocky isle,
And round his urn entwines a wreath
Of song that haply will not die.

III.

From Alps to Egypt's Pyramids,
From Mansanar to Rhine afar,
How swift, how sure, from out the flash
Leapt forth his thunderbolts of war!
He flamed a Desolation wild
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
Was this true glory? Who shall say?
Let after ages tell: lo, we
In reverential awe before
The Mighty Maker bend the knee,
Whose mind creative framed the mould,
And quickened it with such a soul.

IV.

The storms of joy that thrill the mind,
Brooding o'er projects vast and grand,
The fever in the heart that craves
A boundless sway o'er sea and land —
('Twas madness to have dreamed of such,
And yet he wins and holds the prize —)
All these he knew — the glory snatched
From out Defeat's o'ershadowing gloom,
The shame of flight, the victor's fame,
The sceptre's pride, the exile's doom —
Twice scaled the Altar's glittering height,
Twice baffled, in the dust he lies.

V.

He rose; and at the confluence
Of two conflicting ages stands —
Both armed for strife — they turn to him
And Fate's award wait at his hands:
He wrought a silence, and between
Sate as the Arbiter of Right;
He disappears and sinks to rest
Within a narrow islet's round —
A mark for Envy's poisoned dart,
Pursued by sympathy profound,
By inextinguishable hate,
By love immortal in its might.

VI.

As on the shipwrecked mariner,
With crushing weight, sweeps down amain
The wave on which a moment since
He rode secure, and scanned in vain
The far horizon's circling rim,
With eager gaze for sight of land;
So on that soul the vengeful Past
With all its gathered volume fell: —
How oft to after years he sought
The story of his life to tell,
Now on that ever-living page
Lies cold and dead the o'erwearied hand.

From the Italian.

VII.

How oft he stood as silent sunk
The uneventful day to rest,
With lightning gaze bent down to earth,
And arms close folded o'er his breast;
While thoughts of days that were no more
With many a pang his bosom stirred —
The fields with waving tents o'erspread —
The echoing hills, the deathless deeds,
The sheen of steel-clad infantry,
The wave of onward rushing steeds,
The ringing word of swift command,
The prompt obedience, soon as heard.

VIII.

Haply, alas! such bitter thoughts
Had smitten him with chill despair,
But Heaven reached forth a pitying hand,
Uplifting him to regions where
His spirit breathes serener air;
And guides him o'er Hope's flower-strewn way.
Which in the Home Eternal ends,
And crowns him with a joy which far
The highest thought of man transcends —
Within that sphere where earthly fame
In mist and silence melt away.

IX.

Immortal, fair, beneficent,
O Faith! this, too, thy triumph claim,
And in thine annals write with joy —
That ne'er on earth a prouder name
Bowed to the shame of Calvary:
Pause, mortal, ere above his dust
Thy words of scorn or anger fall,
The God who humbles and exalts,
Who bliss or woe metes out to all,
Behold Him by that couch of pain,
In that dark hour when death was nigh.

J. C.

BOSSOMPIERE, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the smallest mule in the world." "Ah," said Henri, "what an amusing sight — the biggest ass on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

PART IV.

Our object in these papers has been to furnish some idea to our readers of a remarkable book, by laying before them some of its most characteristic extracts, without passing any judgment on the literary or political opinions of the author, while connecting the whole by a slender thread of narratives such as run through the Journal itself.

At this stage of Mitchel's imprisonment, another foe appeared, which, like the vulture of Prometheus, fastened itself on his vitals, and used its best endeavors, as an ally of the British Government, to break down the "unconquerable will," and quench the "immortal hate" of the transported felon.

"Septr. 26. Asthma! asthma! The enemy is upon me. For a few months I fondly dreamed that the fiend was shaken off, and that the change of climate had finally exorcised him. Once more I find that though I take the wings of the morning, there is no escape from this plague. . . . Another red morning has dawned, and finds me sitting, bent down on my chair, with weary limbs and dizzy brain, worn out with another night's long agony. It is the twelfth night since my head has pressed my pillow. Almighty God! is the angel Sleep to visit me never more? All night in darkness, I have wrestled with a strong fiend in this cell,—other wrestling than Jacob's at Penuel,—and now at sunrise when I can breathe somewhat more freely, the sense of deadly weariness comes upon me heavily. My feet are cold as marble; my body and head bathed in sweat. I look at my image in the glass, and verily believe my mother would hardly know me; my eyes have the wild, fearful stare that one may imagine in the eyes of a hard-hunted hare, couched and gasping in her form; a cold dew stands in beads upon my forehead; my cheeks are shrunk and livid; my fingers have become like bird's claws, 'and on my eyelids is the shadow of death.' The Asthma demon has fled westward, keeping with the great shadow of the world,—riding in darkness like Satan. Ah! he will put a girdle round the earth, and be with me again at set of sun. All tortured and weary wretches, all exiles and captives, long for the night; and the ambrosial night brings them Lethean balm and liberty and home,—for those few blessed hours they may have back their youth, and tread their native land, and see the eyes of those who love them. And to me —

> "'Scarce half I seem to live,— dead more than half, and buried —
> Myself a sepulchre,— a moving grave.'"

While lying in his cell in this state of mental and physical prostration, a package of newspapers was dropped at his door, in which, with what emotions we may conceive, he read the story of the utter collapse, for the time being, of all he had strived and suffered for.

Not many months had passed since Mitchel stood in the Green-Street Dock of Dublin, and flung his fierce defiance in the face of the "coroneted and ermined ruffians," and the packed jury, who had there conspired to destroy him. In his speech on that occasion he had used these words :

"The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three, aye, for hundreds?"

The promise thus given was kept to those to whom the appeal was made, and now, one and all, as exiles or as transported felons, they were scattered to the ends of the earth. To a most lame and impotent conclusion had come the high hopes and aspirations, the burning enthusiasm, the courage and passionate self-devotion of the gifted band of men, who, in this year of '48, had sought to kindle a revolution in ill-fated Ireland. Aptest symbol of the whole movement was the bundle of hay piled against the police-barrack at Ballingarry, which flamed up for a moment and then went out as suddenly in smoke and ashes. The Irish people of that day were not made of the stuff, which could be worked into a successful revolution. For, scarce a score of years had elapsed since the bulk of the people had emerged from the valley of the shadow of death,—the era of the penal laws,—and, in the meanwhile, famine, poverty, suffering, the servile doctrine of submission, that had been preached to them from a thousand hill-tops, had combined to deaden within them all instincts of freedom, and send the iron deeper and deeper into their souls. Let us hear the judgment, Mitchel passes in his Journal, on the attempted rising:—

The Ballingarry failure is hardly, I suppose, to be treated as a criterion. A gentleman, a very estimable and worthy gentleman, certainly, goes with three or four attendants (who are wholly unknown to the people they go amongst), into the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and there tells several persons they are to rise in insurrection under his guidance, and free the country. He has no money, this gentleman, to pay the troops, no clothing nor arms to give them, no food to keep them alive. He just exhibits a pike, and bids them follow him and free the country. Well, the people are desirous enough to free the country; let them be but *half* armed, half clothed, and quarter fed, and they will show what mind they are of. But this abrupt proposal of the worthy gentleman takes them by surprise. Very few of them have any arms at all; for fifty years it has been the constant policy of the hostile Government to disarm them, and *twenty* Arms-bills have been enacted since the Union, with that special purpose. Very politic policy it was; for the enemy knew, that if once these people became familiar with arms, they would be sure to put them to the only righteous and Christian use. All kinds of weapons, therefore, for a century back, have been associated in the minds of *Catholic* Irishmen, with crime, gaols, informers, petty sessions, hand-cuffs and policemen. And as if that were not enough, all the influence of the Constitutional Agitators, and in a great measure, of the priests also, has been exerted to make the use of arms appear sin against God. They have not been taught that it is the prerogative of man to bear arms,—that beasts alone go without them,—that Arms-bills are passed by the British Parliament, on the same principle on which other robbers disarm those whom they mean to plunder.—No, they have been taught such drivelling maxims as,—'Let others die for their country, we prefer to live for her.'—'One living patriot is worth a church-yard full of dead ones.'—Now, this is not the sort of people—so debased, so benighted, and reduced to a beastly helplessness,—that you can expect to rise *en masse* on a call to arms, be their slavery as intolerable, their wrath as deadly, as you will. Before there can be any general arming, or aptitude to insurrection, there must first be sound, manly doctrine preached and embraced. And next there must be many desultory collisions with British troops, both in town and

country, and the sight of clear steel, and of blood smoking hot, must become familiar to the eyes of men, of boys and of women."

"The history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it," exclaimed Meagher in his speech from the dock; and in like manner, may it be said, that the condition of Ireland at that period, was at once the cause, and the justification of the insurrection that suffered so dismal a collapse. The records of the time tell us how the country rang with the crash of falling roofs, and the ploughshare was driven through the hearthstones of many a happy home,— how hundreds of thousands with no money to emigrate, no food, no land, no roof over their heads, laid down and died of hunger in the midst of abundance and superabundance produced by the labor of their own hands, while cargoes of all kinds of provisions floated away in ships with every tide to England,— how the inmates of dwellings were found as skeletons by their own fireside,— how insane mothers ate the corpses of their own children,— how coroners brought in verdicts of wilful murder against her Majesty's Prime Minister, and, at last, from overwork, refused to hold any more inquests,— how thousands were huddled together coffinless into graves, until at length, for the sake of decency, a coffin was devised with the bottom on hinges, and latches on the sides, the uses of which are so obvious, that it is unnecessary to describe them,— how as each emigrant ship left the land with its cargo of human beings, there uprose from the organs of British public opinion a cry of exultation, a shout of derision: "The Celts are going with a vengeance; the places that knew them once shall know them no more forever,"— and how, finally, as an appropriate background to the tragic p cture, a fitting appendage to this wholesale murder of a people, lay outstretched along the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, an unbroken chain of graves into which had been huddled twenty thousand victims of pestilence, without a stone to mark the spot.

That a whole people should lie down and die, rotting out of existence in the hedgeways and highways of the land without a blow at the murderous system that caused it all was disagreeable enough; but that there should not have existed in Ireland at that time men, high-spirited and noble enough to put themselves at the head of the people, and seek to rouse them to an effort of manful resistance, would have buried the cause of Irish nationality forever beneath the weight of the world's contempt and scorn. While it may be regarded as probable, nay, as certain, that such an effort would have had but poor chances of success, still the chapter of history recording the failure would have remained a source of inspiration and heroic endeavor for

all time, and, set forth in the rubric of human blood, might be read with emotions of pride by future generations, who now can only avert their eyes in rage, in mortification and in shame. The following passage from the Journal, being part of a debate between Mitchel's Double-Goer and the Ego may be set down here.

"*Doppelganger.*— And must every new order of things in the revolutions of eternity be brought about only through a fierce paroxysm of war? Let your mind dwell for a minute on the real horrors of war.

The Ego. Let your mind dwell on the horrors of peaceful and constitutional famine,—it will need no effort of imagination, for you have *seen* the thing,—and tell me which is better, to pine and whiten helplessly into cold clay, passing slowly, painfully through the stages of hunger, brute-ferocity,— passionless, drivelling, slavering idiocy,— and dim, awful unconsciousness, the shadow-haunted confines of life and death,— or to pour out your full soul in all its pride and might with a hot torrent of red, raging blood,—triumphant defiance in your eye, and an appeal to heaven's justice on your lips — *animam exhalare opimam.*— Which? Nay, whether is it better that a thousand men perish in a nation by tame, beggarly famine, or that fifty thousand fall in a just war? Which is the more hideous evil,—three seasons of famine-slaughter in the midst of Heaven's abundance at the point of foreign bayonets, with all its train of debasing diseases and more debasing vices,— or a thirty years' war to scourge the stranger from your soil, though it leave that soil a smoking wilderness? If you have any doubt which is more horrible, look on Ireland this day. 'They that be slain with the sword,' saith Jeremiah the prophet, 'are better than they that be slain with hunger; for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.'"

In these latter days we find a strange ethical principle, if so it may be called, much in vogue, and frequently made to do service in judging the affairs of this universe, and interpreting the will of the mysterious providence who presides over it. The one great reality of life, we are told, is Force, and every embodiment of Force is the exponent of the will of destiny. So preaches Goethe: so too his disciple Carlyle, the great prophet of the nineteenth century, as his admirers entitle him. Whatever may be the worth of this principle from a theoretical point of view, it is certain that its teachers, though dogmatic enough in their tone, are not infallible in their judgments formed from an application of this principle to current events. "Yes, shake your chains! The man is too great for you. You will not break them, but only drive them more deeply into your flesh," are Goethe's words to his countrymen, struggling in the iron gripe of Napoleon, while himself remained at home serenely wooing the Muse. Waterloo was the fulfilment of the prophecy.

So, too, Carlyle in one place bids the English take bag and baggage and leave Ireland at once,— tells them the condition to which their rule of seven hundred years had brought the country was an indelible disgrace, and the danger that menaced them the inevitable retribution for all the evil they had wrought in Ireland. Having sown the wind they reap the whirlwind. In another passage, recurring to

his favorite doctrine of Force, he shrieks out, doubtless in some wild delirium of dyspepsia: "England is a mighty Elephant: Ireland a half-starved rat that crosses its path. What is the Elephant to do? Squelch it by Heaven! Squelch it." On the whole we may tender to such modern prophets, including Vennor and Wiggins, the advice of an American humorist:—"Don't prophesy until *after* the event."

As having a bearing, though somewhat indirect on this subject, we give the following extract from the Journal:—

"Sometimes I strive to guess what Goethe, that great artist in living well, would recommend, by way of *institutis vitæ* to a man in a hulk, ridden by the asthma fiend. But that sage relied too much, perhaps, on physical agencies, and the ennobling influences that come to us from objects of sense and taste, and the creations of highest Art,—to be of much use in cases like these. The pleasant country set apart for learning how to live, in Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahr,—with its stately repose and elegant instrumentalities, material and spiritual, for making human life god-like, is as far out of my reach here, as Utopia. Goethe, I think, never tried the galleys, one could wish he had; that so hulked men, might have the spiritual use and meaning of the hulking world developed in transcendental wise, to help their solitary researches in all their convict generations. But, indeed, he made it one of the rules of his own life to shun all violent shocks, rude impressions, harsh noises and the like: a temper that his nervous mother gave him, they say; at any rate he nursed and petted himself in that refined sensitiveness, and thereby, surely, excluded himself from at least one half the experiences of this world, so harsh and rude. If he had been bolted in fetters of iron, and whirled away to the galleys with a loaded pistol at his ear, he might have found the impression rather strong; but who can tell what he might have learned, to teach other men? Who can measure our loss herein?

I venture to dogmatize further,—that by reason of that very system of his, living the easy half only of life, this Goethe fails of being the prophet, preacher and priest, that a certain apostle of his in these days affirms he is."

But such a fatalistic view of human affairs, ministering so conveniently as it does to the spirit of selfish ease, did not commend itself to the men of '48. The noblest instincts of their nature prompted them to strike a blow at a system which had made of their country a spectacle to angels and to men; nor did their fears or their philosophy lead them to regard the force opposed to them as irresistible, and so crouch down before it in abject cowardice and helplessness. Week after week, in his paper, did Mitchel beseech the people to seize on the provisions within their reach, and which were fast being swept out of the country, rather than lie down supinely and die of hunger. His council was not followed to any general extent, nor is it likely that the full significance of his teachings was at all grasped by that class of the people to whom these teachings were addressed,—a speech from a hillside being for them a more powerful motor and agency of political education than articles in a newspaper. Though there has been much progress since that day among the Irish people in mutual confidence, self-reliance and general intelligence, it cannot still be said that their political education has so far advanced, as that any appeal to them for

united and decisive action in a given emergency will receive a favorable response. The failure of the Fenian movement and the fate of the No-Rent Manifesto may be regarded as evidences of the truth of this assertion.

Let us hear Mitchel's account of the motives which inspired and shaped his action in this eventful crisis of his country's history :—

"But these people have all been dealt with of late (by those who rule and rob) as 'masses,' a sort of raw material, to be thinned when they think it too thick, to be absorbed or distributed as the interests of society (that is, those who rob and rule) may seem to require. We have watched for years, we two Felons (John Martin was the other felon. D.) the gradual encroachments of landlordism on what used to be the property of the farmer,—the rapid conversion of householders into 'paupers,' —the incessant efforts of the British Government to break down all individual self-respect amongst Irishmen ;— choosing a series of famine years to hold out for competition, in every district, a set of 'situations under government,' and so turn a whole nation into servile beggars; the atrocious profligacy with which millions were laid out in the undertaking, and so laid out as to make sure they would never fructify to any useful purpose,— never produce anything save a crop of beggarly vice, idleness and rascality. Then we saw a bloody compact made between the Irish landlords and that diabolical government,— they to maintain the 'Union' for England,— England to help and support them in *Killing* as many people in Ireland as might be needful to preserve the sacred landlord property untouched. We saw that compact put into actual execution,— and then, at last, we resolved to denounce, at least, this villainy, to rouse the people to resist it while there was yet time,— at all events to cross its path ourselves, though it should crush us. And so we are a pair of transported felons. Be it so :—better a transported felon than a quiet slave, or a complacent accomplice in murder.— Mine ancient comrade! my friend! my brother in this pious felony,— whithersoever thou art now faring in the fetters of our private foe, I hail thee from afar, across the Atlantic flood, and bid thee be of good cheer. The end is not yet."

General B. F. Butler on Explosives.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER was interviewed by the *New York World* recently. The question was respecting "the use of dynamite and the right of England to demand of America that she shall interfere in the matter?"

"By all rules of civilized warfare," replied the General, "the use being made of dynamite can not be justified; yet, like all weapons of offense and defense, it has been used generally by the fanatics of weaker parties in all civilized and insurrectionary contests. Sometimes the stronger party uses weapons of such a nature. An example of this is readily seen in the letting loose by England, during the War of the Revolution, of the Indian savages with their tomahawks and scalping-knives upon the defenceless men and women of our borders not in arms, and giving premiums for scalps. That was justified in the British Parliament on the ground that 'Great Britain has the right to use all weapons that the God of Nature puts into her power.' An example of the first class in our late civil war was the use of Canada

as a base of operations for the distribution of clothing infected with small-pox and yellow fever into the Union cities, the incursions of raiders from Canada upon the peaceful village of St. Albans, Vt., for the purpose of robbing its bank, and the coming down of incendiaries to set fire to New York hotels, where were lodged a number of inoffensive women and children. I think that men of the North believe that these acts were committed by the cranks of the Confederacy. We did not claim to hold the Confederate Government responsible, but we did try to have England prevent her provinces being used as headquarters for such operations. The reply of England always was that 'The law of nations only required us, as a neutral, to see to it that no armed expedition, either by land or water, should leave our shores to attack you. We are not responsible, and cannot be called upon to prevent the sporadic and individual enterprise of rapine and murder and we had to be content with this answer. We also had to be content during the war of the rebellion with regard to making Nassau a depot of contraband goods and of arms to be smuggled into the Confederacy. Nor did England even do her duty under the law of nations. She allowed the Alabama to be built, equipped and manned with English sailors to go out and prey upon our commerce. Her plea was that her laws were not sufficient to prevent such outrages. We asked her to change her laws and enact others similar to those which were passed during the Crimean war to preserve our neutrality intact between her and Russia, but she refused."

"But England lays stress on the fact that the dynamiters only lately have directed their efforts to the destruction of the means and appliances of transportation upon railroads, endangering the lives of innocent peaceable people," remarked the reporter.

"All very wrong, it may be argued, but the Alabama, it was understood, was not to do any fighting, but was launched against peaceable merchant ships of the United States, and the Stonewall was especially fitted out and coaled at Melbourne to destroy the whaling vessels of the United States, in the far distant seas; and we must not forget that France was obliged to content herself with the same answer when the bombs of Orsini were built in Birmingham for the very purpose for which they were used. Orsini and his associates threw them from the chamber of a house into the street for the purpose of killing the Emperor and Empress. They escaped unhurt, but 156 inoffensive men, women and children were either killed or wounded; and when, afterward, Bernard, one of Orsini's accomplices, was arrested in England for his complicity in the conspiracies, he was triumphantly acquitted by a British jury, upon the assertion of his advocate, that an Englishman would never consent to convict a free man because of his endeavor to remove a tyrant from his people; and when Napoleon asked the English Government to make a conspiracy to take the life of a foreign potentate a felony, Palmerston's ministry, on making the 'project' of such a law, was driven from power by the English people."

"But did England make a demand upon the United States?"

"I see it is so stated by the English newspapers. But I am very curious to know what such a demand could be, or how it would be

framed. One suggestion is that England might require that a treaty be entered into making certain acts crimes under the municipal law. It might be sufficient, however, to say that we do not legislate our municipal laws by treaties, and America will not re-make her municipal law at the demand of any foreign power."

"But what law should we make by treaty that dynamite should not be manufactured here?"

"Well, it is used for many necessary purposes, and such a law would certainly never do. Besides, we should have to make a law against all explosives, for chemistry has brought to our knowledge many others quite as effective as dynamite, and some of which can be brought, in proportion to the explosive power, into much more compact form. Does England want a law providing that all exports should be examined for the safety of her people? Why does she not have a law requiring that her imports should be examined for the safety of her people, and then our exportations will be of small consequence? But it doesn't seem useful to discuss what laws might be made, because, in my judgment, it is not consistent with the honor, dignity and power of the United States Government to undertake to enact any law for the protection of a foreign power, either from another power or from its own citizens who may have been driven by acts of legal vengeance into doing in retaliation what no man could justify. If England desires we should protect her from Ireland she must permit us to do it in our own way. In that case we shall do it very effectually by freeing Ireland from her rule, and no more dynamite will be improperly exploded by an Irishman in Great Britain; and, as it is impossible to protect her people from these horrible catastrophes in the best way, we should decline to undertake what is not our duty by either the comity or the law of nations."

Stabat Mater.

STABAT! Silent and calm she bore the blow
That shattered far less loving hearts in twain;
She heard the moaning plash of that dread rain
Drenching the parchèd sod with crimson flow;
She saw the fatal shadows dawn and grow,
And knew that death was nigh that bed of pain —
Yet still she *stood*, not crushed to earth, nor slain,
But calm and rock-like 'mid a sea of woe.

Mother of God! beneath our mystic cross
We, too, must often bide the anguished years —
Must wait while drag the pain-pulsed moments on.
Oh! win us strength to bear the woe, the loss,
And drink like thee a lifelong cup of tears
With lips that only say: "Thy will be done!"

CASSIE M. O'HARA, in *Irish Monthly*.

The Good Thief.

In early Christian times there was great devotion to the Good Thief; indeed he was a popular saint. He is commonly called St. Dimas. Converted to God on Calvary, he suffered the painful death of crucifixion in company with Jesus; and he alone was chosen by the special favor of Heaven to proclaim aloud, in the face of Christ's enemies and accusers on Calvary, the Man God's innocence — "This Man hath done no evil;" he alone preached to the world on that day the Divinity of Jesus Christ; for he called Him Lord, thereby declaring Christ to be God, to be the King of Heaven; "Lord," he exclaimed, "remember me when thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom."

Saintly writers (St. Gregory the Great, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom, and others,) have written the most beautiful eulogies on the conversion and heroic faith of the Good Thief, and have extolled his power in heaven, with God, in favor of all who, through his intercession, seek the divine mercy.

Some religious congregations as, for instance, the Congregation des Pieux Ouvriers, have chosen the Good Thief as their special patron in consequence of the numerous and striking conversions of sinners obtained through his intercession during the missions given by the priests of the Order. Other congregations, as, for example, the Oblats de Marie, and the Serviteurs de Marie, recite the Office of the Good Thief for the same reason.

Throughout the East, and also in Southern Italy, there is still great devotion to St. Dimas and many shrines have been erected to his honor. He is the patron saint of Gallipoli, in the Gulf of Tarento.

In Butler's "Lives of the Saints" (February 26th), there is an interesting account of the miraculous cure of St. Porphyrius, ascribed to St. Dimas. The Church has instituted a Feast in his honor, which is kept on April the 24th — the Feast of the *Bonus Latro*. Wherever the Gospel is preached, the conversion of the Good Thief is made known to men; and sinners may learn from it that, though no one should dare to presume on God's mercy, yet, at the same time, no penitent sinner should ever despair of obtaining it.

A King's Observance of Lent.

Louis XVI. was twenty years of age when he ascended the throne of France. At the end of the first Lent that he passed as king, he remarked: "I have passed this Lent easy enough, but shall have more merit next year."

"How so, sire?" asked a courtier.

"Because," answered the king, "this year I have had only the

merit of abstinence, and next year I shall have that of fasting, for I shall then be twenty-one."

"Fasting, sire!" This is incompatible with your occupations and your dignity. After attending to business you will go hunting, and how can you fast without injuring your health?"

"Hunting," replied the pious monarch, "is only an amusement. I can change my recreation, if necessary. Pleasure should always yield to duty."

During the following Lent, though the king joined in the chase, he also fasted. But Louis XVI. showed that if his submission to the laws of the Church was humble, it was also enlightened.

An old officer, arguing that what entered the mouth did not defile the soul, maintained that on this principle there was no need of fasting.

"Sir," answered the sovereign, somewhat sharply, "it is not simply eating meat that defiles the soul and constitutes the sin, but it is the disobedience to lawful authority, and the breaking of a formal commandment. The whole question simply is, whether Jesus Christ gave to His Church the power to command, and imposed on her children the obligation to obey. The Catechism answers in the affirmative; but since you read the Gospel, you may remember to have seen that Christ said: "He that will not hear the Church, let him be unto thee as the heathen and the publican."

LEARN TO LAUGH.—Blessings on the laughers; no matter of what style. Of course we all like ha-ha-ha; and we don't like he-he-he, or ho-ho-ho, or haw-haw-haw; but give them all a welcome. The worst of them are a thousand times better than the whiners. Hearty laughter is better than pills for dyspepsia, better than chloral for neuralgia, and better than balsams for consumption. Come on brothers and sisters, with your ha-ha-ha and your he-he-he and your ho-ho-ho and your haw-haw-haw and all the variations; you are welcome. But you long-faced, whining, groaning wretches, avaunt! I would rather have the cholera come this way, than you. Why don't you cut your throats? I will sit on your case as a juror, and fetch in a verdict of justifiable suicide.—*Dio Lewis.*

A GIGANTIC WATER-LILY.—The leaves of the gigantic water-lily, known as the Victoria Regia, in the Botanic Garden, at Ghent, having attained a remarkable large size, Mr. Van Hulle, the chief gardener, undertook to determine their buoyant power. One leaf easily supported a child, and it did not sink under a man. Mr. Van Hulle then laid bricks over its entire area, and found that before the leaf became submerged a weight of seven hundred and sixty-one pounds were floated.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

Ormonde's Overtures to O'Neill — Terms of the Treaty — His Illness and Death — His Character — Letter to Ormonde — Early Life of O'Neill — The School of Mars — The Sword of Red Hugh — Benburb — His Forces join Ormonde.

Soon after Ormonde's defeat at Rathmines, he sent Daniel O'Neill to his uncle Owen Roe, to make him offers of friendship and to propose to him the same terms for the union of the parties which he had offered before in vain; for O'Neill would accept of none but such as the nuncio Rinuccini had approved of. Ormonde was anxious to gain him over to the King's side, for, as Carte, no friend of O'Neill, admits, "the Marquis had a very high and advantageous opinion as well of his honor, constancy, and good sense, as of his military skill, from which he proposes as much advantage to the King's affairs as he did from the force of his troops." The King, too, urged Ormonde, "by all fair invitations to draw General O'Neill and his party to submit to their lawful sovereign." By this time O'Neill had found that little reliance was to be put in the promises of the Puritans. Just before the battle of Rathmines he had signified that he was anxious to renew negotiations. Owing to the exertions of Heber MacMahon, bishop of Clogher, a treaty was brought out between them, and assented to by the officers of the northern army. O'Neill should have the command of 3,000 foot and 800 horse, subject to the orders of the Lord Lieutenant. He and his party should enjoy the benefit of the Articles of the Peace in their demands touching the Plantation in Ulster, and all the other advantages derivable under these Articles; an act of oblivion was to be passed, to take effect from the 22d of October, 1641. He agreed to join Ormonde at Carrickmacross in the middle of December. So eager was he to show his good will and his entire forgetfulness of past injuries, that, even before the treaty was signed, he sent 3,000 men under Lieutenant-General Ferrall to Ormonde's assistance. He strove to follow, himself, in all haste; but at this critical moment he was struck down by a fatal illness. None of his biographers have given any detailed account of the symptoms of his disease. According to Carte, "it was a defluxion in the knee, which was so extremely painful, that he could neither ride nor endure to be carried on a litter. By some it was imputed to poison from a pair of russet boots sent him by a gentleman named Plunkett, in the county of Louth, who afterwards boasted he had done the English good service in dispatching O'Neill out of the world." Colonel Henry

Tully O'Neill, too, gives this as the cause of the illness.[1] Others say he was poisoned by Coote, when entertaining him with a great parade of hospitality and extraordinary plenty. Coote is said to have given him at table some subtle poison, which paralyzed his energies so that he could no longer mount his horse; it was of a lingering operation, weakening its victim gradually, giving him little pain, but causing his hair and nails to fall off by degrees. During the first month of his illness, O'Shiel,[2] his physician, was absent; the physician in attendance on him, mistaking his malady, treated him for gout. For some time he battled against the disease, hoping he might so far recover as to be able to place himself at the head of his army, a thing he was infinitely fond of doing. From Derry, where he was first attacked about the middle of August, he advanced slowly and painfully through Tyrone and Monaghan into Cavan. From Ballyhaise he was carried to Cloughouter,[3] the residence of his brother-in-law, Philip Maelmora[4] O'Reilly. The author of the *Aphorismal Discovery*, his secretary, describes his last moments thus: "He died in our Lord, the 6th of November, 1649, a true child of the Catholic religion,[5] in sense and memory; many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doubtful transit, behaving himself most penitently. Being most devout unto all regular orders in his life, and specially to the

[1] *Desid. Cur. Hib.*, vol. ii. p. 520. Rev. C. P. Meehan, in his *Franciscan Monasteries*, p. 346, says, "it is sad such a crime should have been attributed to a Plunkett of Louth, who, we presume was a Catholic." But he seems to forget that the old English of the Pale showed themselves at all times to be the most inveterate enemies of O'Neill and his party. Lord Dunsany, a Plunkett, used to display his loyalty by cruelty to the Irish people. *Crom. Sett.* p. 256. "The Anglo-Irish of four hundred years standing, especially those of the Pale, were extremely averse to the rebellion, and offered their service to the State against the rebels, remembering their own origin and choosing to adhere to the English Government, which they were apprehensive would be thrown off by the natives. They were afraid also of losing a considerable part of their estates, which were Church property, if the old Irish got the power of the nation into their hands." *Nunziatura*, p. 391. The San Pietro, on board of which Rinuccini came to Ireland, was pursued by a renegade called Plunkett and obliged to put into Kenmare bay, though the Legate wished to land at Waterford. *Ibid.*, p. 64. In Lord Dunraven's *Memorials of Adare*, p. 48, Oxford, 1864, there is an account of the murder of F. Cornelius O'Connor and his companion, F. Eugene Daly, Irishmen, of the Order of the Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, who, a short time before, were seized by the heretical pirate John Plunkett, and thrown into the sea.

[2] He had studied in the chief seats of learning abroad, and on account of his skill was styled "the Eagle of Medicine" by his contemporaries. The nobles and gentry of Limerick paid him an annual pension, that they might have his services at call. He accompanied Preston in his campaigns, but afterwards united his fortunes to those of O'Neill. He was slain in the battle in which Henry O'Neill was taken prisoner. See an account of the O'Shiels in Rev. C. P. Meehan's *Franciscan Monasteries*, p. 377; and of Owen O'Shiel in *Aphor. Disc.* vol. ii. p. 89.

[3] Cloghouter, Cloch locha Uachtair, the stone fortress of the upper lake; it is built on a rock in the middle of a lake, about six miles to the west of the town of Cavan. The ruins are still in existence, showing that the architectural details closely resemble those of Reginald's Tower in Waterford. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, vol. ii. p. 646; Dublin, 1856. In the island there was an abbey of Premonstratensians dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, from which it has its present name of Trinity Island. See O'Curry's *MSS. Materials of Irish History*, p. 108; Dublin, 1861. It was founded in 1251 by Clarus O'Mulchonry, dean of Elphin.

[4] This is a family name of the O'Reillys. O'Donovan translates it "Illustrious Chief.' *Irish Penny Journal*, p. 415.

[5] "Owen Roe, the most cordial Roman Catholic in the world." *Perfect Diurnal*, Feb. 28th, 1649.

order of St. Dominick, he wore his habit,[1] as a sure buckler against the rigor of future judgment, but was interred in the monastery of St. Francis of Cavan, to oblige both patriarchs."[2]

It may be that O'Neill's death at such a critical moment has been the principal reason for the suspicion of poison; the coincidence, at least, is strange. This much is certain, that it was the greatest calamity that could then befall the Irish nation. Many of his clansmen did not believe that he could die at a time when he was so much needed, "some deeming that God, in his divine clemency, would not deal so strait with this poor nation as to bereave them of this their only champion; but rather, the world being unworthy of so good a masterpiece, lulled him to sleep and snatched him away to some secret corner of the world, as another Elias, to keep him there for future better purposes." He had in truth all the qualities that constitute a leader of men: a clear, sound judgment, chivalrous valor, bravery in the field, skill in profiting of every advantage offered by the enemy, caution which left nothing to chance, and earned for him from our historians the title of the Irish Fabius. For seven years he kept together an army, created by his own genius, without a government at his back, without regular supplies; enforcing discipline and obedience, gaining victories, and maintaining a native power even in the very heart of the kingdom. Always intent on the welfare of his country, he rose high above the petty jealousies and intrigues that surrounded him. In nothing did he show more magnanimity than in the noble self-denial that made him sink his own greatness and follow the leadership of those whom he knew to be his inferiors. Early in 1648 he wrote to Lord Muskerry: "I do protest, swear, and vow before Almighty God, that I never harboured the least thought of ambition in anything yet, but that which I assuredly thought and imagined to redound to the freedom, preservation, and liberty of my King, country, religion, and nation; and that, during the remainder of my days, no private interest of my own, neither love, hatred, inducement, nor suggestion of any will persuade me to the contrary." When the news of Ormonde's defeat at Rathmines reached him, instead of rejoicing at the downfall of one who had ever been his bitterest foe, he called together his officers and asked them what they thought best to be done as affairs then stood. They all submitted to his better judgment. "Gentlemen," he replied, "to show to the world that I value the service of my King and the welfare of my country, as I always did, I now forget and forgive the Supreme Council and my enemies their ill practices and all the wrongs they did me from time to time; and I will now embrace that peace which I formerly denied out of good intention."

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[1] "Whereas in this province (Ireland) the pious practice has grown up, that the faithful of both sexes should wear the religious habit of the different orders, each one according to his devotion, and desire to die wearing it, we grant to all those who shall wear our habit or scapular, that they shall be sharers in all the blessings (beneficia) and in the good works done throughout the whole order." See Acts of the General Chapter of the Dominican Order held in Rome in 1644, in *Hib. Dom.*, p. 116.

[2] *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 62. Colonel H. T. O'Neill says he was buried in the old Franciscan monastery of Cavan. *Desid. Cur. Hib.* vol. ii. p. 521. There is a tradition in Cavan that his burial-place was concealed lest it should be violated by the English.

Only a few days before his death he wrote the following touching letter to Ormonde: —

"May it please your Excellency, —

"Being now on my death-bed, without any great hope of my recovery, I call my Saviour to witness that (as I hope for salvation) my resolution, ways, and intentions, from first to last in these unhappy wars, tended to no particular ambition or private interest of mine own (notwithstanding what was or may be thought of to the contrary), but truly and sincerely to the preservation of my religion, the advancement of his Majesty's service, and the just liberties of this nation; whereof, and of my particular reality and willingness to serve your Excellency above any other in this kingdom, I hope that God will permit me to give ample and sufficient testimony in the view of the world ere it be long. However, if in the interim God pleaseth to call me away, I do most seriously recommend to your Excellency's care my son and heir, Colonel Henry O'Neill, praying and desiring that your Excellency may be favorably pleased not only to prescribe a present course that he may participate of the late peace, but also of the benefit of such conditions, concessions, and creation as his Majesty intended for me and was assured for me by your Excellency in his Majesty's name, by an instrument bearing date Kilkenny, the 29th of September last. And that, in case of my death, your Excellency will not only assure him thereof under hand and seal, but likewise by aiding and assisting him in the timely procurement thereof. And in so doing your Excellency will highly oblige me, my said son, and the posterity of

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OWEN O'NEILL."[1]

Little is known of the earlier part of O'Neill's life. He seems to have left Ireland in his infancy. An entry in the records of the College of Salamanca shows he studied there; it states also that Eugenius Rufus O'Neill had been appointed to a sergeancy of halberdiers, the foot-guards of the Spanish monarchs. He was transferred to the Netherlands, probably about 1625. In the State Paper Office is a "List of Irishmen abroad," sent in by some one of the numberless spies whom the English kept constantly employed in foreign countries, "that might be dangerous to the peace of Ireland in the event of a war with Spain; they have been long providing of arms for any attempt against Ireland, and have in readiness five or six thousand arms laid up in Antwerp for that purpose, bought out of the deduction of their monthly pay; and it is thought they have now doubled that proportion by this means." From internal evidence it is probable that this list was made out about 1640.[2] Among the names we find that of Owen O'Neill, sergeant-major of the Irish regiment. He learned the science of war in "that great school of Mars," the Low Countries, and won the highest distinctions in the Spanish service.[3] He left rank and station abroad at the call of his countrymen,

[1] *Carte MSS.*, vol. xxvi. p. 49. The promise alluded to above was that he should have the title of Earl of Tyrone. See *Account of the Carte MSS.*, p. 121.

[2] This very curious document is given in the *Nation* of February 5th, 1859.

[3] An account of his gallant defence of Arras against the French, in 1640, is given in the appendix to O'Connor's *History of the Irish Brigades*, p. 437. The articles for the surrender of Arras, between the generals of Louis XIII. and Owen O'Neill, commander of the town for King Philip of Spain, are given in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. i. p. 352, appendix xvii. He landed at Castle Doe, on the coast of Donegal, July 13th, 1642, "having come by sea from Dunkirk and taken on his way two prizes; he came with many commanders, old beaten soldiers of his own regiment in Flanders; and for his security during his abode there did man Castle Doe." *Aphor. Disc.* vol. i. p. 43.

to aid them in the struggle for their rights. On his coming to Ireland he was welcomed with joy, and called on by the unanimous voice of the people to be their leader: —

> Owen Roe — our own O'Neill!
> He treads once more our land;
> The sword in his hand is Spanish steel,
> But the hand is an Irish hand.

When General Leslie expressed to him regret that a person of his experience and reputation abroad should come to Ireland to second so bad a cause, and besought him earnestly to return whence he had come, he replied with scorn, that he had more reason to come to relieve the deplorable state of his country than he had to march at the head of an army to England against his King, to force him to give unreasonable conditions to himself and his countrymen at a time when all Scotland was their own. Father Luke Wadding sent to him from Rome the sword[1] of his ancestor, the great Red Hugh, that spread terror among the foe at the Yellow Ford, and well and bravely did he wield it for faith and fatherland. In the forty battles which he fought against the English, only once did he suffer defeat. No treachery or inhumanity ever sullied his victories. At the battle of Benburb, gained with far inferior numbers by his skill and gallantry, 3,000 Scots were left dead on the field, and many more were slain in the pursuit. "The Lord hath rubbed shame on our faces, till we are humbled," wrote their general, Monroe. On the side of the Irish only seventy fell.[2] The colors taken from the enemy, thirty-two in number, were sent by F. Hartegan, S. J., to Rinuccini, then in Limerick. They were borne in solemn procession to St. Mary's Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung in the Nuncio's presence in thanksgiving for the success that the God of Hosts had granted to the Catholic army. Had the confederate leaders united with him then, and allowed him to follow up this victory; or even now, had he been spared to meet Cromwell under the walls of Drogheda, or to carry out the plan of defence which he urged Ormonde to adopt, viz., to avoid an open engagement unless at a great advantage, and to defend the mountain passes of Wicklow and retard the enemy's advance until the winter should set in;[3] like his Roman model,

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[1] "This heirloom," says Rinuccini, "was accompanied with the papal blessing for Don Eugenio, and so irritated Preston and his Anglo-Irish adherents, that they gave out that his Holiness' next gift to Eugenio will be a crown." *Nunziatura*, p. 309. It was brought over by Massari, dean of Fermo, who came to Ireland in 1647.

[2] June 5th, 1646. See an account of this battle in *Aphor. Disc.* vol. i. p. 113; *Transactions of the Ossory Archæol. Soc.*, vol. i. p. 307; Kilkenny, 1879, and Rinuccini's *Embassy*, p. 173. Even his enemies said he was the best soldier and the wisest man among the Irish rebels. Clarenden's *Rebellion*, vol. ii. p. 614.

[3] "He would not have Cromwell fought with but upon great advantages, for he believes our men are much out of heart, and that the passes and season must beat Cromwell more than any forces we can bring against him." Letter of Daniel O'Neill to Inchiquin, 25th Sept., 1649, in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. iii. p. 277, appendix lxxvi.

Whose wise delay
Restored the fortunes of the day,

he might have saved his country.[1] But it was not to be.

He lived for Erin's weal, but died for Erin's woe.

Finding himself unable to advance, he ordered his favorite officer, Lieutenant-general Ferrall, to take 3,000 of his men and march with all possible haste to the help of Ormonde. The country through which they had to pass was full of marshes and lakes; and supplies were so difficult to be had, that the men were obliged to scatter far and wide. Their advance was, in consequence, so much retarded, that it was only on the 25th of October they reached Kilkenny.[2] Most of those that remained in the north continued to serve under Heber MacMahon and the officers who were in the confidence of their former leader; but many of them dispersed soon after his death, and never after reassembled.[3]

[1] All writers, even the sceptical Dr. O'Conor, of Stowe, admit that had Owen Roe lived, he would have saved Ireland. Appendix to Davis' *Poems*, p. 221; Dublin, 1859. Here is a specimen of the way in which history is sometimes written: "Owen oe O'Neill is the only one of the Irish leaders of parties in Ireland then who, by his successful audacity and his continual defections, has obtained any name in history. Guizot's *Hist. of Oliver Cromwell*, p. 46. Et c'est ainsi qu'on écrit l'histoire!

[2] "A very considerable body of good foot and very cheerful in the service." Ormonde to the King, in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 446, appendix 42.

[3] Owing to the system of irregular warfare among the Irish and the want of supplies, it was difficult to keep an army together for any time. After the battle of Benburb, Owen Roe's army dispersed over Monaghan, Cavan, Leitrim, and Longford, until the crops should be ripe. Journal of Sir Phelim O'Neill, in Haverty's *Hist. of Ireland*, p. 562.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARCH TO WEXFORD.

Cromwell's Plan — Capture of Killincarrick — Cromwell's Plot — Capture of Limbrick, Ferns, and Enniscorthy—Wallop — Encampment before Wexford — Spirit of the Citizens — The Garrison Reinforced — The Governor — Summons to Surrender — The Reply — The Batteries Planted — Propositions of the Governor — Cromwell's Answer.

LESS than a fortnight after his return from Drogheda Cromwell set out on his expedition to the south. Winter was fast approaching; no time could be lost if the southern part of the island was to be subdued. Besides, it was of the utmost importance to follow up the blow that had been so successfully struck at Drogheda, and to prevent by a rapid advance the union of the scattered forces of the Irish, which a sense of their common danger and the presence of so fierce an enemy could not fail to bring about, as soon as they had recovered from the panic wrought by the late atrocities.

Before he set out, "he caused many taxes to be taken off that were laid upon the well-affected English Protestants about Dublin; whereupon he gained exceedingly upon the good affection of the people; and divers of the gentlemen of Ireland voluntarily tendered their services to him, and at their own charge rode along with his life-guard.[1] Major Byrne reckoned that "he had four great pieces, the one of 66 bullet, the second of 44 bullets, the other of 36 bullets apiece, and two small pieces of 12 bullet apiece; 4,000 effective foot, whereof some are intended to be left at Wexford; 1,200 horses and 400 dragoons." He chose Colonel Michael Jones to act as his lieutenant, and left in his place, as governor of Dublin, Colonel Hewson. He took the route along the coast, in order to secure direct communication at all times with England by the capture and garrisoning of the seaports.[2] The fleet attended him and kept within sight of land, to support him and allow him to embark in case he found it expedient to do so. The proclamation he had issued, forbidding the soldiers to take anything from the inhabitants without payment under the pain of death, made the country people bring to his camp an abundant supply of provisions. He took care to have the report spread abroad that he had come to check the arbitrary power of the nobility, and to restore to the people the free exercise of their religion.[3] Ormonde ordered Colonel Hugh

[1] *Perf. Occur.*, Oct. 5th to 12th, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 65.

[2] "No hope of our being quiet at sea unless the English army by land deprive the Irish of all their harbors by taking the towns thereupon, as Wexford, Waterford, Kinsale, Cork, Limerick, Galway." Letter from Ireland in *Perf. Diurnal*, April 3d to 9th, 1649.

[3] "Wexford being his next design, he wrote to the inhabitants, and courted them to submit to his authority and to quit the royal interest, and that they should enjoy all their possessions and fortunes, and be as well used as any others under his power." Gale's *History of Corporations in Ireland*, appendix cxxv.; London, 1834.

Byrne to march with the regiment of foot under his command to Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow, in order to destroy all the strongholds thereabouts of which the enemy might possess himself; and to distress him by preventing any one bringing supplies, either to the army in the field or to the garrison in Dublin. The following letter gives the details of the march to Wexford:

"For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England; These:

Wexford, 14th October, 1649.

SIR,

The army marched from Dublin about the 23d of September into the county of Wicklow, where the enemy have a garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick,[1] which they quitting, a company of the army was put therein. From thence the army marched through almost a desolate country until it came to a passage of the river Doro,[2] about a mile above the castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honor of the Marquis of Ormonde's family, which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the army, quitted, wherein he left another company of foot."

Arklow was taken on the 28th of September, the guns having fired at it from the opposite side of the river. In the lower part of the town there is a piece of ground still called Cromwell's Plot. It is said that at this time it was held by a namesake of the Lord Lieutenant. Hearing that one bearing the same name lived in the town, Cromwell had him summoned to his presence, and asked him what service he could do him. The other replied that he wished for nothing more than to be left in the quiet possession of his plot. This Oliver promised him, adding, "a poor man I find you, and a poor man I leave you." Three months later the town was besieged by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes. Hewson set out from Dublin with 1,000 horse and foot to relieve it; at his approach the besiegers retired. When he had supplied it plentifully with provisions he returned to Dublin. It was attacked a second time in the following January. The garrison, commanded by Captain Barrington, made a sudden sally, and slew many of the assailants; the rest fled.

On his march through Wicklow he lost many of his horse in the mountain passes; they were cut off by Brian MacPhelim O'Byrne's party. Cromwell's own horse and furniture were carried off from the camp by Christopher Tuohill; his father was sent by Cromwell to offer him a sum of £100 for the horse, "but for gold or silver he would not give him back, but preferred to keep him as a monument."

"From thence the army marched towards Wexford; wherein on the way was a strong castle called Limbrick,[3] the ancient seat of the Esmondes, where the enemy had a strong garrison, which they burnt and quitted the day before our coming

[1] Five miles beyond Bray, on the high road to the town of Wicklow. The castle is now in ruins. In the Usurper's time, Captain Barrington, garrisoned at Arklow, murdered Donogh O'Doy of Killincarrick and above 500 men, protected by himself. Pamphlet published in London in 1662, quoted by O'Connell in his *Memoir of Ireland*, p. 264; Dublin, 1843.

[2] The Daragh joins the Avoca river four miles north-west of Arklow.

[3] In 1606 Sir Laurence Esmonde obtained from James I. a peerage and a grant of the manor of Limbrick in return for his services to the Crown in Holland and Ireland. He and

thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a castle,[1] to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it, which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him,[2] where we, having put a company, advanced the army to a passage over the river Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop, where was a strong castle, very well manned and provided for by the enemy; and, close under it, a very fair house belonging to the same worthy person, a monastery of Franciscan friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the castle, and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration they were willing to deliver the place to us, which accordingly they did, leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them."

Enniscorthy was part of the territory given by Strongbow to Maurice de Prendergast, one of his companions in arms; he built the castle. The manor afterwards came into the possession of the MacMorroughs, and was given by Donald Cavenagh, surnamed the Brown, head of his sept, to the Franciscan monastery which he founded for Friars Minors of the Strict Observance, in 1460. After the dissolution of the religious houses, it was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on Sir Henry Wallop, knight, treasurer at war to the Queen in Ireland, for his eminent services to the crown.[3] The "worthy person" who at this time dwelt in the "fair house," was his grandson; he had been member for Andover, one of the judges presiding at the trial of Charles I., and member of the Council of State. After the Restoration, he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life in the tower of London, where he died in 1667.[4] His great-grandson was created Earl of Portsmouth in 1743.[5]

This castle was retaken soon after by the following stratagem. Some Irish gentlemen feasted the soldiers of the garrison, and sent in women to sell them "strong water," of which they drank too much. The Irish fell on them, took the garrison, and put all the officers and Captain Todd, the governor, his wife, and all his men to the sword, except four, who had betrayed the place for a sum of £7. Colonel Cooke, the governor of Wexford, stormed it, and slew the whole of the Irish garrison soon after. The Lord Lieutenant hearing of the treachery of some of the garrisons, ordered that the Irish should be put out of all those belonging to the Parliament.

Sir William Parsons plundered the O'Byrnes of a great part of their territory, "a case," says Carte, "very extraordinary, containing such a scene of iniquity and cruelty, that, considered in all its circumstances, is scarce to be paralleled in the history of any country." *Life of Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 27. Some part of the castle and bawn-wall are still standing.

[1] One of the finest of Anglo-Norman style now found in Ireland, supposed by O'Donovan to have been built by William FitzAdelm, ancestor of the de Burgos.

[2] "The garrison left their arms, ammunition and provisions behind them." Letter of Cromwell in *Aphor. Disc.*, vol. ii. p. 283, appendix lxxxvii.

[3] He came to Ireland in 1580. Later he was appointed one of the Lords Justices, a Commissioner of Forfeited Estates and of the Munster Plantation. He obtained from Sir John Perrott "three little abbeys and a friary" in Adare. See *Memorials of Adare*, p. 59.

[4] He was sentenced to be drawn on a sledge under Tyburn gallows with a halter round his neck. He owed his life very probably to the fact that he had not signed the warrant for the King's execution. Hall's *Ireland*, &c., vol. ii. p. 171.

[5] His descendant Isaac Newton Wallop, fifth earl of Portsmouth, is at present owner of 10,198 acres in the county Wexford, the yearly valuation of which is £9,280. See *The Landed Proprietors of Ireland*, by U. H. De Burgh; Dublin, 1878.

On Saturday, September 29th, the Parliamentary fleet appeared off the harbor of Wexford; and the second day after, October 1st, Cromwell with his army encamped before the walls. The possession of this town was most important to him. It was through it principally that the Confederates obtained the necessary supplies of arms and amunition, and communicated with their friends in foreign countries; for its inhabitants, guided by their faithful bishop, Nicholas French, had never for a moment wavered in devotion to their country and religion. There, too, he would find secure anchorage for his fleet. The "intelligence he had in the town" made him hope that its capture would be an easy task. "Hugh Rochfort," says Carte, "a lawyer, recorder of the town, was now in correspondence with Cromwell, through Mr. Nicholas Loftus, who was at this time a very active instrument in engaging all the inhabitants of the town to be subservient to Cromwell's purposes. Rochfort carried on the same work with still greater artifice, pretending to be zealous for the Irish cause; and having done all he could to intimidate the townsmen and persuade them to capitulate, he quitted the place upon Cromwell's approach and retired with his goods to the fort of Passage, letting them see by that action his own terror, and inviting them to follow his example."[1]

Ormonde was aware of these intrigues, and had given timely notice to the Commissioners of Trust of the approaching danger. They relied on the mayor and townsmen; but these had little time to prepare for the defence. He was determined to leave no means untried to save so important a place. His forces had been considerably increased by the arrival of 1,000 foot and 300 horse, which the Marquis of Clanricarde had sent to his assistance, under the command of Major-General Lucas Taaffe. Two regiments of Inchiquin's horse had also joined him; but these he could put little faith in, as after the capture of Drogheda they took every opportunity of deserting to the enemy. Inchiquin was hindered from coming by a conspiracy of his officers. Besides, the townsmen distrusted Ormonde. They knew that often before he had treated with the enemy; that he had basely surrendered the capital. Nor was their confidence in him increased when they learned that he had lately made common cause with Inchiquin, who had sacked Cashel and slaughtered some hundreds of his countrymen there. No wonder, then, that he did not wish to admit his troops, and that they preferred to trust to their own arms and to the justice of their cause. It was only when the fleet appeared before the town that they accepted David Sinnott, lieutenant-colonel of Preston's regiment, as governor; "and if Sir Edmund Butler," says Carte, "had not come himself, they would have opposed Sinnott's entrance with his men, and delivered the town to the enemy at the first summons."

"On Monday, being the 1st of October," continues Cromwell, "we appeared before Wexford, into which the enemy had put a garrison of their army, the town

[1] This is Carte's account. *Life of Ormonde*, vol. ii. p. 91. Rochford, like the Marquis of Antrim and many others of the old Irish, was anxious to come to terms with Cromwell, relying more on him than on Ormonde. See Hill's *MacDonnells of Antrim*, p. 277.

until then having been so confident of their own strength that they would not at any time suffer a garrison to be imposed upon them. The commander that brought these forces was David Sinnott, who took upon him the command of the town."

The following letters passed between the commanders :[1]

(1.) To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.

Before Wexford, 3d October, 1649.

SIR,

Having brought the army belonging to the Parliament of England before this place, to reduce it to its due obedience, to the end effusion of blood may be prevented and the town and country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England. By this offer I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the nocent. I expect your speedy answer and rest,

Sir, your servant,

O. CROMWELL.

(2.) For the Lord General Cromwell. These : —

Wexford, 3d October, 1649.

SIR,

I have received your letter of summons for the delivery of this town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honor to do myself; neither will I take it upon me without the advice of the rest of the officers and Mayor of this corporation, this town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together and confer with, and return my resolutions unto you to-morrow by twelve of the clock.

In the meantime, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's servant,

D. SINNOTT.

The mayor and aldermen were so courteous, that in the interval before they returned their positive answer, they sent Cromwell a present of sack, strong waters, and strong beer. The next day about twelve o'clock, the following answer was sent : —

(3.) To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.

SIR,

I have received your resolutions to return your answers by twelve of the clock to-morrow morning, which I agree unto ; but for your other part of your letter to forbear all acts of hostility, I consider that your houses are better than our tents, and so shall not consent unto that. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

O. CROMWELL.

(4.) For the Lord General Cromwell.

Wexford, 4th October, 1649.

SIR,

I have advised with the Mayor and officers, as I promised; and I am content that four whom I shall employ may have a conference with four of yours, to

[1] The letters throughout this work are taken from Cary's *Memorials of the Civil War*, vol. ii. p. 168, &c., who professes to give them exactly as they are found in the Tanner MSS. Commonly they are given as altered by the parliament to adapt them better for public reading. The order is the same as that followed by Carlyle.

see if any agreement may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire you to send mine a safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send to yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting may be had to-morrow at eight o'clock in the forenoon, that they may have sufficient time to confer together and determine the matter; and that the meeting and place be agreed upon, and the safe-conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. Expecting your answer hereto, I rest, My Lord,

Your servant,

D. SINNOTT.

Send me the names of your agents, their qualities and degrees. Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William Stafford.

(5.) To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.

Before Wexford, 4th October, 1649.

SIR,

Having summoned you to deliver the town of Wexford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery thereof, and not a formal treaty; which is seldom granted but where things stand upon a more equal foot.

If, therefore, yourself or the town have any desires to offer, upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made known to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the persons named in your last, intrusted by yourself and the town, by whom I may understand your desires, I shall give you a speedy and fitting answer, and I do hereby engage myself that they shall return in safety to you.

I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest your servant,

O. CROMWELL.

(6.) For the Lord General Cromwell.

Wexford, 4th October, 1649.

SIR,

I have returned you a civil answer to the best of my judgment; and thereby I find you undervalue me and this place so much, that you think to have it surrendered without capitulation or honorable terms, as appears by the hour's limitation in your last.

Sir, had I never a man in this town but the townsmen and the artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very befitting condition to make honorable conditions. And having a considerable party with them in the place, I am resolved to die honorably, or make such conditions as may secure my honor and life in the eyes of my own party.

To which reasonable terms if you hearken not, or give me time to send my agents till eight o'clock in the forenoon to-morrow with my propositions, with a further safe-conduct, I leave you to your better judgment and myself to the assistance of the Almighty; and so conclude. Your servant,

D. SINNOTT.

To this letter Cromwell returned no answer. The following day the Governor again made overtures to him.

(7.) For the Lord General Cromwell.

Wexford, 5th October, 1649.

SIR,

My propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my agents with them to you; and for their safe return, I pray you to send a safe-conduct by the bearer to me, in the hope an honorable agreement may thereupon arise between your Lordship and, my Lord, your Lordship's servant,

D. SINNOTT.

A permit was accordingly given, allowing the agents to come and return in safety.

While these papers were passing between us," continues Cromwell, "I sent the Lieutenant-General with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavor to reduce their fort which lay at the mouth of their harbor, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the enemy quitted their fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns, and betook themselves, by help of their boats, to a frigate of 12 guns lying in the harbor within cannon-shot of the fort. The dragoons possessed the fort; and some seamen belonging to your fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy, both herself, the soldiers that had been in the fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her, which our men also took."

Meanwhile he was investing the town closely on the south and west. Alarmed at such formidable preparations, the townsmen asked Ormonde to give them further reinforcements. The next day he sent to their aid another Ulster regiment, under the command of Lord Iveagh,[1] in all 1,500 men. Lord Castlehaven, who knew the country, escorted them with 200 horse. "Taking a great compass, he came before day to the ferry near Sir Thomas Esmonde's house at Ballybrenan. The foot crossed the arm of the sea in boats and entered the town by the only side still open. Castlehaven returned with the horse to Ormonde. After their arrival, Sinnott sent out the following despatch:

(8.) For the Lord General Cromwell.

Wexford, 5th October, 1649.

My Lord,

Even as I was ready to send out my agents to you, the Lord General of the horse came hither with relief. Unto whom I communicated the proceedings between your Lordship and me, and delivered to him the propositions I intended to despatch unto your Lordship, who hath desired a small time to consider them and to speed them unto me, which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having a commanding power over me.

Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time, but for his present content; and if I find any long delay in his Lordship's returning them back unto me, I will proceed of myself according to my first intention; to which I beseech your Lordship give credit, at the request,

My Lord, of your Lordship's ready servant,

D. Sinnott.

(9.) To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.

Wexford, 6th October, 1649.

Sir,

You might have spared your trouble in the account you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of your horse, and of your resolutions in case he

[1] This was Arthur Viscount Magennis of Iveagh, who was attainted in 1642. In Cromwell's self-denying ordinance he was excepted from pardon for life and estate; he was afterward restored. The territory of the Magennis tribe included the whole of Down; it was limited at a later period to Hyveagh, a territory of Dalriada, in the county of Down, now forming part of the baronies of Upper and Lower Iveagh, with some other parts of the same county including Moy Innis, now the barony of Lecale. M'Geoghegan's *History of Ireland*, pp. 119 and 121; O'Callaghan's *History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France*, p. 330 n.; Glasgow, 1870. Bryan Viscount Iveagh was a colonel in the Irish army of James II.; at the end of the war he entered the Austrian service. He died without issue. *Ibid.*

answered not your expectation in point of time. These are your own concernments, and it behooves you to improve them, and the relief you mention to your best advantage.

All that I have to say is, to desire you to take notice, that I do hereby revoke my safe conduct from the persons mentioned therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for another. I rest, Sir,

Your servant,

O. CROMWELL.

The same day Cromwell landed his artillery and stores, and began to erect a battery that would command the ferry and prevent all communication with the town. The position which he chose was the rising ground to the south of the town, now occupied by the residence of Mr. Cormack and still known as Cromwell's Fort. A battery of four guns was erected on the top of the Trespan Rock close by.[1] The governor was in some apprehension for the safety of the place, chiefly on account of the scarcity of supplies. But if a body of five hundred men, well supplied with provisions, was sent him, he made no question of defending it against the enemy, who began already to suffer for want of forage. Ormonde resolved to attempt the relief of the place in person. Leaving General Taaffe with a Connaught regiment to garrison Ross, he set out with the rest of his army, and crossing the Slaney, came on the evening of October 11th to the ferry on the north side of the town. He sent a message to the mayor, that he had come to give the townsmen any further help they pleased. Some of the aldermen came to express their thanks, and declared they were willing to receive any number of men he might wish to send. Sir Edmund Butler, governor of the county, succeeded in entering the town with 300 foot and 100 horse; on account of his great experience and well-known bravery he was appointed military governor of the town with the consent of the townsmen.

The batteries were ready for action on the evening of the 10th. At an early hour the following morning they began to play on the castle, which stood outside the walls on the south side of the town. Against this the besiegers directed the whole force of their artillery, seeing that if it was captured, the town would soon follow. By noon the battlements of the castle were beaten down, and three great breeches were made in two of the towers. When about a hundred shots were fired, "the Governor's stomach came down." He demanded a parley, and asked that four persons chosen by him should go out and propose certain terms of surrender.

(10.) For the Lord General Cromwell.

Wexford, 11th October, 1649.

MY LORD,—

In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to send me a safe conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alderman Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send to your Lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest,

My Lord, your servant,

D. SINNOTT.

[1] The breastwork of this battery was standing up to the year 1829. It has been effaced since by the working of the quarry near.

"Which desire I condescending to," says Cromwell in the letter to the Speaker of the parliament, "two field officers with an alderman of the town and the captain of the castle, brought out the following propositions, which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudence of the men, I thought fit to present to your view, together with my answer:"

"*The propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the town and castle of Wexford and on behalf of the officers, soldiers, and inhabitants in the said town and castle, to General Cromwell:—*

"1. That all and every the inhabitants of the said town from time to time, and at all times hereafter, shall have free and uninterrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise, and profess the Roman Catholic religion, without restriction, mulct, or penalty, any law or statue to the contrary notwithstanding.

"2. That the regular and secular Roman Catholic clergy now possessed of the churches, church-livings, monasteries, religious houses, and chapels in the said town and in the suburbs and franchises thereof, and their successors, shall have, hold, and enjoy to them and their successors for ever the said churches, &c., and shall teach and preach in them publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

"3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Catholics of his diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

"4. That all the officers and soldiers of whatever quality and degree soever in the said town and castle, and such of the inhabitants as are so pleased, shall march with flying colors, and be conveyed safe with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all sorts, horses, moneys, and whatever else belongs to them, to the town of Ross and there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each musketeer towards their march a pound of powder, four yards of match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong convoy to be sent with the said soldiers, within twenty-four hours after the yielding up of the said town.

"5. That such of the inhabitants of the said town as will desire to leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry away out of the said town all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, corn, malt, and other provisions which they have for their defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, of what quality or condition soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and said goods to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

"6. That the mayor, bailiffs, free burgesses, and commons of the said town may have, hold, and enjoy the said town and suburbs, their commons, their franchises, liberties and immunities, which hitherto they enjoyed; and that the mayor, bailiffs, and free burgesses may have the government of the said town, as hitherto they enjoyed the same from the realm of England, and that they have no other government, they adhering to the State of England and observing their orders and the orders of their governors in this realm for the time being.

"7. That all the burgesses and inhabitants, either native or strangers, of the said town, who shall continue their abode therein, or come to live there within three months, and their heirs shall have, hold, and enjoy their several castles, houses, lands, tenements, and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their goods and chattels, to them and their heirs to their own several uses for ever without molestation.

"8. That such burgess or burgesses, or other inhabitants of the said towns, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said town, shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates respectively to their best advantage; and further, have full liberty and a safe-conduct respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

"9. That all and singular the inhabitants of the said town, either native or strangers, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, shall have, reap, and enjoy the full liberty of free-born English subjects, without the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the freemen of the said town shall be as free in all the seaports, cities, and towns in England, as the freemen of all and every the said

cities and towns; and all and every the said freemen of the said cities and towns to be as free in their said town of Wexford as the freemen thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce together on all hands.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance, which was hitherto between the said town and castle on the one part, and the Parliament or State of England on the other part; but that all acts, transgressions, offences, depredations, and other crimes of what nature and quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or done, or supposed to be attempted or done, by the inhabitants of the said town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said town, either native or stranger, and every of them, shall pass in oblivion, without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand, or questioning for them or any of them, now or at any time hereafter."

(11.) For the Commander-in-Chief in the town of Wexford.

Before Wexford, 11th October, 1649.

"SIR,

"I have had the patience to peruse your propositions; to which I might have returned an answer with some disdain. But, to be short, I shall give the soldiers and non-commissioned officers quarter for life, and leave to go to their several habitations, with their wearing clothes; they engaging themselves to take up arms no more against the Parliament of England; and the commissioned officers for their lives, but to render themselves prisoners. And as for the inhabitants, I shall engage myself that no violence shall be offered to their goods, and that I shall protect their town from plunder.

"I expect your positive answer instantly; and if you will upon these terms surrender and quit, and in one hour send to me four officers of the quality of field-officers and two aldermen, for the performance thereof, I shall thereupon forbear all acts of hostility.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Dies Iræ.

REV. H. F. FAIRBANKS has contributed the following translation of this sublime hymn to the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen:*

Day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When the earth shall melt away,
David and the Sybil say.

O, how great shall be the fear!
When the Judge will then appear,
And will make all judgments clear.

Trumpet sounding wondrous tone
Through sepulchral regions lone,
Shall bring all before the throne.

Death and nature with surprise,
Will behold the creature rise,
And in judgment make replies.

Then the written book is brought,
In which word and deed and thought,
For just judgment shall be sought.

Judge of justice seated high,
Secret sins before thine eye,
Naught unpunished can pass by.

How can wretched I endure?
Whom a patron then procure,
When the just are scarce secure?

King of awful majesty!
Who saves free who saved shall be,
Fount of pity, save thou me!

Oh, remember, Jesus, pray!
That for me thou madst the way,
Lest I perish on that day.

Didst sit weary seeking me?
Didst redeem me on the tree?
Labor vain it must not be.

Judge of justice, Judge severe!
Take away all sin and fear,
Ere the reckoning day draws near.

I do mourn, of guilty race,
Sin that crimsons on my face,
Spare thy suppliant, God of grace!

Who didst Mary's sin forgive,
Bade the dying robber live,
Hope to me didst likewise give.

Prayers unworthy do not spurn,
But thine eyes in mercy turn,
Lest in fire I always burn.

With Thy flock may I abide,
May I stand at thy right side
When the sheep and goats divide.

When the damned in terror flee
To the bitter, burning sea,
With the Blessed call thou me.

I beseech thee! bowing low,
Heart like ashes, burnt from tow,
At my death Thy care bestow.

Day of tears! that mournful day,
When shall rise from house of clay

Guilty man to judgment nigh;
Spare him, therefore, God on High.

Holy Lord, O Jesus Blest!
Give to them eternal rest.
Amen.

A JESUIT FIRST INVENTED BALLOONS.—Father Bartholomew de Gusmao at Lisbon, offered to ascend in the balloon he had made. But so extraordinary did the proposal appear to those who ignored the natural laws on which the invention was founded, that it was assumed that evil spirits must be at work, and the Portuguese Inquisition took alarm. Father de Gusmao then suggested that the Grand Inquisitor should ascend in the balloon; but that harmless joke exerted great scandal; the Father was accused by the most credulous of being possessed by the devil, and was accordingly sent to prison, whence his brethren afterwards procured his deliverence. He died in Spain in 1724.

Justice to a Wronged Wife.

THE *Central Catholic Advocate* has the following remarks upon the death of the late editor of the Brooklyn, N. Y., *Eagle*:—"The Church has ever maintained the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage tie, despite persecution, military power, spoliation and robbery. The decrees of the divorce court she will never recognize, and she brands the marriage of divorced parties as sinful and meriting excommunication. In this she not only upholds the sanctity of marriage, but protects the rights of the injured party,— generally the wife.

"The latest case which has attracted attention and excited comment on this subject, is that of Thomas Kinsella, editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, who died recently. Kinsella was a native of Ireland, and a Catholic. In early life, and while poor, he married. By energy he rose from the position of compositor, to that of chief editor of the *Eagle;* from poverty to wealth; from obscurity to prominence in politics. His wife labored and bore the trials of humble life with him, bore him five children, and reared them.

"Wealth and fame, it seems, caused Kinsella to forget the Church of his fathers, and ere long the wife of his bosom, and his children; nay, more, to covet the wife of another man. Possessed of wealth and influence, he enters the divorce court, and comes out with a divorce from his wife, and a divorce for the object of his infatuation from her husband. His wife, discarded, is with her children banished from his home; the home of his neighbor is broken up; and Thomas Kinsella and his enamored are by the services of Henry Ward Beecher declared man and wife in accordance with the laws of the State of New York and Plymouth Church. Kinsella and his wife (?) become members of Beecher's church.

"Years of prosperity and health, but the end must come. Kinsella is stricken with serious illness. Death is at hand. Beecher is sent for; but though he prays with and tries to console the dying man, the teachings implanted in his heart by a Catholic mother, which had been ignored for years, now come up before him. He sends for the Catholic priest, who comes, but is refused admission by the partner of his iniquity. He sends again, and the priest returns, and comes to his bedside. The law of the Church, in all its stern immutability, must be complied with, or no reconciliation with God; the wife of the divorce courts must be discarded; the true wife must be restored to her place and her rights, or no pardon for sin or salvation for his soul. Wealth, political influence and the chicanery of courts could avail nothing now. He was on the verge of eternity, and about to meet his God in judgment. The unchangeable law of God is by his minister explained to him. If he refuses he cannot receive the rites of the Church.

"He sends for the wife of the divorce court, discards and orders her from him. The true wife is called in, he becomes reconciled with her, and changes his will to her and her children. She is now fully

restored to her proper place and rights. The priest of God administers the last rites of the Church, and Thomas Kinsella's soul departs to meet its God."

The husband of the divorced woman obtained a verdict against Kinsella for $50,000 damages, which he refused to use, and placed it in bank, which, with interest, has been given to the woman, Fields.

The Symbolism of Easter Eggs.

In the various countries of Europe, ancient uses and customs are still to be found, whose origin is lost in the dim antiquity of ages. Uses common to special seasons of the Christian year exist in many countries, though they were observed by the peoples in times long anterior to the introduction of Christianity. The Church in her wisdom and knowledge of human nature adopted and purified many heathen customs; like a tolerant mother she is in nowise opposed to the lawful earthly joys of her children; and even permitted to the peoples on their conversion to Christianity the continuance of ancient heathen customs and uses, in so far as they offered no danger to faith and morals. The Church went still further; she gave to customs, secular in their origin, a religious character; and, consecrating them by her blessing, she imparted to them a higher signification either as illustrating revealed truths, or as pointing to the signification of the heart of man.

The use of Easter eggs, well known in Catholic countries on the Continent, we may take as an illustration of this twofold significance. Even in prechristian times the custom prevailed of making presents of eggs, painted red or gilt, as a token of good luck. This custom still flourishes in Catholic countries, where such Easter eggs are blessed and given as presents, and are in as common use on Easter Sunday as hot cross-buns are with us on Good Friday.

The relation, which the symbolic egg has with Easter, is susceptible of an easy explanation, for Easter eggs are regarded as a symbol of the Resurrection of Our Lord. How insignificant, how lifeless, how paltry is an egg, and yet it contains in itself the germ of a living, and for the most part, a beautiful and highly useful being. And when the embryo life within the egg is sufficiently developed and ripe, it bursts its outer shell and goes forth full of life and glory. In like manner how insignificant, how poor and paltry was the first manifestation on earth of the Child of Bethlehem; and yet how sublime was His doctrine, how full of blessing and grace His Life, His action, His Passion and Death, and when at His Death His work of Redemption seemed destroyed He broke through the shell of the grave and the bonds of death and went forth full of life and transfigured in glory out of the grave.

Again, Easter eggs are a symbol of the Sacrament of the Altar.

The essence of the egg is its inner part, and it affords for sick and sound alike a highly nutritious and salutary food; but this nobler part of the egg is concealed beneath the outer shell. The most strengthening and salutary spiritual food which Catholics receive is Holy Communion, is the Body and Blood of Christ — the pledge of eternal life. It is a food just as salutary and as necessary for the spiritually sound — the good who are in a state of grace; as for the spiritually sick — sinners; as necessary for the former, that they may be preserved from the sickness of the soul, that is from sin, as for the latter, that they may recover again spiritual health — the state of grace. And as men take the earthly food of the egg, hidden under the cover of the outer shell, so do they receive the heavenly food of the soul, hidden under the forms of bread and wine.

And thirdly, Easter eggs are a symbol of man's earthly life. The shell of the egg is the covering, the dwelling which encloses its nobler and better part. This covering is very frail, and various in form and color; yet, however beautiful the form and however varied the color, they impart no higher value to the substance. The more the egg within itself is filled with life, the more this enclosed life unfolds itself and develops, the more it attains to ripeness and perfection, the more does it strive to break out of its prison, to reach to the light of the earth, and to become an independent being. In like manner is the soul of man, the better and nobler part of his being, enclosed in the covering of his very frail and mortal body as in a prison, and leads there a life very circumscribed and very dependent on the external world. And whether the body be ever so beautiful, ever so ugly, whether it be clothed in rags or in costly garments — all this makes it neither more beautiful, nor more ugly, neither better nor worse — nay, a soul more noble and more pious is oftener found under a worse garment than under robes of purple and of fine linen. The soul can live without the body, but the body cannot live and subsist without the soul. The spirit of man, too, seeks to break through the outer covering of the body, seeks to free itself from its narrow prison-house, and to attain to an independent life; and this is the case for the most part with those human souls which have most advanced in the love of God and in Christian perfection.

And lastly, Easter eggs are the symbols of man's future resurrection. The egg is warmed, its inner part suffers a change, corrupts, and then it lives; and out of the shell goes forth a living being, which is always greater and more glorious than the egg itself. And these living beings, which go forth out of the egg are various in form, in size, in feathers and voice. Out of the egg go forth the peacock and the wren, the eagle and the cock, the nightingale and the sparrow. But none comprehend how all this comes to pass, how out of the little egg so glorious a creature proceeds, how such a change takes place, how in the dead egg can lie the germ of a living being.

A like change takes place in the human body. The body is broken by death; it rots and corrupts in the grave — until on the day of the resurrection the graves open and the earth gives up its dead, so different in form and beauty, so manifold, and so varied in aspect —

some bodies beautiful and glorified — the bodies of the elect; some bodies hideous and abominable — the bodies of the condemned. But the glorified bodies of the elect, according to their merits and to the works of piety done on earth, differ in beauty and in glory. Speaking of the body, St. Paul says: "It is sown in corruption, it shall rise in corruption; it is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory; it is sown a natural body, it shall rise a spiritual body." A prototype of man's glorified body is the transfigured Body of Christ on Mount Tabor, as well as His glorified Body after His Resurrection on the third day from the grave.

St. John's Eve.

AN IRISH OCCURRENCE OF A HALF A CENTURY AGO.

CHAPTER I.

THE year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, was a remarkable year in Ireland's history.

The Catholics, who for centuries had been kept under the iron heel of despotism, this year began to assert their rights, and they demanded from the government emancipation from the injustice and disabilities they were laboring under. Daniel O'Connell, the leader of their cause, announced himself a candidate, as member for the county of Clare in the imperial parliament. This caused great rejoicing amongst the masses of the people, for Mr. O'Connell was the fearless, outspoken champion of their rights. The government looked on what was considered his aggressive policy with alarm, for from the time of James the Second, no Catholic had sat in parliament, and the very idea of an Irish papist running for that position was, with the dominant party, little less than high treason.

It was with the Right Hon. Vesey Fitzgerald who had been a cabinet minister and stood high with the government, that Mr. O'Connell was to contest the county, and so bitter was the animosity of the Orange faction, that they made it their boast, that should Fitzgerald be by any means defeated, they would not allow O'Connell to take his seat in parliament. And the government, also, with a view of intimidating the people, poured large bodies of troops into Ireland, and they were ready to be let loose at any moment to massacre and plunder the unarmed and defenceless peasantry.

All this show of force did not in the least disturb Mr. O'Connell, but on the contrary made him more determined in his efforts to carry the election, and at this early period of his career, we behold him nobly standing before the world, the able champion of his country's rights against the cruel and despotic tyranny of England.

CHAPTER II.

At the time of which we write, the city of Limerick, that borders on the county Clare, was one of the gayest cities in Ireland. The beauty of its fair daughters were famous at home and abroad; and in the gay *salons* of Paris, as well as the fashionable drawing-rooms of London and Dublin, the enlivening air of the "Limerick Lassies," was all the rage. The aristocracy of this ancient city were proud and imperious, and they were strict adherents of the *code duello* in the settlement of their disputes. The "Trades Guilds," and other city societies justly boasted of being descendants of those heroes that drove William of Orange and his legions from their walls, and to them O'Connell appeared as another Sarsfield come to lead them to victory against their inveterate foes. And their moral aid and sympathy for Mr. O'Connell, contributed in no small degree to the success of his election.

CHAPTER III.

It was the 23d of June, — the day preceding the feast of St. John's, — a day which in Ireland is observed as a holy day of strict obligation. The greater part of the population of the city were up from early dawn, awaiting the coming of Daniel O'Connell, who was to arrive amongst them and stay in the city over night, on his way from Dublin to Ennis, where he was to commence his canvas for the election. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed amongst the people for their great leader and the cause he was advocating. A large procession was formed of the corporate guilds and trades societies; and each society, headed by its band and banners, and the members decorated in the rich regalia of their orders and carrying white wands in their hands, marched forth to meet their "LIBERATOR," as they affectionately called him. Open carriages, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, containing young ladies costumed in green and white, moved in front of the procession, and they had a plentiful supply of flowers to strew before the Liberator. When Mr. O'Connell's carriage was met, its horses were unyoked, and silken ropes substituted in their stead, which were taken hold of by guards of honor, detached from the procession for that purpose, and by them his carriage was drawn to his hotel, while the streets over which he passed were literally strewn with roses, by the young ladies before spoken of. The recollection of that glorious day still fondly survives in the memory of many old people who are yet living and were present at the time. When Mr. O'Connell reached Swinburne's Hotel, he addressed the multitudes from the balcony, and spoke most encouragingly of his prospects of success, after which he retired to seek that repose he so much needed after his long and tiresome journey.

St. John's Eve has been long celebrated in Ireland by bonfires and other festivities. The origin of this we cannot trace, but that it is an ancient custom whereof the memory of man runneth not, none will dispute, and in no part of Ireland is the celebration kept up with more

spirit and rejoicing than in the city of Limerick. So when Mr. O'Connell retired, it might be said that the festivities had only commenced. Huge pyramids of peat turf were constructed in all the public places of the city to be burned as bonfires at night. But the great centre of attraction on this occasion was St. John's Square, where was to be burned the largest fire and the most entertaining amusements were to be carried on. St. John's Square was at this time one of the finest and best locations in the city. The houses on every side of it were large and commodious, most of them having gardens in front, with fountains in the centres shooting up their silvery spray, which gave the Square a grand and elegant appearance. The residents of the Square were mainly composed of wealthy merchants and professional gentlemen, and their establishments, and the style in which they lived, displayed their taste, culture and refinement. Workmen were busy all the day building the huge pile of turf for the bonfire, and making seats in the form of an amphitheatre around it, with wide spaces between the seats and the fire for dancing and other amusements, and openings on the corners left ample room for pedestrians to pass in and around.

At the head of the central row of seats, there was a dais on which was a throne beautifully festooned with the flags of Erin, and on each side of it, were guilded harps interwoven with roses, shamrocks and daisies.

This throne was for the Queen of beauty and honor who was to light the bonfire, and open the festivities for the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

The Queen on this occasion was a young lady named Agnes Eleanor Rowe. She had been selected according to custom by a committee of arrangements, from among the young ladies of the vicinity. She was the only child of a rich widower. Her father had been a merchant, but was long retired from business, and was living with his daughter, the young lady aforesaid, in grand style in a fine mansion fronting on the square. Miss Rowe was about twenty years old and a lady of rare beauty; her features were of the Grecian classic type, and denoted high intellect as well as sweet benevolence. Her brilliant black eyes were fringed with silken lashes of the same color, and heavy masses of her jetty raven hair fell in profused ringlets over her snowy shoulders. Her great benevolence and charitable works made her the beloved of all classes and the idol of the poor. And although strictly speaking she might not be considered as belonging to the upper aristocracy owing to her father having been a merchant, yet her wealth and beauty were such, that her hand was sought after by some of the proudest scions of the titled aristocracy, all of whom she rejected for she took a just pride in being sprung from the people and belonging to the people. Amongst her many admirers, was one young gentleman, who loved her sincerely, and yet never had an opportunity of making his love known. He lived in a mansion on the square only a short distance from her father's house. He was of a Protestant family,

his father was a Tory and a Magistrate, and stood high with the government. This young gentleman was tall and handsome, and about twenty-five years old. He had been for some time an officer in an infantry regiment, but, not liking the service, sold out his commission, and was then living with his father and mother and two sisters. Although he was strictly brought up in loyalty to the King and the Protestant Church as by law established in Ireland, yet of such a liberal disposition was he, that he warmly sympathized with the Catholics in their struggle to emancipate themselves from the disabilities they were laboring under, and he openly took sides with Mr. O'Connell in his canvass for the representation of the County Clare. This while it tended to create a suspicion against him by the dominant faction, made him very popular with the masses. His father became much displeased with him, and often remonstrated with him, telling him the course he was pursuing was very annoying to his friends, and quite ruinous to his own and his family's interests. But young Stafford Blakeney, for such we will assume was his and his family's name throughout this narrative, would answer him by saying: Dear Father, it is against every principle of my nature, to cause you pain or embarrassment, but the struggle in which our suffering fellow-countrymen are engaged is just, and as I am an Irishman born in Irish soil, I cannot, according to the dictates of my conscience, do otherwise than assist them to recover their rights, whatever penalties I may incur, or sacrifices I may make in so doing. These sayings would make the old gentleman very angry; but as he dearly loved his son, such little episodes used to generally pass over without rancor on either side.

CHAPTER V.

After the day's rejoicing, at which every one seemed happy, the sun went down in floods of golden and crimson flame, shedding its gorgeous grandeur over the ancient city. The bells of St. Mary's Cathedral had scarcely ceased to peal the evening chimes as the hour had come for lighting the bonfires. Miss Rowe was prepared for the occasion. She was magnificently robed in white and green, and wore a brilliant diamond necklace and cross, while a natural white rose set off to great advantage her jet black hair. As the city clocks told the hour of eight, a procession, with flats and tar barrels blazing thereon, filed into the Square. The band struck up the favorite air of "Garryowen," and the young lady descended from the steps of her father's mansion accompanied by twelve young ladies, beautifully costumed as maids of honor, while four boys dressed in green and gold and velvet caps with snowy ostrich plumes as pages bore her train. As she came forward, a torch was placed in her hand by the Master of Ceremonies, with which she lighted the bonfire. She then ascended to the throne, and taking her seat, made proclamation, that the festivities of St. John's Eve had commenced. The Master of Ceremonies, then approached her. He was a handsome young gentleman, dressed in a tunic of light blue, richly fringed with silver lace, a green baldric, on which was embroidered in gold, the harp and shamrocks of Erin,

crossed his shoulder, while russet boots completed his costume. Laying down his plumed cap, and kneeling at the feet of the Queen, he kissed her white gloved hand, which she gracefully extended to him. Then arising, he led her down from the throne to the dance, where sets had been formed in the open spaces before described. The band struck up its enlivening strains, and the dancing commenced amidst the loud huzzas of the delighted assemblage.

CHAPTER VI.

Owing to the near approach of the election, the garrison of the city of Limerick was largely increased by several regiments of cavalry, artillery and infantry.

The military were kept within their barracks during this day and evening, for the authorities were afraid if they allowed the soldiers through the city, they might intermingle with, and become too familiar with the people. But nearly all the officers off duty went out of the barracks to see the bonfires. Lord F —— was a captain in one of the Dragoon regiments stationed in the city. He was a young nobleman of large fortune, but had dissipated habits. On this evening in undress-uniform, and attended by his orderly, he rode through the city to see all that was going on, after stopping for some time at his club-house, in George's Street, where he drank rather freely of champagne and brandy. He again set forth, and drifting along with the crowd soon found himself in St. John's Square. The dance at the time of his entrance in the Square was nearly over, and Miss Rowe was about to retire for the evening. Lord F —— halted his horse on one of the openings between the amphitheatre, and when he caught sight of her, he was struck with wonder at her singular grace and beauty, and dismounting, he gave his horse in charge of his orderly, and made his way to where the dance was going on, and approaching Miss Rowe, said, "Fair one, your beauty has charmed me and made captive my heart, and I claim you as a partner for the next set." She looked at him with amazement, as her face flushed deep crimson, and said, "Sir! you being a stranger, and as I suppose unacquainted with our manners, somewhat excuses your intrusion; otherwise the offensiveness of your conduct deserves severe censure. So you had better leave us to our innocent amusement, and go on your way." As she spoke thus the music ceased to play, and Miss Rowe calling her attendants was about to cross over to her home, when the young lord, evidently mistaking her for one in humbler life, put his arm around her and said, "Nay, nay, my pretty one, you shall not leave me thus; we shall dance together in the next set."

When the spectators saw this they were struck with indignation at the conduct of the officer, yet so careful were they of avoiding everything calculated to cause a breach of the peace, that they refrained from chastising the officer on the spot for the insult he had given their fair, young patroness.

Mr. Blakeney who had been sitting in his window during the evening, was an observer of all that took place, and became very indig-

nant at the rude manner that the young lady had been treated by the officer. So he rushed from the house, and in his passage through the hallway, seized a cane that was standing in the hall rack. He was soon by the side of the young lady, and, taking Lord F—— by the collar, said in his ear, "Dastard, your conduct toward this young lady is that of a ruffian, and if your cowardly spirit permits, you shall answer *me* for the insults you have given her." He then flung him aside, and, giving his arm to Miss Rowe was about to lead her away, when Lord F —— drew his sword, and with an oath cried out, "Rebel dog! I'll teach you that you shall not dare to interfere with an officer of his majesty's dragoon guards," and then made a furious thrust at Mr. Blakeney, which that gentleman fortunately averted by jumping aside, and the doing of which, saved his life. Lord F—— not having succeeded in killing Mr. Blakeney followed up his attack on him, which gave that gentleman as much as he could do to defend himself, but as he was an expert swordsman, he succeeded in parrying the cuts and thrusts aimed at him by Lord F ——. But the contest was unequal, and it became evident to the beholders, that Mr. Blakeney's skill could not equalize his weapon with that of his antagonist, and that he would be surely overcome if the combat was to continue much longer, and the anxiety of the spectators, and their eagerness to interfere and save Mr. Blackeney was becoming manifest. Lord F—— was now furious, and finding his efforts to wound or disable Mr. Blakeney were futile, he shouted out with rage, "Die, rebel," as he made another desperate cut at him. In Blakeney's effort to save himself from this attack, the cane seemed to fly from him and left in his hand a keen, glittering blade, for it was a sword-cane, which he unknowingly brought from the hall-rack, and in the struggle the cane was knocked off. The crowd pressed from behind and in his effort to extricate himself, and shield the young lady who was close by, the blade unintentionally on his part, pierced the breast of Lord F—— and he fell mortally wounded at his feet. The crowd not well knowing what happened, gave a loud hurrah as they saw the officer fall. Mr. Blakeney was also much surprised, not knowing up to that time, that his weapon was a sword-cane. He gave orders to immediately procure a surgeon, and have him attended to without regard to expense. But Lord F —— was beyond a surgeon's aid, for the blade had penetrated his heart and he was already dead.

CHAPTER VII.

All was now confusion and excitement. Mr. Blakeney gave Agnes his arm, the people made way for them to pass, and he conveyed her to her father's door, and was about to leave her at the steps of the mansion, as he whispered in her ear, "Miss Rowe, long have I in my heart, and unknown to you and the world, admired and loved you, and I feel you will pardon me for making my great admiration of you known on such an inauspicious occasion as this." What further he might have said was interrupted by loud cries coming from all sides for him to fly, that the officer whose rank and title were recognized was dead, and that the soldiers were marching on the Square to arrest

him for murder. He took Miss Rowe's hand in his, and said in a low, sad voice, "I will never fly, I am sorry for this unfortunate occurrence, I know that my enemies seek my blood, but I have done nothing that causes me shame or fear. I will surrender myself to appease their wrath, and as I know my life is already forfeited, I feel I can die like a man and a Christian, and when I am no more, I hope, my dear Miss Rowe, you will sometimes think of me as the victim of an unfortunate circumstance, and of one whose love for you was dearer than anything in the world, and who would willingly part with ten thousand lives were he possessed of them for your sake. So now, with my sincere prayers for your welfare, and regretting that we have to part almost as soon as we met, I wish you good-by,— adieu — forever." "Oh, say not so," she shrieked, "don't go, I will go with you, and die with you. I have long known your excellent qualities and great efforts for the cause of our poor, suffering country, and now that you have risked your life for me, I will never leave you." The further utterance of her words were rendered inaudible by loud shouts and the screams of women and children, and the clatter and trampling of horses, as a squadron of dragoons with drawn sabres rode furiously into the Square, pressing the people on every side. Now all was turmoil and confusion, the seats were torn down, and many people were trampled under foot as the crowd forced themselves back on each other in their frantic efforts to get out of the way of the cavalry. During all this time the bonfire blazed brightly, shedding its livid gleams on the mad scene.

What caused the dragoons to so suddenly make their appearance was this: when the orderly who had charge of Lord F——'s horse saw his master fall, he instantly put spurs to his own steed and rode with all his might to the cavalry barracks, and when he got there, he shouted with all the strength of his lungs, that Lord F—— had been murdered by Papist rebels, and that the rebels were now on their way to the barracks to attack the soldiers. This excited the dragoons who were composed mostly of Englishmen, and their trumpeters at once sounded to "boot and saddle," and thus it was, that caused them to charge into the Square in the manner we have related. The report was also circulated among the populace that the soldiers were let loose from their barracks to massacre the people and sack the city. This caused the greatest excitement and alarm. The citizens made up their minds that they would not permit the soldiery to murder them without resistance, and they began to arm themselves as best they could, in order to sell their lives as dear as possible.

Things now got to be quite alarming. Other troops consisting of battalions of infantry with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets marched into the Square. The people were closely packed, and the military forming in line, had them completely in their power. Old Justice Blakeney, the father of the young gentleman whom we left with Miss Rowe at the steps of her father's mansion, was on horseback and as chief magistrate ordered the people to immediately disperse, which it was utterly impossible for them to do, owing to their crowded condition. And because they did not instantly obey his orders, he proceeded to read the Riot Act, and the soldiers were about to fire on the people, when an

open carriage drawn by four horses made its way through the crowd under the lash of the driver, and the panting horses were reined in to a sudden halt between the levelled muskets of the soldiers and the people, when the noble and commanding figure of Daniel O'Connell stood up in the carriage, and in tones of thunder he shouted to the magistrate on his peril not to dare have the soldiers fire. At this the magistrate was taken aback, and he rode up to the carriage of Mr. O'Connell, and demanded by what authority he dared to interfere with him in the discharge of his duty. Mr. O'Connell answered in his rich and magnificent voice, that was heard by all around, that he was one of his majesty's counsel, and as such it was his duty to maintain the peace and defend the king's subjects from unwarrantable attack, and that if a single life was sacrificed he would hold him responsible, and have him and his aiders and abettors indicted for murder. On this the magistrate conferred with the commander of the troops, which conference ended by that officer giving the command to his soldiers to order arms, and thus by the timely arrival of O'Connell was a fearful massacre averted. Mr. O'Connell then addressed the people and told them to go quietly to their homes, and to be careful under all circumstances to keep the peace, as it would be a crime for them to violate the law, for said he, in that apothegm of his which afterwards became famous, "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

There was another in the carriage with Daniel O'Connell; it was no less a person than the celebrated Father Pat Hogan, Vicar General of the Diocese, a clergymen beloved by all for his unbounded charity, great patriotism and goodness of heart. When Daniel O'Connell had done speaking, he arose and gave the people his blessing, and also told them to go peaceably home, which they now began to do. Shortly afterwards all was quiet, the troops had marched away, Mr. O'Connell and his companion had driven back to the hotel. The fire was burning down without any one to take care of it, and save some picket guards resting on their arms, and a few watchmen going their rounds, the Square was deserted.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is now time for us to see what became of Mr. Blakeney, whom we left bidding adieu to Miss Rowe, as he was about to surrender himself a prisoner. As the Dragoons rode into the square, Miss Rowe was given in charge to her father, who had come to his door to receive her. Blakeney was then making his way through the crowd, to give himself up to the officer commanding the troops, when he was suddenly seized and his arms pinioned by strong hands, and on turning round, he found himself in the grasp of two gentlemen, one of whom he knew to be a particular friend of his; with the other he was not so well acquainted, but he knew him to be a wealthy shipowner of the city. They forced him into a cab and drove with him rapidly away. These gentlemen, who were together in the square, saw from the commencement all that had taken place, and knowing the extreme peril Mr.

Blakeney was in, and being desirous to do all they could to save him, they immediately procured a cab, and drove rapidly to Daniel O'Connell's hotel, to seek his aid and advice, in regard to the matter.

Father Pat Hogan, the Vicar-General of the Diocese, was in company with Mr. O'Connell at the time of their arrival. As soon as the facts were made known to Mr. O'Connell, as he was one of the first lawyers of the day, he saw at once that no time was to be lost, and that owing to the state of the times, that the government would be only too glad to find a victim to wreak their vengeance on. He knew also that Mr. Blakeney was a friend of popular rights, and this gave him additional zest to save him. So he instructed the gentlemen to drive immediately back and to get Blakeney willing or unwilling to go to St. Francis Abbey with them, and once there he would be concealed and taken care of by the fishermen of the locality, till opportunity offered him to leave the country. He then wrote a letter to a young fisherman, with whom he was slightly acquainted, named Hayes, and, giving it to one of the gentlemen, told him to deliver it to him; then ordering his carriage, he drove to the square, in company with Father Hogan, where his timely presence saved the people from the soldiers who were about to fire on them.

CHAPTER IX.

St. Francis Abbey is an old structure that dates from the days of Brian Boiromhe. Its ruins are situated in a quiet and remote part of the city. The houses surrounding it were occupied then, as they are now, chiefly by fishermen and their families. These fishermen are an honest, industrious and hardy class of men. A branch of the Shannon, called the Abbey river, runs before their doors, and on its banks they moor their skiffs and boats, and on the walls and battlements of the bridge, hang their seines and nets to dry while they are resting from their labor. From here their flotillas set forth generally in the night time for the fishing banks on the lower Shannon, and it is quite animating to see them set out and return, particularly when they are successful in their salmon fishing. Their boats are of a curious structure, built by themselves and capable of carrying only two persons at a time besides their nets and place to deposit their fish; they are called corraghs. It is wonderful to see an Indian putting to sea in his frail canoe, but more wonderful still to see the manner in which these fishermen brave tempest, wave and tide, in their corraghs. Pat Hayes, who had been out in the day's procession, and returned home late, was not aware of what was going on throughout the city after nightfall. He was gayly whistling the *cricískeen lawn*, while making ready his nets and poles for the night's fishing. He was a fine, manly young fellow, and an enthusiastic admirer of the great O'Connell. As he stood on the threshold of his door in the act of bidding his aged parents good-night, a cab containing three gentlemen, was rapidly driven up to his humble dwelling. He was handed the letter by one of them, and when he read it, a flush overspread his manly countenance, and he was almost overcome with pride, at the confidence placed in him, for the letter was from Daniel O'Connell himself. Then one of the gentlemen asking for

paper and writing materials, which were furnished him by Hayes, he entered the house, and wrote a letter to the Captain of an emigrant ship, that was lying in the pool some miles below the city, waiting for favorable winds to sail out of the Shannon for America. He gave the letter to the fisherman and told him to take Mr. Blakeney (for it was that gentleman and his friends who had come in the cab) and place him aboard the ship and when there, to deliver the letter to the captain. Mr. Blakeney, who by this time was informed of the programme laid out for him, still insisted that he would much rather surrender himself, but as his friends would entertain no such proposition from him, he reluctantly disguised himself as a fisherman, and then shouldering a net and poles according to instructions, he, in company with Hayes and escorted by his friends, went to the river bank, where, bidding his friends adieu, he stepped into the *corragh* with Hayes, and they silently floated down the river.

CHAPTER X.

The noises of the city sounded with strange effect on the ears of Blakeney, as he and the fisherman sped along over the silent waters, while the lurid gleams of the bonfires, cast their reflections in weird shadows on the rippling and eddying river. Blakeney's thoughts were of home, family and friends, and how he was leaving them a fugitive from justice, branded as a murderer, he, whose morning of life was so bright, whose manhood was so promising, all was now blasted, and she too, on whom his dearest affections were centered, for the future would hear him spoken of as a murderer; these were certainly sad reflections. But he knew also that she would vindicate his name, and this was at least one consolation, that gave him some encouragement amidst the great gloom and anguish that beset his troubled mind. They had now got into that beautiful estuary of the river called the Pool, which was several miles in length and breadth, and in the centre of which, with all her sails set, and just ready to put to sea as a breeze was springing up, was the noble ship in which he was about to depart from his native land. The fisherman shouted out with all his might, "Ship ahoy," and paddling with renewed energy, the little *corragh* soon reached the vessel's side. After being noticed by one of the officers on deck, a rope was lowered, and the *corragh* being made fast, Mr. Blakeney and the fisherman, ascended by the rope, and were soon aboard the ship. The fisherman having found the captain, delivered to him the letter according to instructions and as soon as he read it, he came forward to where Mr. Blakeney was standing, near the gunwalls, and extending to that gentleman his hand, which was warmly grasped in return, he told him that although the ship was crowded, having more than her full complement of passengers, yet as Mr. M——,one of the owners of the ship, who sent him the letter, directed him to take him out on the passage, he would make arrangements so that he could occupy part of the state-room of his first officer. The letter without disclosing who Mr. Blakeney was, or any facts concerning him, stated that pressing business required him to be sent out on the hurry of the moment to Philadelphia, and, as the business was sudden and urgent, and gave him

no time for preparation, that the captain should try and make him as comfortable as possible during the voyage. The captain introduced him to his *Compagnon des Voyage*, and quarters in that officer's state-room being assigned to him, the captain ordered the anchor to be weighed, and the sails filling up with the freshening breeze, the captain joyfully rubbed his hands and told such of the passengers as had remained on deck, that the wind, having set in so favorable, he expected to take them clear out of the Shannon before sunrise. The fisherman who had been standing silent now lifted his hat, and, making a bow to Mr. Blakeney said, "May God bless you, sir, and grant you a safe journey." "Wait," said Mr. Blakeney, warmly grasping the fisherman by the hand, "I am under too great an obligation to you to permit of your leaving in that manner," and, taking a well-filled purse from his pocket, he placed it in the hand of the fisherman ; but the honest fellow handed it back again saying : " Poor as I am, sir, I will not take a penny of your money, and I consider it too great an honor to be able even in the slightest manner, to serve Mr. Blakeney," pronouncing his name in a whisper. Mr. Blakeney, who up to this time, did not think he was known by the fisherman, and seeing that he would be offended if he insisted further on his forcing on him the money, said, "Well, well, my good fellow, have it as you please ; but accept this, at least," taking from his finger a gold ring, and giving it to the fisherman, "in token of the very great service you have rendered me this night, and should it ever be our fortune to meet again, and it lies in my power in any manner to serve you, rest assured your kindness and confidence shall not be forgotten." The tear started in the fisherman's eye, as he again respectfully lifted his hat and ringing Mr. Blakeney warmly by the hand said, "God bless you, sir," as he disappeared over the ship's side, and unfastening his little corragh was soon on his way, solitary and alone, to the fishing banks, while the good ship in full sail, was bowling along before the breeze, and ere morning's dawn, she had rounded Cape Clear and according to the captain's prediction, was clear out of the Shannon, and was fairly in the waters of the great Atlantic ocean, on her way to America.

CHAPTER XI.

Now to return to the unfortunate manner in which Lord F—— met his death. As soon as the Hon. Mr. Blakeney, the old magistrate, discovered that he had been killed by his son, his fury became uncontrollable. He stamped and raved and swore, that he himself would become his son's executioner. He ordered his own house to be searched from bottom to top for him, and offered a hundred guineas out of his own pocket to any one that would arrest him. Mounted patrols were sent through the city in all directions, and out on every road by which it was thought he might escape; but as if by an interposition of Providence, the river was not once thought of by the authorities. Scouts were sent off to Dublin Castle with the information to the Lord Lieutenant, and he calling his counsel together, they offered a large reward for the apprehension of Blakeney, and the hue and cry was raised throughout the land, and a large price set on his head.

Miss Rowe, after Blakeney's escape, was conveyed to her chamber, where she was seized with a violent fever, and for some weeks she lay between life and death. Her father during this time assiduously watched over her with all the devotion of a fond parent, and all that the best medical skill and care could do was exercised for her, and thanks to her youth and kind nursing, her recovery was no longer doubtful, and she began to gain in strength and spirits from day to day. Not so with her old father, the strain was too much for him, and he began to sink under the great anxiety and vigilance he was subjected to during her illness; but he tried to conceal his condition from his daughter, and when he saw her convalescent and able to walk about once more, tears of thankfulness rolled down his cheeks, but he became so feeble that he had to take to bed himself. And his daughter who had regained her health and strength, in turn, became his anxious watcher and fond nurse, and his sickness was near throwing her into a relapse again; but such is the vivacity of youth, that her strength held out during what turned out to be his death-bed illness, and in three months from St. John's Eve, he was quietly laid in the tomb of his fathers in St. John's churchyard, leaving his daughter, Miss Agnes Eleanor, sole heiress to his great wealth.

Of the glorious election of Daniel O'Connell as member of Parliament for the County Clare, and how he caused the emancipation of the Catholics, and his subsequent efforts in behalf of his native land, all of which patriotic deeds are so well known in history, that it is not necessary for us here to speak of them.

Old Mr. Blakeney during this time was using every effort for the discovery and arrest of his son, and so great was his zeal in that respect together with others, that it caused the government to make strict inquiry into all the facts and circumstances connected with the death of Lord F——, and the excitement of the case having nearly worn out, and the whole truth of the matter having been disclosed to the government, the authorities high in power came to the conclusion that it was as well to let the matter drop, and they withdrew the offer of rewards for the arrest of Blakeney, which entitled him to safe conduct without let or hindrance to anywhere or in any part of the king's dominions.

CHAPTER XII.

By this time Mr. Stafford Blakeney was fully settled in Philadelphia, he having obtained a situation in a responsible position as an accountant in a large mercantile house, shortly after his arrival in that city. On seeing how affairs had turned in his favor, his father now became as anxious to learn of his whereabouts in order that he should come home to his family and friends, as he was before anxious for his arrest. The old magistrate was also desirous to obtain his son's forgiveness for the great injustice he had done him. He therefore caused him to be advertised in all the papers in Great Britain and Ireland, telling him that all was explained, and he was no longer held responsible for the death of Lord F——. He still being unheard from, the old magistrate became stung with remorse, and the continued absence of his son was fast telling on his health and spirits.

CHAPTER XIII.

On a fine evening in the spring of the following year after the occurrences we have related, Mr. Blakeney was sitting at his office window, overlooking the beautiful Delaware. All before him was life and animation, schooners, brigs, yachts and vessels of all kinds and sizes were sailing up and down the noble river. Steam navigation was not then as extensive as it is now, yet several steamers gave variety to the enlivening scene. The shore and forest trees of New Jersey on the other side of the river looked magnificent, in the bright green of Spring, and as Blakeney gazed on the beautiful scene, it brought to his mind his own beloved Shannon, on the banks and waters of which he spent so many happy days of childhood. He also thought of the occurrance that drove him to America, and the tears started in his eyes, as he thought of home and friends, and particularly of Miss Rowe, his love for her not having been in the least changed since the night he left her disconsolate in her father's arms, and he made up his mind that should he never see her again, he would not change his single condition by marrying any other woman. He was so absorbed in these thoughts that he had not noticed a stalwart, good-looking young man, with hat in hand, dressed in the garb of a newly arrived Irish emigrant, who for some time had been standing alongside him. When he looked up and saw him, fearless as he naturally was, he was somewhat startled at the strange figure, but immediately recovering his composure, he started to his feet, and extended his hand which was cordially grasped by that of the stranger, and he said, "Hayes, I am glad to see you, how long have you been here and where did you come from?" The fisherman, for it was none other, as he twirled the hat he still held said: "Your Honor, I just arrived this day, and stopped nowhere after leaving the ship till I found you. I was directed up here by the man down stairs, and when I saw you looking out on the river, I thought it reminded you of home as it does remind me of my fishing grounds on the Shannon, so I made up my mind, sir, not to disturb you, and now, sir, I give into your own hands, this package according to the instructions I received when leaving home. So saying, he drew from his bosom a large package carefully done up and sealed. "Well," said Mr. Blakeney as he received the package from the fisherman, "Hayes, you are a good and faithful fellow, and without subjecting you to further questioning at present, we will go to my lodgings, and there talk matters over." He then sent one of the porters of the house for a hack, and on its coming got into it with the fisherman, and was soon driven to his lodgings, in a respectable house in the West end of the city. The fisherman at first appeared reluctant and bashful, to enter what he called so grand a house, and said he would call again when he got his luggage from the ship; but Mr. Blakeney would not allow him to depart in that manner, and he was finally persuaded to enter, and Mr. Blakeney having ordered the servants to serve refreshments in his apartments, he opened the package, while the fisherman was partaking of the viands spread before him. He found the package to contain valuable documents, and a letter from his father, stating that he was on his dying bed, and that

it was absolutely necessary for him to return home as soon as possible in order that the property should be disposed of properly. The letter also stated that the true facts concerning the death of Lord F,—— with which the reader is already acquainted, were known and made public, so that not the least blame from any source was entertained towards him for the unfortunate occurrence in which Lord F——lost his life, and that after long and patient enquiry, the writer found out his son to be in Philadelphia; and how on discovering the fisherman helped to save his life, in aiding him to get out of the country, that he was sent for, and finding him to be a good and honest fellow, he was sent out, as a special messenger with the package, it being considered too precious to transmit by mail. Mr. Blakeney's affection for his father was of such a strong nature that he immediately made up his mind to return to Ireland, determined, however, to come back to America at an early day, for he had formed such a love for the country, and her free institutions, that he had already taken out his first papers of citizenship. He made his intentions known to Hayes, and then calling a servant he instructed him to provide a good boarding-house for the fisherman (for he could not prevail on him to stay in his lodgings over night), and in the morning to see that his baggage was removed from aboard the ship, and to do everything necessary for his comfort, all of which was faithfully attended to by the servant.

Next day Mr. Blakeney informed his employers of the despatch he received, and of the urgent necessity that required him to go home, and although they were very loath that he should leave them, yet, as it was a matter of the greatest consequence to him and his family, they wished him success, and parted with him with great regret, and in a few days after, we find him with the faithful fisherman, sailing out of the Delaware, in one of those beautiful packet ships, that at that time used to make regular trips between great Britain and Ireland and America, and in a month after the vessel safely arrived at the Quay of his native city of Limerick.

CHAPTER XIV.

Leaving the fisherman on board the ship to attend to the removal of his baggage he jumped ashore, and in a short time was at the door of his father's mansion. He learned from the servant who let him into the house that his father was very low, which made him cautious about having his arrival suddenly announced to the sick man, afraid the shock would be too great for him to hear, so telling the servant to have his mother and sister come to him, he awaited their appearance in the parlor. They were soon with him, and their joy at his arrival, mingled with the deep grief of all by the near approach of his father's death, was a scene far beyond description.

The news of his son's being home again, and domiciled under his father's roof was gently broken to the sick man, and he felt so thankful and glad at his arrival, that he immediately sent for him to come to his bedside and receive his blessing. Shortly after the whole family were reunited in the sick chamber, at which the old magistrate felt so happy, that he expressed himself as almost feeling well again.

Next day Mr. Blakeney called on Miss Rowe. She was dressed in deep mourning and looked very pale, but still as beautiful as ever. She wept copiously on seeing him, and as soon as she got over her grief, she told him the particulars of her father's death. She also told him that since her father's death, that she found sympathizing friends in his mother and sisters, and that his father acted as safe counsellor and guide to her, in her lonely condition, and of the great sorrow she felt for his illness. Mr. Blakeney was much pleased to know that such feelings of good-will and friendship had sprung up between his family and Miss Rowe during his absence. In a few days from this, the old magistrate after his first emotions of joy felt at the return of his son had subsided, grew worse, so he summoned to his bedside his wife, daughters, and son, and before his physician, who was also present, he addressed them thus: "My dearest wife and beloved children, I feel that my life is speedily drawing to a close, and since I have lain on this bed of sickness, I have reflected much on the wrongs I have inflicted on the people in my overzeal in what I considered my duty to my King, and I see the many acts of injustice I done my Catholic fellow-subjects which causes me much grief. For I am now convinced by meditation and study, that the Holy Roman Catholic religion is the only true one, and that the great majority of our noble country people are suffering much at the hands of their oppressors, for their strict adherence to their faith, and I hope with the blessing of God, that it is not too late to make atonement for some of the wrongs I have done, and I ask it as a dying request that the Very Reverend Catholic Vicar-General be sent for to receive me into that Church, the goodness of which, I so long abused." To his wife and daughters these were glad tidings, for they, too, under the instructions of Miss Rowe, were strongly imbued with the Divine Doctrines and teachings of the Catholic Church, and young Mr. Blakeney was too dutiful a son, and kind-hearted a gentleman, to offer any objections to his father's wishes so earnestly expressed. So, taking the sick man by the hand he said: "Dear father your request shall be complied with, and to-morrow the priest shall be here as you desire." All the family were in tears, and the doctor, considering it better for his patient to have as much rest as possible to prepare him for the morrow, administered to him a soothing powder, after which he fell into a sound slumber, when the family silently withdrew from his chamber.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a beautiful day in the month of June, nearly a year from the occurrences related at the beginning of this narrative. In his quiet chamber within the great mansion lay the terrible Tory magistrate, the Hon. Frederick Percival Blakeney, the great foe of Catholic emancipation, and avowed enemy of Daniel O'Connell, now calm and subdued. Everything outdoors was beautiful, the air was redolent and balmy, and occasionally floated in perfumed vapors through the half-opened windows of the sick man's chamber. Beside the bed with his stole on, was the Venerable Vicar-General, Father Pat Hogan, holding

up a crucifix in his right hand, on which the sick man's eyes were steadily fixed, whilst words of consolation and kindness, were poured into his ears by the good priest. The old magistrate had on that day been received into the bosom of the Church, and after the clergyman administered to him the last rites, the family were called to his bedside, and as they weepingly gathered round him, he directed a servant to send for Miss Rowe, which was immediately done, and that young lady came instantly on receiving the message; indeed, she was almost a constant attendant on him during his illness, and was instrumental in no small degree towards his conversion. When all were assembled before him, he said: "My peace is made and I am now about to depart for I hope a brighter and happier world than this; but before I am called away I wish to say to you, my dear and loving wife and children," addressing his daughters, "I know that for some time past you have been studying the truths of the Holy Catholic Church, and it would be a consolation and happiness to me, to see you received into its blessed fold before I die, and my dear son," said he addressing young Mr. Blakeney, "I commend you for your good and liberal actions towards our suffering country-people, and any harshness I ever used towards you and them was from mistaken principles of what I thought was right, for which I hope to be forgiven. You inherit the bulk of my fortune, and there is a sufficiency left for the maintenance of your mother and sisters, which you will find by my will when I am gone, and now I ask you to take this young lady, whose guardian I have been since her father's death, as your wife," and calling Miss Rowe, he placed her hand in his son's, "and now my dear children," said he, "I think I have somewhat made reparation in uniting the scions of two houses that have so long been antagonistic in religion and nationality." Miss Rowe bowed her head and was silent, as her hand was laid within her lover's, and all were in tears. Young Mr. Blakeney then said, "Dear father, as the guardian of this young lady, I thank you most sincerely for the gift you have given me. Long have I known and loved her, and before the unfortunate circumstances that forced me to fly from home and country, I was only waiting an occasion to throw myself at her feet and declare to her my love, and now, Miss Rowe, since Providence has brought us together in this manner, I offer you the homage of a sincere heart and hand, and ask will you be mine." The young lady replied in a low, sweet, and distinct voice, "Dearest Stafford, I am thine forever." On the betrothal of the lovers the old magistrate requested them to get married as soon after his death as they deemed proper, and desiring them all to kneel, he bestowed on them his blessing, and on they arising his son said, that he too had come to the conclusion that Catholicity was the only true religion, and was desirous to be received into that Church with the rest. This was joyful news to the sick man, and the Very Rev'd Father Hogan, who was present all the time, now baptized each of the converts in the sick chamber, himself and Miss Rowe standing sponser for the ladies, and the fisherman, who was now a servant in the family, being called up stairs to act as sponser, for young Mr. Blakeney. Mass was then celebrated, after which the sick man was left to himself. He soon after fell into a

deep slumber, and it was thought he would rally for the better; but again in the night-time of that day, his family were summoned to his dying bed, and then in their presence he quietly passed away, peaceful and happy; and in a few days afterwards, the body of the old Tory magistrate, was laid in the tomb of his ancestors in St. Munchins Church.

CHAPTER XVII.

The old magistrate made some amends for his past life by bequeathing large sums of money for several charitable purposes. And for years afterwards, when spoken of by the people, they would say: "The Lord be good to him, he was hard on us in his day, but he repented his acts and died a happy death." After his death his family went into deep mourning, and it took about a year to settle up the estate left by him. Hayes, whose father and mother were now dead, was the confidential servant of his young master. He had entirely and for ever given up the occupation of fisherman when he entered the service of the Blakeneys; and he was indispensible to his master in looking into and attending his affairs. The intense agony of all grief is subdued if not obliterated by time; and it is a wise dispensation of Providence that it should be so; for, if otherwise, sensitive and refined natures would be borne down in anguish through life, and find rest only in death. So it was with Miss Rowe. The poignant grief she felt at the death of her father became in time quietly subdued, although she never ceased to mourn his loss. The Blakeney family also became more reconciled for their loss as time passed by. And we find the lovers, with the lingering memories of great sorrows still lurking in their hearts, about to carry out their vows of betrothal made at the death-bed of the old magistrate. So that, on St. John's Eve of this year, all is joy and merriment in the square. The bonfire is blazing, and youths and maidens are enjoying themselves as of old; and bands of serenaders are before the mansions of Mr. Blakeney and Miss Rowe, discoursing their best music, and offering their congratulations to them respectively, for the happy pair are to be married on the morrow. There is nothing this time to mar the festivities, and the innocent amusements are kept up the whole night, and the good parish priest, himself, gives additional zest to the dances, for he appears amongst them for a short time, and lightly trips the "heel and toe" to the good old tune of the "Priest in his boots," as played with great vim by the fiddlers and pipers, who discoursed the music, and to the great admiration of the spectators, who gave frequent exclamations of such as, "Well done, Father Pat! God bless you, and long may you live over us."

Next morning the bells of St. John's Chapel rung out joyously. The old chapel then stood near where now stands the present magnificent Cathedral of the same name. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated; and at an early hour began to fill with the beauty and fashion of the city. The good Bishop of the diocese, in full canonicals and with mitre and crozier, stood in front of the altar, and at his side was the Vicar-General and several clergymen and acolytes, while before

them knelt Mr. Blakeney and Miss Rowe, — "as beautiful a pair," the people said, "as eyes ever looked on." The Nuptial Mass was celebrated, and the holy sacrament of marriage solemnized between them. After which, the happy couple, accompanied by the Lord Bishop and the Vicar-General, stepped into their carriage, and were followed by the numerous carriages of their friends and guests, who were all driven to the mansion of Mr. Blakeney, where a grand entertainment was given in honor of the occasion; and the celebration was kept up for several days by the people in the vicinity of the square, for they dearly loved the bride and bridegroom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Blakeney, although a patriotic Irish gentleman, and much attached to his native country, yet in heart and feeling loved America and her institutions, as the only land of freedom in the world. So, shortly after his marriage with Miss Rowe, he called his wife and mother and sisters around him, and stated to them, that he was desirous of leaving Ireland for ever, and emigrating to the United States, where he would purchase happy homes for all of them; and there try and obliterate a circumstance, of which they were all aware, that would hang like a cloud over the happiness of his life if he re-remained in Ireland. This met their warmest approval. So, they agreed with him to leave for America at an early day, and bring with them such of their servants as chose to accompany them.

They sold out their estates and property of every description, and shortly afterwards we find Mr. Blakeney again embarked for America, having with him this time his beautiful young wife and his mother and sisters, together with his faithful servant, Hayes. On their arrival in America Mr. Blakeney purchased a large estate of several thousand acres of the finest land in the interior of Pennsylvania. Here, with his family, he lived the life of a country gentleman, beloved by all his neighbors. Several well-to-do Irish emigrants, hearing and knowing of his virtues and high standing, bought farms and settled in the neighborhood of his estate; and before long a fine Catholic church was built near his place, for which he donated the ground and subscribed liberally towards its erection. His mother died in a few years after they settled in their new home; but before her death she had the happiness to see one of her daughters take the veil in a sanctified order of nuns, and her other daughter get married to a wealthy gentleman from the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. Blakeney was of such high culture, and was so well liked by his fellow citizens that he was prevailed on to run for Congress, to which he was elected, and served two terms in the National Legislature, where his great talents and fine abilities made him a leading member of that distinguished body. But public life being distasteful to him, he gave up politics and retired to his beautiful home; where, midst all the refinements of cultivated taste and virtuous happiness, he spent the remaining years of his life in the domestic enjoyment of his happy family. And he was always ready to assist, with his influence and means, in every undertaking put on foot for the welfare of

his native country people, at home and abroad; and he took a deep interest in the efforts of Daniel O'Connell, for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people and repeal of the Union. And he frequently corresponded with him, and presided over and spoke at repeal meetings in this country while that agitation was going on.

Not very long ago he died at the age of about sixty-five years, sincerely mourned for by all classes of citizens who knew him; leaving two sons, whose standing, talents and abilities to-day, place them in the front rank of eminent American citizens. He also left a daughter who is married to a distinguished citizen from the South, and who holds high rank as a judge amongst the jurists of his native State. They have several children, boys and girls. They reside, during the summer, in the old family mansion in Pennsylvania; and with them, lives Grandma Blakeney, the once beautiful Miss Rowe; the evening of whose long life is made happy by the great love they all have for her, and kind attention they show to her on all occasions.

CHAPTER XIX.

On a beautiful slope of country, that gradually rises from the waters of the blue Susquehanna, is a Catholic cemetry. In the centre of the cemetry is a marble shaft rising high above the surrounding tombs. It is erected to the memory of Mr. Stafford Blakeney, his mother, and two of his children, who died when young, as appears by the inscription thereon, and in front of the monument on the declivity of the slope is Mr. Blakeney's grave, at the head of which there is a Celtic cross, carved out of the purest Italian marble, and at the foot of the grave is another tablet, on which is engraved the family armorial bearings, with an Irish harp and wreaths of shamrocks, and on the 24th of June, being St. John's Day, each year, since Mr. Blakeney's death there is a reunion of the family, who come from whatever part of the country they may be, and meet in the family mansion, and from there go to the church, where after attending Mass, they go forth to the cemetry, and kneel round the graves of their kindred, and offer their prayers for the repose of their souls. And grandma Blakeney, notwithstanding her years, is a very dignified, and fresh-looking old lady, is the first to strew flowers on the grave of her dear, departed husband and children. This being done a tall, straight, old man, whose hair is as white as snow, brings from the family carriage a harp made of exquisite natural roses, and with his own hands, while the tears fill his eyes, places it at the head of his master's grave. This old man, is no other than Hayes the fisherman, the faithful servant and adherent of the family, who is beloved and honored by all of them. Then they all strew flowers on the graves, and after offering up another *pater et ave* for the repose of the dead, the old fisherman hands Mrs. Blakeney into her carriage, and then the whole party drive to the old mansion, where the day is celebrated as a holyday by the family and servants, as it used to be in Ireland long ago, and none of the younger members, at least, know why St. John's Day is singled out for such strict observance by the family, unless they have recently been told it by old Hayes, the fisherman, as he told us a few years ago, and which we have endeavored here to relate.

H. W. Hogan.

Christ's Death Warrant.

THE following is a copy of the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians that has ever been recorded in human annals — that is, the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting governor of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross. In the year 17, of the empire, Tiberius Cæsar, and the 14th of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem. Annas and Caiphas being priests, sacrificers of the people of God, I, Pontius Pilate, governor of the prætory, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves — the great notorious evidence of the people saying:

"1. He is a seducer. 2. He is seditious. 3. He is the enemy of the law. 4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude, bearing palm branches in their hands. Order the centurion, Quintas Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution. Forbid any person whomsoever, poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus. The witnesses that signed the death-warrant of Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee; 2. Joseph Horobabel; 3. Capet, a citizen. Jesus shall go out of the city by the gate Streneous."

The above sentences are engraved on a copper plate. On one side are written these words: "And a similar plate is sent to each of these tribes." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the city of Aquilla in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1825, and was discovered by the Commission of Arts, attached to the French armies. At the excavation of Naples it was found inclosed in a case of ebony in the sacristy of Courtem. Mr. Dennon of the Commission of Arts caused a model to be made of the plate, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of curiosities it was bought by Lord Howard for 5,844 francs.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.—The polypus, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in a caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eyes of a drone. To effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of holes (imperceptible to the naked eye), each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads to the amount of one thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand threads united. Leuwenhoek, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair. The fly spider, it is known, lays an egg as large as itself.

Our Young Folks.

TO A CHILD.

I.

WOULDST thou gain the praises
Of young and old?
Wouldst thou possess riches
More lasting than gold?
Wouldst keep thy heart cleanly
From sorrow and stain?
As now thou art, Mamie,
For ever remain!

II.

I've seen the young fawn
Skipping light o'er the lea,
But he ne'er was so hearty
Or blithesome as thee:
Wouldst always and ever
Be blithesome and gay?
Let thy heart still continue,
As pure as to-day.

III.

What flower is as sweet
As a maid in her bloom?
When candor and modesty
Lend their perfume;
None grows in the valley,
None smiles to the sky,
Now Mamie, God bless thee!
I wish thee — Good bye!

J. K.

No one who laughs heartily and wholly can be altogether irreclaimably bad. Some wear an everlasting barren simper; and in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice. The fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing. The man, woman, or child who cannot laugh is not only "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," but the whole life is already a treason and a stratagem. Don't be afraid to laugh, children; laugh the genuine, hearty laugh that always does good and is contagious.

THE MAY QUEEN.

It was May Eve. The inhabitants of a picturesque hamlet in one of the Alpine cantons of Switzerland had donned their holiday attire, and were gathered to celebrate, with dance and song, the recurrence of their favorite *fete*. The maire has invited them to his pretty chalet, and before the open windows, on the gentle ascent commanding a view of the snow clad hills beyond the silvery lake, the musicians play the introductory music, and dancing is commenced.

"It is too soon, too soon yet," cried one of the assembly, "you should wait till our Queen is chosen."

The dissent caused the music to cease and the dancers to stand idly for a moment, when, suddenly, all are startled by the thrilling sweetness of a voice, which, with a strange unearthly cadence in its depths, entoned the following words,—

"She who in weakness hath nursed Him,
Who with Him in exile hath been,
Who 'neath the cross did not falter,
Alone is our festival Queen."

A silence as of death fell on the merry-makers. The fervent solemnity of the unexpected utterance pierced their hearts. They all, at once, felt that a higher and nobler purpose than their own amusement must have drawn them together, and their souls were lifted up by the opportune reminder. The gaze of all was riveted on a figure in the open balcony, which filled them with a holy awe and reverence, such as might be inspired by a vision from heaven itself. It was that of a young girl of fifteen, clad in a long clinging robe of spotless white, with a bodice of pale blue, and a sash of the same tint, hanging down almost to her feet. Her head was uncovered, and her luxuriant hair floated over her shoulders. Her short sleeves displayed arms pure and white as those of an infant; and her beautiful features, irradiated with the inspiration of her song, had a look in them of the celestial home to which she was evidently hastening. Her large eyes shone with a strange light, her red lips were apart, and the hectic flush on her cheeks deepened, as she gazed with encouraging love on the upturned faces of the villagers. Some of the older wept, but the younger ones shouted aloud, "It is Marie, it is Marie, and she must be our Queen!"

"Yes, yes," was the general exclamation, "Marie shall be the Queen of the May!"

Marie, the only and beloved daughter of the village maire, was her father's pride, and the idol of all who knew her. Consumption had laid its fatal hold upon her, and it was in compliance with her express desire that her companions has been bidden hither this evening, that she might witness the festival.

"Yes, yes," was the the re-echoed cry, "Marie shall be our May Queen. Her crown, her crown!"

It was brought, a wreath of fair, white lilies displayed on a blue cushion. Two young girls were chosen to ascend the outer stairs and

place it on her young head. This done, they knelt before her, according to the festive wont, to offer the regal salutation; but they could only clasp her hands in theirs and burst into tears. She smiled brightly, and stooping forward, kissed their foreheads, and sent, as their queen, a command to those below to resume their merry-making.

Scarcely had they regained their companions when again the voice of Marie sang out in unearthly sweetness the conclusion of her hymn :—

"Fain would I remind you of Mary,
Her, only who spotless hath been;
At her feet I'll lay all your homage,
She alone is our May-day Queen."

In obedience to Marie's behest, the amusement went on more heartily than ever; but they celebrated the May-eve no longer as a mere custom, but in honor of her who is the Queen of Heaven and of the sweet May month.

The festivities had come to a close. The night-stars glimmered in the moonless sky, when a sudden brilliancy illumined the balcony, from which their May Queen had been smiling down upon her dutiful subjects. They looked up, and beheld Marie reclining in an attitude of calm repose. A crucifix was clasped to her heart, and on her head the crown of lilies glistened in their whiteness. The smile of love still peacefully lingered on her lips, but her pure spirit had soared to heaven. Their May Queen was dead.

ST. NICHOLAS AND THE CHILDREN.

WHILE Nicholas was the bishop of Myra, a terrible famine afflicted the country. During this famine, the holy bishop, full of compassion for his people, not only obtained a miraculous supply of bread for the crowds immediately before his eyes, but made visitations to every part of his vast diocese, that he might acquaint himself with the condition of all his people. On one of these visitations, he lodged in the house of a man into whom Satan seemed to have entered; for, when lawful meat failed for his table, he supplied it with the flesh of little children whom he stole, murdered in cold blood and served up, as meat from the shambles, to the travelers who were his guests. It was this horrible repast, disguised with his best skill, that this wicked man dared to set before the bishop and his companions. But no sooner had the man of God set his eyes upon the sumptuous table prepared for him, and upon the meat made savory to the nostrils of others, than he understood the horrible fraud. Commanding the host to be called into his presence, he charged him, then and there, with his abominable crime. Trembling in every limb, the guilty man confessed his sin, for how could he hope to hide it from such eyes? Then Nicholas told him to lead the way to the place where the remains of his victims had been

hidden. They found them salted down in a tub, to the horror of all the beholders. But Nicholas, clothed with the majesty of a bishop of God, and endowed with that power which the Almighty One gives to his saints, no sooner made over them the sign of the cross, than life returned to these limbs and bodies, and three little children rose up on their knees in the tub, their small hands joined in an act of thanksgiving to God for their deliverance, and their faces beaming with a celestial joy! The holy bishop ordered these children to be restored to their mother, a poor widow, and thus the curse of God was removed from the house, and from the country where such crimes had been committed.

THE ANGELS OF MAY.

I HOPE you are not tired reading of angels, for in the month dedicated to her who is the Queen of Angels, it is but natural I should tell you about the Angels of May. It is the first day of Mary's month; the evening devotions are over; the cathedral is closed. To human eyes all within is in darkness, save where the lamp keeps its silent watch before the hidden God, yet the Church is radiant with rays of heavenly light, which stream from the golden wings of the angels, who kneel in wrapt adoration round the tabernacle throne. Mary's altar is hung with snowy drapery, and decked with sweet flowers. On the brow of the fair marble statue rests a crown of priceless gems, which, time after time, were laid by the great ones of the earth as an offering at the feet of the Queen of Heaven. Now angels approach, remove the stones which form the crown, and replace them by gems of wondrous lustre and heavenly beauty, in comparison with which those of earth seem dim. And these glorious jewels are diamonds of charity, sapphires of prayer, rubies of self-denial, pearls of obedience, amethysts of patience, emeralds of humility — acts performed in honor of Mary by those who just now knelt at her feet. From her throne in heaven Mary smiled, and she who never pleads in vain asked for graces for those whose offerings sparkled in the crown. Dear children, you will make a crown for Mary during this month. Form it, if you will, entirely of one species of precious stones of charity, of obedience, or form it of many. Rich or poor alike can give Mary such gems. The advice Blessed Berchmans gave with regard to devotion to Mary was, to adopt some practice, no matter how small, and to be faithful to it. If you follow this advice you will, at the close of this month, be able to lay a glorious diadem at the feet of her who is crowned with twelve lustrous stars, and she will stretch forth her hands and bless you with a mother's blessing — a blessing which will fill your young hearts with purity, peace, and love.

THE youngest son of Queen Victoria died March 28.

A GENEROUS SCHOOL-BOY.

In the year 1487 a very clever boy called Michael Verin, was born in Florence. He grew up so industrious and studious that he took all the prizes at school, and he was so truthful, that his second name, Verin, was given him to signify truth teller. When he was only thirteen, he wrote a book called "Moral Distichs," which consisted of bits of Homer and Virgil, Plato and Horace, and many other authors, turned into poetry, and it was thought so much of, that school-masters used it as a class-book.

I am not going to give you a long account of this boy's talent, however; I shall only tell you of one incident in his school-life, which will show you, that a clever boy can also be kind and considerate. Michael had a school-fellow, who worked very hard, and longed sometimes to be first in his class, but Michael always kept ahead of him, and occupied that place. At last, Belvicino, as the boy was called, fell sick with hopeless wishing and working, and Michael, who loved him very dearly, soon found out the reason. He was greatly distressed, and felt that if his school-fellow should die, it would be his own fault. So, on the day when the Greek exercises for examination were sent up, he purposely made mistakes in his, and Belvicino's being next best, he was adjudged the first place, or, as it was called, the place of Emperor. It was great joy for the sick boy; his pale face glowed, his eyes brightened, and very soon he was all but well again. Meanwhile, Michael told no one what he had done, for he only wanted to restore Belvicino to health; and when that was accomplished, he was satisfied. But his master was not, and one day after school-hours, he called him up, and insisted on an explanation from him of the cause of his careless errors. Then the truth-teller was obliged to confess his generous purpose. Sad to relate, Michael, generous and clever as he was, died at an early age.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

On the very earliest day of spring, whilst the breath of winter still chilled the air, and the sun was yet struggling for supremacy with bitter showers of sleet, a little cottage maiden, lured far afield by a transient sunburst, ran hither and thither in gleeful mood, greeting as old and too long absent friends the bright daisies, that, in spite of frost and snow, had worked their way into the meadow's sheltered nooks. Suddenly from the topmost bough of a bare ash-tree, a bird sent forth his song of hope and gladness in thrilling tones, and as she heard, the child suspended her pursuit, and listened for the moment like one entranced. Then she beat her little hands together with rapture, her cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled with excitement, whilst her pure, shrill voice was raised in emulation of the wild bird's

song. High and sweet over hill and dale the bird's notes rang, until the little maiden's heart was stirred to all but envy of his powers and contempt of her own lesser gift.

Ah, there was the rain again; the sun had withdrawn his glory from the leaden skies and the cold bleak hills, and the bare ash boughs bent to the fierce northern blast. The bird's song ceased.

"Alas!" thought the little maiden, her tender heart relenting towards her feathered rival, "this poor old bird can sing but in the sun, and all his joys goes in such short spells of gladness, and he has no home, no mother, such as I." And, inspired by the comforting memory of mother and of home, again the child's voice rose in snatches of happy song, and as she gathered the skirt of her little gown over her golden curls, and faced the shower upon her homeward path, even the blustering winds were sometimes lulled to listen to her infant strains.

And when the cottage home was reached, the little one, flushed and panting, rested on her mother's breast, and whispered in that fond parent's ear: "Oh, mother, in the sunshine the bird sang best,— but through the storm, when he was silent, I still sang on — because you love me."

So we may learn through good and ill to keep up a joyful heart, in the knowledge of our heavenly Father's love.

M. E. C., in *Irish Monthly*.

Children.

I HAVE sometimes thought, when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden full of roses, lilies and lovely flowers, is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses, and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden, and when he sees this, everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet, trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, the garden of Eden in all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruit, was so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God than any garden man ever formed.

CARDINAL MANNING.

SOLITUDE is well enough until you want to borrow something, then its inconvenient.

Useful Knowledge.

A CELEBRATED military surgeon recommends for quenching thirst and sustaining strength, oat-meal water as superior to any other drink. Boil a quarter pound of the meal in two or three quarts of water; add one and a half ounces of sugar, if sweetening is desired; use cold in summer and hot in winter, shaking before taking. If a supper is to be missed, or extra demand made on the system, as some day in harvest time, the proportion of meal may be advantageously increased to a half or three-quarters of a pound.

HATING PEOPLE. — Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts towards any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who treat you wrong now will be more sorry for it then than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief can be. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying in the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and life will be over, and the injurer and injured will be laid away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?

LONGEVITY.— Lord Bacon, generally regarded as the keenest observer and profoundest thinker who has appeared on this planet, wrote much on longevity. His signs of short life are quick growth, fair soft skin, soft fine hair, early corpulence, large head, short neck, small mouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. Some of the signs of long life are slow growth, hard coarse hair, rough freckled skin, deep furrows in forehead, firm flesh with veins, lying high, wide nostrils, large mouth, hard grisly ear, strong contigious teeth. He adds that early gray hair is not significant, some of the longest livers having turned gray in early life. The last fifty years have been especially prolific in contributions to human longevity. When *food, exercise. sleep, air, sunshine* — when in brief, the *laws of health* shall receive all needed attention, we shall not only enjoy health and happiness, but also a good, long life.— *Dio Lewis.*

RULES FOR CATCHING COLD. — *Warranted to be sure and effective.* — Don't wear overshoes in damp weather, for fear your feet will look large. Wear a heavy muffler around your neck one day, and leave it off the next. Make up your mind you are made of cast iron, and precautions of any kind are useless. Go out for a ride in a stylish-looking jacket that is not extra heavy, and leave your warm shawl at home. Wear your heavy wraps all the evening in a theatre, and then face a long walk home in a biting frost without any extra protection against cold. If you happen to be overtaken in a rainstorm or snow storm, and find on getting home that your feet are soaking wet, don't take the trouble to change your shoes. Wear heavy flannels and high-necked heavy dresses all day, and in the evening take off your flannels to accommodate a party or dinner dress. Make no allowances for the draughts that creep in the most aristocratic houses, but make up your mind to do what society demands, if you die in the attempt. When in an overheated ball-room steal off with your lover to a delightfully cool conservatory or some outer room where the windows have been opened. When you find chills creeping over you, call your carriage at once and go home. If you are not dead in a few days, you can try the same thing the next time.

A SPENDTHRIFT. — "He is a fine young man, but he spends all he earns." How often are these words spoken of a young man? He is a genial, pleasant young man, a boon companion, but — "he spends everything he earns." It is not the mere loss of money the young man wastes — it is the man that is begotten of such a habit — a man who thinks nothing of wants, needs and contingencies of the future. Upon such a young man even his friends feel that all favors are wasted, for he spends as freely as that which he earns. His wastes tend to poverty, while, had he been full of thrift, he would have been a blessing to himself and his friends.

The Humorist.

AUNT — "Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them Jimmy?" Jimmy with the utmost deliberation, "Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner."

JONES asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him, but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

AN old negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper. "I want my son ter work in yer office, sah." "What can he do?" "Oh, at first he kaint do nuthin' but edick your paper, but arter a while when he learns mo' sense, he ken black yer boots and sweep de flo."

"BY Jove! there goes my birdie," exclaimed a swell, dodging around the corner and dragging his companion after him. "Where is she?" excitedly asked the latter; "It isn't a she. It's my tailor." Your tailor! Why do you call him your birdie?" "Because he is always presenting his bill."

IN the grammar class: "Tell us what you know about the verbs," says the professor to a pupil. After a moment's hesitation: "The verbs, sir, are the contrary of kings." "How so?" "Because they rarely agree with their subjects."

A TAILOR dunned a man for the amount of his bill. The debtor said he was "sorry, very sorry, indeed, that he could not pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry; but if you are sorrier than I am, I knock under."

A CYNICAL old bachelor, who firmly believed that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

"YOU would make a splendid missionary," said a man to a minister who had reproved him during church service. "Do you think so," replied the pleased preacher. "Yes, sir, you'd make the best missionary in the business." "Why?" "Because you are so infernal ugly the cannibals wouldn't eat you.

SELLING PANTS.— "Them pants is too short," said a huckster who was bargaining for a pair of trousers. "But dey vill stretch, my frent, dey vill stretch. Yust hang weights on the legs und stretch dem every night, dot keeps de pugs oud of the knees." "They are too dark," continued the customer. "Dark," said the dealer, "vot matter ish dot; de color ish not fast und dey vill fade dree shades in two days." "They are too wide in the legs," objected the huckster, and the accomodating dealer in accommodating garments said: "Vell, ven you stretch dem de long vay ton't dey get schmaller sideveys? De more you veers dem de petter dey fits you." "Look at that big grease spot," said the particular buyer. "Oh, dot's nottings," said the dealer. "You vill haf dem all ofar vaggin crease in less as von veek. I drow off den cents for dot spot. You dake dem for a tollar vorty." He took them.

"YOUR friend will find this neighborhood very lively in the evenings, even if it does look a little lonely in the daytime," said the real estate agent. "The people in the block are all very musical; all have pianos and organs, and the family across the street play on five different instruments." "Ah, indeed!" was the reply. "That will just suit, for my friend is as deaf as a post."

IT was in Dublin city, a good humored maid-of-all work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a marvellous dream she had the night before. "Pooh! pooh!" cried the latter at its conclusion, "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense." "Indeed, I was not then," replied the indignant Molly, "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute!"

AN enterprising-looking countryman, with a creel full of fine trout, was standing in the doorway of a provincial railway station. A passenger accosted him, and. after admiring the fish remarked, "Going to take them home for supper, I suppose?" "Not if I can help it," said the rustic. "There be a party of city gents as went fishing from here this mornin'. They'll be back soon, and I am just waitin here to save their feelin's."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

ROBBERY OF THE PROPAGANDA.

The Italian Spoilation as an American Question.

A LUMINOUS AND LEARNED LETTER OF DR. JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

WE (*New York Freeman's Journal,*) find the following letter, addressed to the Washington *National Republican*, in the issue of that paper for March 22d. Its great learning in the historical questions involved, and its close argument, mark it as a document that could have come from the pen of no other man in the United States:

"The seizure of the property held by the Department of the Papal Government of the Catholic Church, known as the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, promises to become an international question, and to embroil the Italian Government with many Powers. The United States is one of these, and the basis of claim may be simply stated. The Italian Government, by a court in its own pay, declares the various departments of the Government of the Catholic Church known as Congregations, viz.: the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, the Congregation of Rites, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the Congregation of the Index, etc., to fall within the scope of an Italian law against "Religious Orders and Congregations." The mere use of the word "Congregation" in the two cases, is the ground of the absurd claim, there being no resemblance in organization, object or membership between an association of priests living together under a rule adopted by them, and a department of a recognized Government appointed by a Sovereign to manage a class of affairs. The Pontifical Government is utterly at the mercy of the Italian Government, which makes its laws, its courts, and its armies, to enforce its views; but when the action of the Italian or any other government invades the rights of American citizens, it is the duty of our government to prevent the wrong, if possible; if not, to demand satisfaction and indemnity.

The Italian Government proposes to seize the real estate held by the Congregation or Department Propaganda de Fide, sell it at auction on its own terms, deduct large percentages, amounting nearly to one-half, and to invest the balance, if any, in the Italian funds, on which it will pay such rate of interest as it may choose. The act is virtually confiscation. The property held by this department of the Church is a fund contributed, not by Sardinia, or by the Italian Government, but by Popes, monarchs, and individuals of all countries, for the support and maintenance of Catholic Missions throughout the world, and for the direction of the Church in countries known as mission countries. The Propaganda is the Trustee. The *cestuis que trust*, or beneficiaries, are the Catholic Church in these mission countries. They are the real owners of the fund, and in their proportion can claim their share or indemnity for any act diminishing or destroying it. The Catholic Church in the United States is one of the *cestuis que trust.* The trust was founded in 1622, when this special Department of Church Government was formed. It at once took charge of a Recollect Mission in Canada, extending into New York, and of another in Maine, and gave it aid in means and supplies of missionaries. This appears distinctly in the report made to the Propaganda in 1635, given in substance in Sagard, Histoire du Canada; and in Le Clercq. Establissement de la Foi. At the instance

of Lord Baltimore, the Propaganda established a mission in Maryland in 1636; and the Jesuit Mission there was also under its control. Capucin Missions were established by the Propaganda in Maine, as appears by the work of Urban Cerri and reports to the Propaganda by Father Joseph, in 1632; a Recollect or Franciscan Mission was established by the Propaganda in Maryland in 1675, and maintained until far into the next century (Brady, English Catholic Hierarchy, p. 116). The Propaganda in 1685 established a mission of Recollects in Texas (Le Clercq. Establissement II., chap. 24). The Spanish Missions in Florida, Texas, New Mexico and California were also directed by it, and in the last-named provinces were supplied with missionaries by a branch college de Propaganda Fide, established in Mexico (Espinosa, Cronica Serafica, I., II.) When we emerged from the colonial period, the Propaganda made Rev. John Carroll Prefect Apostolic of the United States, and from that time has constantly educated in its college candidates for the priesthood of the United States. The erection of bishoprics was all effected through the Propaganda, which aided their formation, sent clergymen and supplies. This control, aid and maintenance has continued to the present time.

The Catholic body in the United States has, therefore, been a *cestuis que trust* of a portion of the Propaganda funds since the Pope established that Department of the Government of the Church. The proposed seizure of the property would cause immense loss and injury to the Catholic citizens of the United States in their corporate capacity. If it should be alleged that their right is too vague, or the fund incapable of being divided among the *cestuis que trust*, or parties in interest, or that the Catholic body as such has no legal representatives to whom payment could be made, it can be replied that a case involving all these points was decided a few years ago, and is well known in diplomatic circles. The case lacked one strong point in the Propaganda case, namely, the American College in Rome; held especially and specifically in trust for the Catholic Church in the United States, and controlled by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, and established to a very considerable extent by funds sent from the United States.

The case referred to is that of the "Pious Fund of California." This was a fund commenced by the Jesuit Fathers, Kuhn and Salvatierra, to whom generous and charitable persons gave donations to create a fund, the income of which might sustain missions in California. (Venegas 2, p. 12.) This was the nucleus of a fund to which other contributions were soon added. "The Pious Fund of California," as it was called, under the management of the Jesuit Fathers, enabled them to establish and maintain missions all through the peninsula and northward, till 1767, when by order of the King of Spain they were arrested and deported. The inviolability of the fund was, however, recognized, and the income was used by the Franciscans and Dominicans to continue and extend the missions, and mission stations arose in all parts of Upper California. (Palou Vida del P. Junipero Serra). Under Spanish rule and Mexican, the Pious Fund remained intact till 1836, when a Bishop was appointed for California, and the administration and disposal of the fund was vested in him.

In 1842 the Government seized and sold the property, paid the proceeds into the public treasury, and assumed the obligation of paying 6 per cent. per annum on the amount. The Bishop protested against the whole proceeding as a violation of the compact under which this See was erected.

The Mexican war resulted in the cession of Upper California to the United States, and as that part was settled, Catholic churches multiplied, so that Sees were established at San Francisco, Monterey and Grass Valley. The revenue of the Pious Fund was not paid; the new Bishop of Lower California and his missions were unable to obtain any portion of the income of the trust fund. The Catholic bishops in Upper California in 1859 [was it not ten years earlier?] presented a claim to the Department of State at Washington for their share of the fund and the arrears of income. The case came up finally before an American and Mexican joint commission, and as the commissioners decided each in favor of his own nation, it was decided by Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister. The umpire, in his decision, says: "The beneficiaries of this share of the fund are the Roman Catholic Church in Upper California, and the heathens who are to be converted to Christianity; and indirectly all the inhabitants of the State of California, and even the whole population of the United States, are interested in the proper application of the portion which should be entrusted to the claimants,

upon whom, considering the purposes to which the founders assigned their donations, the employment of the funds would most suitably devolve." He awarded to the claimants $904,700.79.

The Propaganda property is the Pious Fund of the world, intended, like the California one, for the support, extension and establishment of Missions. In the California case, the division of the fund among parties in interest is recognized, and the fact that the Catholic Bishops are the proper persons to receive it. As American citizens they can, therefore, lay before the Department of State their Protest against any perversion or diminution of the Propaganda Fund, and, maintain that if the Department de Propaganda Fide is not permitted by the Italian Government to continue its trust, the share belonging to the Catholic Church in the United States must pass into the hands of the American Bishops as the *cestuis que trust.*

The English Government will undoubtedly take this view in sustaining the claim of the Catholic bishops in England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, the West Indies, Honduras, Guiana, Hong-Kong, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. That Government never has permitted the Catholic property of its subjects to be seized by foreign governments, even when that property was held against English laws. Thus when the armies of the French revolution occupied Rome, the Rev. Dr. Connelly, afterward Bishop of New York, obtained the protection of the British Government for the English, Irish and Scotch colleges at Rome. And for all property belonging to the Irish college at Paris, the college at Douay, and other establishments of the kind which, during the confusion of the Reign of Terror, were seized by the French Government of the time, damages were demanded and obtained by England for her Catholic subjects.

Though France is not friendly to the Church, she must necessarily take the same course, and cannot permit the Italian Government to seize with impunity trust property which she respected when she was all-powerful in Rome, and in which French citizens are interested.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

Elizabeth, N. J.

GOOD FRIDAY was Fast Day in Connecticut. The governor in his Proclamation says: "The people of this Commonwealth are invited to abstain, after the manner of their fathers, on Friday, the 11th day of April next, from all servile labor and vain recreation, and solemnly devote themselves to fasting, humiliation and prayer. And they are earnestly exhorted on that day to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon all the interests and institutions of our state and nation, and otherwise reverently to keep and regard the day as FAST UNTO THE LORD.

THE DIOCESE OF HARTFORD has contributed $6,397.28 to the Peter Pence collection.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated throughout the Irish world with more than ordinary demonstrations of religious fervor. The churches were crowded in Boston. No societies, as far as we are aware, attended in a body, but the people made up for this by attending at all the Masses in great numbers. In New York and other cities there were parades; and the glorious 69th Regiment attended divine service at St. Patrick's Cathedral. We have yet to learn of an accident or disturbance on the occasion. So may it always be.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF BOSTON once entered into an argument with a Methodist minister, who, with more zeal than wisdom, sought to crush the Bishop with texts selected from all parts of the Bible and then dovetailed together to support his conclusions. Cheverus stood this sort of attack until the *argumentum ad absurdum*, or, rather, *ad hominem*, seemed to be a legitimate retaliation; and so, turning over the Bible, he said he would call his antagonist's attention to two texts which, when properly clinched, would end all controversy between them. The first was to be found in the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, "And Judas went and hanged himself;" the second was from Luke x., "Go and do thou likewise." I do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote, but only for its currency.

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION of Ireland is 3,960,891, or 76.6 per cent. of the whole. The Protestant population 639,574, or 12.4 per cent.; Presbyterians and Methodist 519,573, or 9.1 per cent.; others, 53,796; Jews, 472.

A "CURE for drunkenness" discovered by Dr. Schilling, of Ratisbon, is as follows:

Strong Tincture of Chincona.
50 grammes Chin. rub. pulv.
100 grammes spirits of wine.

"DOSE.— On first and second days, one teaspoonful every three hours — occasionally bathing the tongue with the tincture. On third day, one half teaspoonful. After this lessening the dose to fifteen, ten and five drops. To complete cure in gone cases may require thirty days, but generally only seven days will be necessary."

There is a better cure says the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen* than this; easier to remember and within the reach of all, to wit: Don't drink.

THE Sacred Congregation has just republished one of its former decisions on the subject of mixed marriages. When a marriage has been contracted before a Protestant minister and is publicly known, the Catholic party cannot be allowed to make renewal of consent before a priest until penance has been done and absolution from censures obtained. We are of opinion that many priests do know that censures are incurred by a Catholic contracting marriage before a preacher; at least many make no hesitancy in admitting such delinquents to Communion. We want more vigor applied to the weak back-bones of the Church's love-sick calves.

DURING the present session of Parliament Sir John McDonald introduced a bill to complete their civilization and convert them into politicians by an act designed to "train them for the exercise of municipal powers." The upshot of the whole thing, as Senator A. W. Ogilvie put it the other day, is that "the United States means well, but her agents hold that no Indian is a good Indian except a good Indian, while Canada believes they are human beings, and that it costs less to treat them kindly than to fight them."

THE CANADIAN INDIAN POLICY.—*New York Sun* says: The little quarrel between Yellow Calf's band of Indians and the Government of Canada having passed away without any serious consequences, the people are more than ever proud of their management of the Indians. Canadian statesmen say that the Indians in the States would not cost any more than they do if Congress boarded them all at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whereas in Canada each Indian costs a little less than would keep a private in the army. There are about a quarter of a million Indians split up into little bands, whose reserves are sprinkled over the land like the lakes of Maine. The Government keeps an account with each band, sells for them what lands are not wanted, and holds $3,000,000 in trust for them.

It instructs them in farming, provides them with implements, seeds, and cattle, instructs their children, and feeds all who need food with pork and grain. Already the Home farms, where the savages were shown how to till the soil, are rapidly being closed up, and the rations of food are being withdrawn from one band after another as the Indians manifest ability to store and preserve their crops through the winters. Nearly all the Indians do something toward self-support. Some make baskets, others make snow-shoes and toboggans, others sell furs, others make barrels, others catch fish, and so on. Five years ago the Blackfeet were on the war-path. Now almost every family has a house and farm.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in England to exclude bishops from the House of Lords. A motion to this effect has been proposed in the Commons.

TORONTO, Ontario, celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary on the 6th of March. In 1834 the population was 9,254. Present population is about 100,000. It is well denominated the Queen city of the Dominion.

A COMPANY has been formed for the purpose of purchasing estates in Ireland, with the object of relieving the congested districts, and establishing an occupying proprietary. The capital of the company is fixed at £250,000. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., are among the directors, and Professor Baldwin is to be the manager of the company. A letter in the *Times* from "R. O. H." intimates that another company is to be formed to establish a land bank, to enable tenants to purchase their holdings. In addition to these, Mr. Dickson's proposed Land Bank of Ireland is to undertake the relief of the landlords as well as of the tenants, in con-

junction with the Government; and yet another scheme of the same character may shortly be expected from a committee of which Lord Castletown is the leading member. Meantime the Land Court is going on steadily with its work, and the *Gazette* shows that 2,740 cases were entered in January, of which 1,600 relate to holdings in Ulster. The projected land companies and banks are not likely to interfere with the working of the Land Act; indeed, for the most part, they do not propose to deal with any holdings until after a fair rent has been fixed.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster will have an even more than ordinarily busy time when, in addition to his daily duties, he begins his sittings on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor. The happiness of the selection of his Eminence, and of his willingness to serve, has been generally recognized, and is expressed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* when it says—"The Government have begun well by asking Cardinal Manning, who is marked out alike by his personal interest in social questions and by his representative position in the Roman Catholic community, to serve on the Homes of the Poor Commission."

THE Government of India have sanctioned the appointment of a Catholic chaplain to each first-class convalescent depot for British troops in India without regard to the number of soldier convalescents present at the depot. First-class convalescent depots are supposed to have accommodation for upwards of two hundred men, and the practice has hitherto been to regulate the claims to the service of a priest with reference to the actual number of Catholic soldiers present. But under the new rule no Catholic patients, however few in number, will be left without the ministrations of their Clergy.

ORANGEISM.—The honorable persistency which Mr. Sexton has shown in dragging to light the real character of Orangeism, has borne fruit at last. Mr. Gladstone appears now to be awake to the dangers of that conspiracy against Irish liberty. One of its leaders has declared that there are now no oaths but "a policeman" says in the *Freeman's Journal* that Orange prisoners make signs to Orange magistrates, and that the result is acquittal.

DRUNKENNESS IN SCOTLAND.—A Parliamentary paper called for by Dr. Cameron for the year 1875 stated that during the twelve months there were 65,173 persons arrested for drunkenness and disorder in Scotland. In 1878 the *Scotsman* wrote as follows: "Scotland is three times more immoral than Ireland." The same journal quoted part of the speech of Mr. Gall, to the effect that: "If the same process should continue to go on, nothing could be more certain than that in two or three generations Protestant Christianity would be substantially put down . . . . drunkenness, infidelity and Sabbath-breaking were all on the increase."

What do we find in 1883-1884? The following from the *Whitehall Review* and quoted by the *Galloway Gazette*: "Scotland is still in a very bad way, so far as illegitimacy is concerned. It looks as if she tries 'to atone for sins she is inclined to, by damming those she has no mind to.' Here are a few facts from the official returns for the last quarter of last year fitted to make Scotchmen well-nigh ashamed of their country In one parish in Nairnshire 24.4 per cent. of the births are illegitimate, while in an Aberdeenshire parish about 50 per cent. of the births were of this kind. In the county of Wigtown about one-fourth of all the births were illegitimate—namely, 19.7 per cent.—and most of the northern counties show anything but clean bills of health. Would that Free Kirk pastors would turn their attention more to the consideration of this evil, and that of whisky-drinking, and let politics alone."

A PEDAGOGUE in England punishes his refractory scholars by administering castor oil (but not as a deterrent).

DURING the Carnival, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in all the churches in Paris.

A SISTER OF MERCY AND THE PROPHET.—An amusing incident is related in connection with the interview which took place between the Mahdi and the members of the Catholic missions established at El O'beid, when the False Prophet made his triumphal entry into that town. Mohamed Ahmed called on the Christians to change their religion, and to acknowledge him as the Messiah whose coming was foretold in Holy Writ. One of the French Sisters of Mercy stepped boldly

forward, and replied that, as it was said in the Bible that the Messiah would make Himself known by His miracles, she would be easier in her mind, if the Prophet would remove all doubt as to his identity by kindly performing one for the benefit of herself and her colleagues. The Mahdi acknowledged the reasonableness of her request, but stated that the time for the working of miracles had not yet come. Meanwhile, however, he would take the missionaries under his special protection with a view to preparing them for conversion pending the day when he would dazzle them by his miraculous exploits. The good Sister has probably saved herself and her fellow-Catholics from massacre by the courageous and clever reply which placed the False Prophet in such a dilemma. It is to be hoped that her tact will enable her and her companions to find a means of escaping from their perilous position.

CARDINAL MANNING has given the Shop Hours' Labor League a practical proof of his sympathy with a movement which has for its object the restriction of the hours during which shop-assistants in London are required to work. His Eminence, in the course of a recent speech advised his hearers to withhold their patronage from establishments where the employes are occupied for an unreasonable length of time every day.

A WELL spent Lent is the best possible preparation for a glorious Easter time.

THE Pope has erected another new diocese in the United States—the diocese of Helena, comprising the entire territory of Montana. Bishop Blondel, formerly of Vancouver Island, has been named first bishop.

THE GERMAN CATHOLICS.—More than eight hundred "pardons" have lately been granted to the bishops and priests of Germany; and the Catholic portion of the Fatherland is ringing with joy at the return of the exiles. Prince Bismarck has thus earned the gratitude of Catholics for the wise and courageous statesmanship he has shown in undoing the work of the miserable Kulturkampf. In this matter he has vindicated his claim to the highest position in the political order, for he recognizes the necessity of religion, and the beneficial influence of the Catholic Church. The great mistake he made at first was deplorable; but it was almost excusable in a statesman reared in the school of Luther. His action favorably contrasts with that of the recreant Catholics who are at present misgoverning France, Italy, and Belgium. But it must not be forgotten that the retreat of Prince Bismarck, honorable as it is to himself, has been in the main due to the energetic action of the German Catholics, and particularly of the German Bishops and priests, some of whom have died in prison and many in exile. If both clergy and laity had not united and fought with courage and determination, their cause would have been lost, and the Church in Germany would have been at the mercy of the infidel Liberals. The measure of justice, however, is not yet complete. The Archbishops of Cologne and Posen are still "unpardoned." It has been officially stated in Parliament that the "actual" ministry could never sanction their return. But the word "actual" is susceptible of more than one interpretation; and, if he has a mind to, Prince Bismarck can easily give it a meaning which will render the return of these distinguished prelates compatible with the official declaration.

MISSIONS IN MONGOLIA.—Some interesting details have come to hand concerning the Belgian Mission to Mongolia. In the year 1863, four priests of the diocese of Malines united in a plan for the conversion of China, rendered accessible for the Christian missions after the Treaty of Pekin. Father Vertist became the first superior of the zealous missionaries. Their design was approved of by the authorities; and the chapel of Scheutweld was given up to them as a basis, a seminary being now attached to it. The Lazarist Fathers had at this time petitioned to be relieved of Mongolia, which was thereupon confided to the young Belgian congregation; and in 1865 the first band of missionaries went forth. Mongolia, as our readers are doubtless aware, is an immense region situated between Siberia and China, and inhabited by a nomad population. The missionaries had to endure much hardship and suffering. Father Vertist died early in 1868. The success of the devoted band, however, was steady and lasting. To-day the Mongolian mission counts forty priests, five of whom are

natives, under Mgr. Bax, the Vicar-Apostolic. The town of Sy-wan-tse is the residence of Mgr. Bax, where there are a population of two thousand, entirely Christian, and a native seminary for priests. A cathedral in the Chinese style of architecture is being built there. As the Chinese are fond of bright colors and vividly contrasted hues, a series of special pictures is being prepared. Many villages, almost entirely Christian, lie around the town; and there are a number of orphanages, directed by Chinese Sisters. The spiritual results of this activity have made this part of the country in every way a happy contrast to the heathen districts. The dreadful features to be seen elsewhere are not visible here. Women are free and honored; their feet are not compressed and deformed by a frightful process from their infancy; children are not exposed to die, but are brought up well, in the fear and love of God. Nor have the material wants of the people been neglected. Altogether, the labors of the Fathers have been blessed with consoling success.

A Reflection. — No creature can fill the place of God, but God can supply the place of every creature. He is a Physician to heal all our ills, a Counsellor to direct our footsteps aright, a King with authority to govern and command obedience, a Friend to sympathize with us in our grief, a kind and bountiful Father, and will provide for our wants. The life of man, how short! The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this have your fathers journeyed; wearied with years and sorrow they sunk from the walks of men. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but, bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

The Hon. William Miller, Q. C., Speaker of the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, is forty-nine years of age, a native of the Province of Nova Scotia, and of Irish descent. He entered public life in 1863 as a representative of the county of Richmond, in that province, and at once took a leading place in the debates and proceedings of the Legislative Assembly. While a member of that body he rendered important assistance in promoting the union of the Provinces of British North America. Being in favor of confederation, but opposed to what is known as the Quebec Scheme of Union, it was at his suggestion and through his exertions that a compromise was effected between the friends and opponents of that measure, in consequence of which a delegation to England was appointed in 1866, in order to secure, under the auspices of the imperial authorities, such modifications of that scheme as would make it more acceptable to the people of Nova Scotia. He was nominated by the Provincial Government a delegate to the London Colonial Conference of 1866–67. He was one of the Senators named in the Royal Proclamation of Union in 1867. Since that time Mr. Miller has been a prominent member of the Senate of Canada, and for many years chairman of some of the most important committees of that house. He has twice refused a seat on the judicial bench — that honor having been offered to him both by the Liberal and Conservative governments. He was appointed a speaker of the senate on the seventeenth day of October last, the appointment being received with very warm approval by his colleagues in that chamber and the public generally. Speaker Miller is a Catholic, and a resident of the city of Halifax, N. S.

In the will of the late Marchioness Stapleton Bretherton, His Holiness the Pope does not appear as a legatee for the sum of £400,000 as has been asserted and contradicted in many of the newspapers. His Holiness derives no benefit under the will, but prior to her decease the Marchioness conveyed to Mr. Errington, M. P., a sum of either £400,000 or £500,000, to be applied to the Pope's benefit, or as he might direct. Mr. Errington, it is supposed, made more than one journey to Rome on this business before it was concluded. The probability is, that when the newspapers of this country were ascribing to Mr. Errington, at Rome, secret missions from the government of this country to the Vatican, his business was simply to arrange for a munificent

gift from a devoted Catholic to the head of the Roman Church.

By his will, dated the 3d of June, 1883 — at the commencement of the malady which proved fatal — the late Comte de Chambord left the sum of £4,000 to his Eminence Cardinal Lavigérie for the work of the France-African Missions.

Arthur Wellesley Peel, the new Speaker of the House of Commons, is in his 55th year, having been born in the memorable 1829, when his father, the late Sir Robert Peel (of whom he is the youngest son) and Wellington yielded Catholic Emancipation to O'Connell.

Lace. — Mr. Alan S. Cole has given two very interesting lectures in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society House, on the subject of Lace, and dwelt strongly on the necessity for new and beautiful designs, for the improvement and development of the art of lace-making in Ireland, urging that here in Dublin we have a Metropolitan School of Art, in which the head master might direct the studies of the pupils, as regards the specimens of old lace in the museums; instructing them also in the principles of design. He thought too little attention had been given in that school to the study of the principles of ornamental art. At present there is a demand for new lace and embroidery patterns, to which the students in the Irish School of Art can respond; and it is to be hoped Mr. Cole's hints will be acted upon, so as to make Irish lace all that it deserves to be. A nun who has had experience in the matter assures me, that the poor girls and women in lace-making parts of the country work at it with great industry, and that it has a genuine fascination for them. It is made in little pieces by various workers — all about the country. A pocket-handkerchief, for which the price of twenty-five pounds was afterwards obtained, was wrought in scraps in the poor dwellings scattered over many miles; and a very exquisite morsel was the handiwork of an aged bedridden woman, who never left her pallet in a dark corner of a smoky cabin. "Isn't it wonderful, ma'am?" said the poor neighbor who fetched it to the convent, "You would think God Almighty Himself must ha' made it; or some spider!" Another lace story I have just heard is about an alb of lace, so precious that the nuns who possessed it darned it with the most loving care while there was any possibility of holding it together. At last the garment was no longer fit to be seen, and the Sisters set to work to separate the beautiful rags from each other, throwing away what was quite useless, and picking out the sound bits, which they put in a box and sent to London. For this box of delicate fragments they got twenty-eight pounds!

Monster Birds. — It is evident that the most remarkable gigantic forms of birds, existing at our time, are to be found at Madagascar, which seems to have been the home of many of these animals; and it was in Madagascar that Isidore St. Hilaire found the remains of an enormous bird, the æpyornis maximus. In travelling through the country his attention was attracted to the symmetrical dishes that were occasionally possessed by some of the native tribes, and, thinking they were gourds, he inquired where they were to be obtained. To his amazement the owners informed him that the dishes were part of the egg shells of the great bird, and upon further investigation he found the remains of the giant and its eggs. The eggs, when perfect, were each equal in size to 135 hen's eggs, and would hold two gallons of water. This strange bird, and others that have since been discovered, seem to have been buried in the sand-beds of the southern part of the island, and there preserved for ages.

In a New Zealand swamp some many years ago, several tons of bones were found, and of such prodigious bulk that at first they were supposed to be the remains of an elephant; but the bills and feet proved them to be large, wingless birds, which had probably waded into the swamp and become imbedded in mud and so got hardened and preserved. Here, too, the great birds seem to have resorted to caves, and what is called the Moa Bone Point Cave has produced great numbers of skeletons, found buried with the remains of the ancient Maori, and recently some feathers of these great birds have been found. Many native traditions show that they lived with the early human inhabitants, and were killed off by them. The songs of the Maori abound in allusions to the wonderful flowing plumage of the moa, and moa eggs

have been found in ancient graves. Parts of the eggs are in the British Museum, and are much larger than the eggs of the ostrich. Dr. Buller's *Birds of New Zealand*, an exceedingly rare book, gives an excellent sketch of the moa as he is supposed to have appeared.

In 1880, Baroness Coutts made a gift to the fishermen of Baltimore, Ireland, of fish nets. The take of fish has been increased six fold as a result, and $36,498 were paid out for fish in one day last season. This looks hopeful for the revival of the Irish fisheries.

"The Light Fantastic Toe."— A writer in the N. O. *Morning Star* gives this bit of information to those fashionable ladies who indulge in round dances :— A young lady was once arguing with her spiritual director that there was no harm in round dancing, for she had often indulged in them and had never had an impure thought. Her director simply asked her whether she had ever listened to the confession of her partners in the dance. This put the matter to her in a light entirely different from the way in which she had contemplated it up to that time, and she was completely silenced. This leads us to say that although a young girl may in the innocence of her pure heart dance a round dance without the suggestion of evil entering her soul, yet if she is the cause of sin to her male partner, she is guilty in the sight of Almighty God of being the proximate occasion of sin and also of giving scandal. Hear what St. Alphonsus iLgnori says on this point: "Dances are bad of themselves, if in them there be danger of impurity for oneself or for others." In another place, he writes : "An act which is no sin at all, or only venial sin, becomes a mortal sin if it gives great scandal."

As no young girl can possibly know what sins of thought she may be instrumental in causing her male partner to commit when she accepts his invitation to a round dance, it follows that if she values the salvation of her immortal soul, she must unhesitatingly decline to participate in the dances condemned by the Church.

We will conclude this article, which is already grown too lengthy, but which is far from exhausting the subject under discussion, by citing a definition of the round dance, at once concise and accurate. Cardinal Deschamps reports a remark made by an elderly lady to another concerning the waltz, as follows: "Dear me! what a thing music is! How shocked should we be to see our daughters in the arms of gentlemen without the music!"

Self-destruction in Vienna.—During last year the number of suicides in Vienna was two hundred and seventy-nine, or an increase of twenty-one on the pre. ceding year. Of these two hundred and thirty-two were men and forty-seven women, whilst the extremes of age are marked by a boy of eleven and an old man of seventy-nine. "This," says the *Oestereichische Correspondenz*, "is by no means a consoling picture. Three hundred years ago, when a suicide happened, the whole town lamented it as an unheard-of crime. Now-a-days well-nigh three hundred suicides are committed within our walls, and but few people think how far the doubt and aberration of the human heart must have gone before it can arrive at the thought of self-destruction. He who would write a history of these three hundred suicides, would certainly find that, with the exception of those unfortu nate men who lay hands upon themselves owing to mental disease, these unfortunate victims of despair first turn their rage against themselves when they had given up their belief in God.

Writer in the *Evangelist* is trying to prove in a series of letters that convents are places where Protestant children lose their Protestantism. But Protestant parents will continue to send their children to those convents, and why? They know their children will be safe from moral contamination while within the convent walls, and they prefer the morals of their children to Protestantism.—*Western Watchman.*

Depopulation of France.— Important statistics, at present being prepared at the Ministry of Agriculture in Paris, throw a strong light on the depopulation of France. In 1806 France contained 29,107,455 inhabitants. In 1881 the population was only 37,672,048. Thus the mean annual increase has been thirty-eight for every ten thousand inhabitants, but during the last ten years of the period the rate has fallen to twenty-six per ten thousand. A minute calculation shows

that at this rate it would take two hundred and seventy-one years for the population of France to double, whereas many other countries of Europe do not require more than fifty years. In 1805 the number of births was 920,000, and this number has remained almost the same up to 1882, although the population has grown by about nine millions. It is shown that the average number of children per family is only between two or three, whilst it is a recognized fact that a population cannot grow when the average number of children is below three per family. Again, in Paris itself, out of every hundred inhabitants only thirty-six are born in the department (Seine), whilst fifty-seven come from the provinces and seven from abroad. Moreover, whilst the number of births is almost stationary, infant mortality is increasing in alarming proportions. The average figure is fifteen per cent., but in the department of Eure it rises to twenty-six per cent., and in that of Seine Inferieuse twenty-seven per cent.

INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.— There are over ten thousand students in the Catholic colleges of the United States with about five hundred professors. Among the leading institutions are the University of Niagara, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., University of Georgetown, Georgetown, D. C., University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., University of Santa Clara, Cal.; Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.; Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.; Villanova College, Pa; La Salle College, Philadelphia, Pa.; Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; Jefferson College, St. James, La., Bardstown College, Bardstown, Ky.; Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md.; St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, O.; St. Mary's College, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pio Nono College, Augusta, Ga.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis, Mo.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, has purchased the property in Bordentown heretofore belonging to his mother, and on which she lives. The consideration mentioned in the deed is $20,000, but this is merely a formal price, as the transfer of title is made solely with a view of keeping the place as a family homestead. It came to Mrs. Parnell from her father, Commodore Stewart, of the American navy.

THE JESUITS.— Times are indeed changed in England. It is stated that the Jesuit Fathers expelled from France are about to fit up and add to their newly-acquired educational institutions in that country, Stone House, St. Peter's, near Broadstairs, in the Isle of Thanet, the residence of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury.

CARDINAL MANNING.—The statement that his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has been invited to act on the Commission to inquire into the condition of the dwellings of the poor, which is in process of formation, has given wide-spread satisfaction. The general feeling finds expression in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which declares that "the Government have begun well by asking Cardinal Manning, who is marked out alike by his personal interest in social questions and by his representative position in the Roman Catholic community, to serve on the Home of the Poor Commission."

"THIS is hash Wednesday," said a cockney at his boarding house last week. "Goodness gracious!" said his neighbor at table, "I thought Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays were mince-meat days; ain't we getting too much of a good thing?"

THE newly-appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Zanzibar, West India Islands, belongs to the Society of the Holy Ghost, a congregation of missionary priests whose special field of labor, like other Orders, is conversion of the colored races. A West Indian paper, *Les Antilles*, remarks that the Right Rev. Mgr. de Courmont "is the first Creole raised to the mitre, and the first bishop furnished to the Church by the French Antilles." The vicarlate of Zanzibar includes the island of that name on the east coast of Africa.

MIXED MARRIAGES.— It is rumored that other Catholic Prelates in this country are contemplating taking a similar position on mixed marriages to that lately assumed by Bishop O'Connor of Nebraska; that is, they will grant no dispensations for marriages of this kind and persons must consequently apply to Rome for the necessary permission.

CARDINAL MANNING.—A pamphlet just issued in Ireland by Bishop Nulty on the *Relations existing between Convent Schools and the Systems of Intermediate Primary Education*, the preface, with which it is dedicated to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, is perhaps its most attractive feature. The Bishop dedicates the essay to his Eminence because he says no prelate living could do more than the Cardinal has done for the education of his flock, while as to Irish Catholics His Eminence, unlike most Englishmen, has always generously excused their educational defects, and asserted that in strict justice they could hardly be held responsible for them. His Lordship continues: — "In the learned and elaborate analysis you have made of the prelates of the Vatican Council, you proved that bishops of Irish birth or of Irish extraction formed an enormously large proportion of that august assembly. That fact proves that our ancient intellectual vigor and brilliancy have not departed from us; and that Irish missionaries and preachers still instruct a large and an influential section of the Christian world in the principles of our religion. Throughout the whole period of the Vatican Council I enjoyed a considerable amount of intimate and familiar intercourse with your Eminence. The knowledge I had thus acquired of you obliged me to regard you as the highest, the noblest and the truest type of your race and country; your character embodying all the distinctive qualities and peculiarities that characterize the genuine Englishman. The fact, therefore, of seeing your heart filled to overflowing with warm, generous, and enthusiastic love for my countrymen, often forced on my mind the conviction that, if the masses of the English and the Irish people only knew each other to be what they really are, they would, even without the Divine precept of fraternal love, naturally and spontaneously love one another. The bitter race hatreds, the national animosities and antipathies of centuries, must have, then, all originated in a mutual but fatal misconception of each other's real character. As a mark of the admiration, the affection, and the gratitude which my countrymen, as well as myself, feel for your Eminence, I beg leave to dedicate this essay to you."

CONNECTICUT has a Catholic population of 175,000! A good showing for the Nutmeg State.

FOUR archbishops and two bishops died in the United States in the year 1883.

SEWING MACHINES.— We direct attention to the advertisement on another page to a most important announcement in the sewing machine business. As no house can well get on without one of these convenient and labor-saving machines, the best is always the cheapest. But the machines advertised are not only the cheapest but the best in the market. Call at the Company's office and judge for yourself.

THE IRISH MIGRATION COMPANY has been formed with a capital of £250,000. Mr. Parnell, M. P., is chairman, and the directors include Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., M. P., Sir Baldwin Leighton Bart, M. P., Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P., Mr. Gray, M. P., Mr. Ernest Hart, and Colonel Nolan, M. P. Professor Baldwin (one of the Land Sub-Commissioners) is to be managing director, and is to have special leave of absence for the purposes of his new post.

CANADA OPPOSED TO ORANGEISM.— By a vote of 165 to 68 the Ottawa legislature refused to incorporate the Orange society.

IRISH ASSIZES. — The Spring Assizes reveal a most gratifying absence of serious crime in Ireland. It may be fairly said, without claiming more credit for our people than they rightly deserve, that few countries, if any, could present so clean a bill of health as that which the calenders of the present Spring Assizes have revealed in the eastern and midland counties.

PRESERVE THE FAITH. — His Eminence Cardinal Manning, in recently pointing out the imminent peril with which the Christianity of England is threatened at this moment through the advance of godless education in the primary schools, urged his hearers to be faithful and firm in their efforts to resist the danger. The most practical form which the resistance of Catholics could take, was one in which every parent could do his part by resolutely refusing to send his child to any school in which the Faith was not taught.

REV. PATRICK TONER, of St. Vincent's Church, Plymouth, who has been travelling in Europe for the benefit of his health is delivering a course of charity sermons in one of the Naples churches. He has been appointed English Confessor by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Naples. His ability and zeal are much admired by the Italian papers.

THE PROPERTY and good will of the Catholic Publication Society Co., have been sold to the "Catholic Publication Society Co.," a new corporation of which Lawrence Kehoe is the President.

KENTUCKY has removed a blot from its escutcheon. It has at last passed through its Senate and Assembly a bill giving Catholics freedom of worship. But think of the disgrace it is to America, observes the *Catholic Review*, that such States should at this late day need urging and agitation to do what is the plainest justice. We dislike to say it, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, that the Catholic Irish of New York submit to greater outrages and injustices, in numberless matters, than England would dream of inflicting on them, either in Ireland or Great Britain, or in her colonies. Yet in New York they are freemen and there they are supposed to be slaves.

MONTREAL has a far better right to the title of "City of Churches" than Brooklyn, N. Y. It not only supports sixty French Catholic churches, but the French cathedral situated there is the largest church building on this continent. It is built of limestone, and 15,000 people have often been assembled under its roof.

IT must have made St. Patrick mad with a righteous wrath, says a contemporary, to look down from heaven and witness a special service held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, in honor of Martin Luther. St. Patrick's was stolen from the Catholics by the *paternal* British government.

THE *N. Y. Evening Telegram* of a late date makes the following honest admission:— "In Ireland, including the crimes that have been committed through tumult and popular uprising, the murders only number eight in ten thousand deaths. This proportion is surprisingly small when the social and political condition of that country is considered." In America the proportion is twenty-one. And in the State of New York there were more murders last year than there were in Ireland for twenty years.

ADDRESSING a large meeting of Irishmen at Glasgow, Scotland, on St. Patrick's night, Mr. Dawson, M. P., affirmed that the agitation in Parliament by Mr. Parnell, and outside by Mr. Davitt, had resulted in a gift of £45,000,000 to the Irish people. Therefore they had a deep interest in the franchise and in sending to Parliament men who would work for Ireland and not for themselves.

MR. PATRICK CHARLES KELLY, who this year received the Lætare medal from the University of Notre Dame, was born at Thurles, Ireland, August 9, 1820, and he has built over 700 churches, including fifteen cathedrals; also monasteries, schools and colleges without number. He is now engaged on the final plans for the great cathedral of Brooklyn.

LEOPOLD, "Duke of Albany," Queen Victoria's youngest son, died, on the 21st of March, at a hotel in Cannes, a noted watering place in France, having been seized with a fit, just as he was preparing to set out to attend the marriage of the oldest daughter of his deceased sister, the Duchess of Hesse. He was born in 1853.

ABOUT HEARING MASS.— To hear Mass is to hear the whole Mass, and consequently the command obliges all to be present at the celebration of that great sacrifice from beginning to end. Whoever, therefore, is absent from any portion of it through his own fault, is guilty of sin; and the sin will be greater the greater the part of the Mass be that he is absent from. And if he be absent during only one of the four principal parts of which the mass is composed he *sins grievously*, and does not comply with the obligation, no more than if he had been absent during the whole of the Sacrifice; so that he would be under the necessity of hearing the Mass again that day, if he had the opportunity of doing so. To understand

this, we must remember that the celebration of the Mass is divided into four parts. The first part is the preparation of the people, which is from the prayer that the priest recites at the foot of the altar till the end of the Gospel. The second part is the preparation of the matter of the sacrifice, that is, from the Gospel to the *Sanctus*. The third part is the action of the sacrifice itself which is from the *Sanctus* till the *Pater Noster*. And the fourth part is the Communion, that is, from the *Pater Noster* till the end of the last Gospel. Now in order to fulfill the obligation of hearing Mass, we must be present, at all these four parts, as they are all necessary for the integrity of the sacrifice.

IRELAND A NATION.—At the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in London, Mr. Parnell said: We are here to-night to celebrate Ireland's day. I am confident that the future is promising, most promising, never was more promising for Ireland. A spirit has been infused into our people which will never die, (cheers). They understand better to-day the weak points in the armor of their enemy than they ever did before. They understand and recognize the most suitable lines of attack. Whether you look at the present position and prospects of the Irish parliamentary party, or regard the unprecedented union of Irish democracy at home and abroad, or whether you consider that of all political parties, the Irish party is the only party which confidently looks forward to any crisis that may arise, I say the prospects of Ireland are good and most hopeful. Our country is well fitted by nature to exel among the nations, to enjoy that nationhood which this toast wishes her, (hear, hear). We have a climate unequalled by that of any other part of the world. We have a people most quick, most intelligent, most energetic, most adapted, perhaps, of any people to excel in those pursuits which go to make the glory of every nation. That the singular gifts of Ireland and the extraordinary advantages with which she has been benefited by nature have not yet placed her in the position to which she is entitled, has not been the fault of nature. I feel confident that the time is very near when all sections of Irishmen and all religions—(loud cheers)—will have the opportunity of meeting together on Irish soil, and of celebrating the day we celebrate on Irish soil to-night, under the protection of an Irish Parliament—(cheers)—and of then sending that message of peace to England which can never be sent from Ireland save by a self-governed nation (cheers). Gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink with me the toast of "Ireland a nation."

The sentiment was honored enthusiastically.

BOOKS.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL. "More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of."

The matter contained in this book first appeared in the *Ave Maria*. The subjects are: My Experience with St. Anthony of Padua; A Case of Demoniacal Possession; The Children's Prayer; A Voice from the Other World; Back to the Fold; What Came of a Visit to the Blessed Sacrament; The Client of St. Stanislaus Kostka; Ethan Allen's Daughter; A Victory of Divine Love; The Invisible Messenger; The Fate of a Blasphemer; How Nannie's Cure was Effected; A Singular Grace; The Miracle of the Assumption.

The book is prettily bound, and sold for the low price of 75 cents.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "My Early Love." Song, words by Jessie Mohr, music by Frank L. Mohr. "Carrier John." Song, words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "Murmuring Waves." Concert Waltz Song, by Charles D. Blake. "Just for Fun, or An Innocent Flirtation." Song, words by Earl Marble; music by E. H. Bailey.

Instrumental: "Flashing Fires." Caprice Valse, by A. J. Rosenboon. "Song of Love," by Gustav Lange. "The Militia." New Military Quickstep, by Wm. Greene, arranged by D. W. Reeves.

Books: "The Offering of Praise, for Church Choirs and the Home Circle." Selected, arranged and composed by E. H. Bailey. Geo. C. Dobson's Easy Method for the Banjo by Ear, without learning notes. Both of these works are excellent and issued in very nice style.

F. A. North & Co., Philadelphia.

Instrumental: "The Lark and the Nightingale." Idyl for the Piano. By Max Waldman. "The Convent Vesper Bell," for Piano. By Louis Meyer. "Progressive and Melodious Studies for the Pianoforte." Book 5. By Louis Meyer.

Personal.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY is in his seventy-fifth year.

CARDINAL NEWMAN is in his eighty-fourth year.

THE youngest Archbishop in the world is the Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

REV. J. B. BABINEAU, for many years in charge of the lepers at Tracadie, N. B., has gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

AMONG the prominent members of St. Augustine's Church for colored Catholics in Washington, D. C., is Hon. J. E. O'Hara, the colored member of Congress from North Carolina.

THE Venerable Bishop O'Connell, of Marysville, Cal., has been permitted by the Holy Father to resign the administration of his diocese to his coadjutor, Bishop Manogue.

THE REV. T. J. DUCEY, of St. Leo's Church, in East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, has had the title and rank of Monsignor bestowed upon him by the Pope. Father Ducey had officiated in the Church of the Nativity, Church of the Epiphany and St. Michael's Church before taking the pastorate of St. Leo's Church.

FATHER BECKX, the venerable General of the Society of Jesus, entered on his ninetieth year on Feb. 7th. He still, happily, retains much of the intellectual and physical vigor which he enjoyed in earlier years.

RT. REV. JOSEPH J. CARBERRY, D. D., who was consecrated in Rome, last November, as Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario, is now on his way to Hamilton. He is accompanied by Rev. W. Fogarty. Bishop Carberry was born in 1823, in Galway, and is consequently in his sixty-first year. He was several times prior of convents of the Dominicans in the South of Ireland. Until his elevation to the episcopate he was Socius or Vicar-General of the Dominican Order throughout the world, and for the past six years he has resided in Rome, performing the duties of his office.

DR. WILLIAM THOMPSON, an American surgeon of great eminence, who has been living in Rome during several years past, was received into the Church, on Sunday, February 10th, in the chapel of the Scotch College, Rome. Dr. Thompson acquired a high reputation in the army during the Civil War in America; and here also his ability has been widely recognized. His charity to the poor is conspicuous.

REV. FATHER JOHN HUTCHINSON, of the Irish Augustinians, has been nominated by Pontifical Brief, Vicar Apostolic of Queensland, Australia, and is accompanied by four Augustinians for distant missions.

EPHRAIM BLAINE, father of Hon. James G. Blaine, with his wife, who was a Miss Gillespie before her marriage, lie buried in the little Catholic graveyard at Brownsville, Pa., the spot being marked by a marble monument erected by their son, James G. Blaine. The Gillespies were always Catholics, while the Blaines were Protestants; but Ephraim Blaine became a convert to the Catholic faith shortly before he died. By mutual agreement their boys had been educated as Protestants while the girls were brought up as Catholics. Therefore, although James G. Blaine is a Protestant, his sisters are all fervent adherents of the Catholic faith.

REV. HENRY BRANN, D.D., has been honored by his Eminence, the Cardinal, with the appointment of Censor of Publications in the Archdiocese of New York. Rev. Dr. Brann is an accomplished scholar, and well worthy of the distinction conferred on him. When he graduated some years ago in the Propaganda, Rome, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him, which showed that his knowledge of theology was duly appreciated by his ecclesiastical superiors. His work known as "Curious Questions," as an exchange observes, "showed his ability to detect any latent or lurking mischief in works intended for Catholic readers."

CARDINAL HOWARD, who has been raised to the rank of Cardinal Bishop, has been nominated Protoctor of the Armenian College established in Rome by the late Cardinal Hassoun.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Rev. J. C. Ruttiger occurred at the residence of his parents, Ætna, Allegheny county. He had charge of the congregation at Natrona for the past five years. Owing to his fast failing health, he was obliged to give up his charge in the early part of the past winter, and retired to the parental roof for medical treatment, where the fell destroyer, consumption, claimed him as its victim. He was a very exemplary young priest.

REV. FR. PHELAN, of Grand Island, Neb., died suddenly of heart disease, at 11 A. M. on Sunday, in Wood River, whither he went to say Mass. Fr. Phelan was a zealous, energetic priest, well liked by his parishoners in Grand Island and Wood River.

WE regret to have to announce the death of Rev. John P. Tuigg, late pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Charleston, S. C., which sad event took place March 24th. Deceased, who was a nephew of Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburg, was born at Donoughmore, county Cork. He received his education at the Grand Seminary, in Montreal, and was ordained by the late Bishop Domenic, of Pittsburg, Pa., in 1875.

WE deeply regret to announce the death, at the age of 67, of the Rev. Henry Formby, of St. Peter's Priory, Hinckley, which took place at the residence of Colonel Worswick, Normanton Hall, on the 12th of March. "He died in a good old age, and full of days." Father Formby was not always a Catholic. He was outside the fold of Christ until God called him; he then embraced the Catholic Faith and he afterwards remained faithful unto death.

THE Pittsburg *Catholic* announces the death of Rev. J. C. Ruttier at the home of his parents, at Ætna, Allegheny County, Pa. For five years he had charge of the congregation at Natrona, Pa., which he had to give up owing to the rapid advance of consumption.

REV. WM. V. MEREDITH, Redemptorist, died in New Orleans, March 13.

SISTERS.

SISTER RAPHAEL, formerly directress of St. Joseph's Academy, near Emmittsburgh, Maryland, and one of the best-known Sisters of Charity in this country, died at that institution on Sunday night, after a short illness. Sister Raphael fell while walking in her room last September, from the effects of which she never wholly recovered. Her reputation as a teacher extended to all parts of the world, many of her pupils being from France, Spain and Mexico. Some months ago, when she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance upon a religious life, letters of congratulation came to St. Joseph's Academy from every quarter. Sister Raphael was remarkable for her fine intellect, polished address and sympathetic nature. She never lost interest in her pupils, even after they had left the academy. Her maiden name was Miss Elizabeth Smith, and she had been educated at the academy with which she was so long connected.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Mother Charles, the well-known religious of the Convent *Les Oiseaux* in Paris. Mother Charles, who narrowly escaped being shot during the Commune, received the last Sacraments from Cardinal Guibert.

IN San Francisco, Cal., March 6, Sister Mary Magdalen Tuite, of the Presentation Order, aged 44 years. She was a native of Dublin, Ireland.

AT the convent of Mercy, Broad Street and Columbia avenue, Philadelphia, March 9, Sister Mary Joseph Knight.

AT the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy, Philadelphia, March 8, Sister Mary Regina (Josephine McCarty.)

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. JAMES J. FLYNN, a prominent politician and superintendent of streets, died at his residence in South Boston on the 36th of March. He leaves a widow, but no children, to mourn his loss. He had been sick for several months. His friends

had hopes of his recovery, and he had been out the day previous to his decease. He was fifty years of age; born in St. John N. B., but came to Boston when an infant. The funeral took place from SS. Peter and Paul's Church and the interment at Mount Hope Cemetery. The funeral was the largest ever witnessed in South Boston.

COMMENDATORE M'SWINEY, whose dangerous illness the public have been acquainted with for some days past, died recently in Dublin. Deceased was one of the most successful merchants of that city, and was twice Lord Mayor. As partner of the firm of Delany & M'Swiney, he displayed a capacity for business rarely to be found in commercial circles. He has died ripe in years. For a considerable time past his familiar name has disappeared from the pages of the newspapers, because of his enforced retirement from public life through ill health. Peter Paul M'Swiney was a Commander of the order of St. Gregory the Great. In him the Church loses a devoted member, the country a thorough Irishman, the capital a good citizen, and trade an upright and honorable and able follower.

MRS. BARBARA M. COLONEL, of New York City, died recently at the age of eighty-two years. Mrs. Colonel was a convert, having embraced the Catholic Faith twenty-five years before her death. She had the consolation of seeing two of her sons and a daughter choose the better part. These sons are the Rev. Joseph Colonel, C. SS. R. of the Eastern Province of the Redemptorist Order, and Rev. Philip Colonel, C. SS. R., in the Western Province. The daughter is Sister Agnes, of the Ursulines. The obsequies took place in the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Philip Colonel, C. SS. R., assisted by Father Bolin, C. SS. R., and Father Pancratius, O. S. R., one of her grandchildren. Another grand-child is a member of the Ursuline community.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE CHURCH.—The *Gerarchia Cattolica* for 1884, issued at Rome, gives some interesting facts regarding the present condition of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. From its account of the number of hierarchical titles existing and vacant, we may construct the following table :—

	Number of Titles.	Vacant.
Cardinals.	70	13
Patriarchs (5 Oriental and 7 Latin)	12	1
Archbishops (150 Latin and 24 Oriental)	174	
Bishops (663 Latin and 50 Oriental,	713	83
Abbots, *nullius dioccessos*	17	3
Apostolic Delegates	6	1
Apostolic Vicars	124	3
Apostolic Prefects	34	2
	1,154	105

Of the Oriental Archbishops, there are six Maronite, five Chaldean, four Syrian, four Melchite, three Armenian, one Greek-Roumanian, and one Ruthenian; the Bishops are similarly divided; and of the vacant sees, the large proportion of twenty-two, or nearly a fourth, are Oriental ones. In the Sacred College there is but one cardinal of Gregory XVI.'s creation, Prince Schwarzenberg, now seventy-five years old, and who has worn the purple since 1842, when he was only thirty-four years of age. Of Pius IX's creation there are thirty-six cardinals,and of Leo XIII.'s twenty. There must be added one Cardinal reserved *in petto* (December 13th, 1889). During the present Pontificate, of six years' duration, no less than twenty-nine cardinals have died,—six last year. As we remarked some time ago, Cardinal Newman heads the list on the score of age by fully two years eighty-four), the archbishop of Paris (oming next with eighty-two years. At the other end of the scale of life is Cardinal Czacki, not yet quite fifty.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this MAGAZINE. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI. BOSTON, JUNE, 1884. No. 6.

The Right to Private Ownership in Land, Etc.

IT requires no Massilon to tell us that the crimes of the wealthy, cause the sins of the poor. "*Regis ad exemplar totus compointur orbis.*" That the rich who roll in luxury are often heartless and uncharitable towards the poor; and that from the trappings and fripperies of wealth enough could be saved to clothe the nakedness of poverty, are facts well known to every observer. The danger of riches, the iniquities of the wealthy classes, have been the themes of moralists, ever since the Divine Teacher taught that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to save his soul. That the grasping avarice of wealth which ever seeks to pile Pelion on Ossa; ,to annex farm to farm, and demesne to demesne, is worthy of of reproof ever since a Jewish King robbed Naboth of his vineyard, and furnished a theme for St. Basil's eloquent homily, no one disputes. That the poor peasantry of France goaded by the cruel despotism of their feudal lord who owned all the land and cared nothing for the serfs who tilled it, should have murdered their nobles in the great Revolution, is not surprising; that discontent among the peasants of Italy, Scotland, England and especially of Ireland, where feudalism is still inveterate, should be wide-spread and well-founded, no one will gainsay who knows the state of affairs in those countries. The spectacle of immense tracts of land turned into parks and preserves, where the deer grow fat, and the grouse and pheasant thrive for my lord's sport and for the gratification of his appetite, while human beings in the neighboring bogs starve on diseased potatoes, naturally excites the anger of a lover of liberty and of mankind. In the middle ages, especially when feudalism was enthroned in power all over Europe, the barbarities of the landed barons were only equalled by the squalor and degradation of the serfs. The peasants, the laboring classes, the "villeins" as they were called, even at the granting of Magna Charta, a charter by the way by which the barons gained much and the people directly nothing — were in a worse condition physically, than the ne-

groes in our country before the civil war. No wonder then that as education reached down to the "Third Estate," when the serf began to feel his shackles, and make an effort to strike them off; a reaction violent and frequently unjust should have broken out against land owners; a reaction that reached its extreme limits in French Communism, and has not yet spent itself in the present agitation in the British isles.

No true Christian imbued as he must be with the spirit of Christian liberty, equality and fraternity properly understood, can withhold his sympathy from the oppressed poor pleading in their distress for franchise and food in face of a heartless and uncharitable oligarchy; whether it be an oligarchy of bondholders or one of landed proprietors. The phrase of Burns "The rank is but the guinea's stamp — the man's the gowd for ā' that," is essentially Christian. Gurth is any day as good as either Frout de Bœuf, Malvoisin or the noble Cedric, in the eyes of God at least. But in our hatred of feudal tyranny, we should not rush to the extreme of Communism. Frout de Bœuf and Malvoisin may be bad landlords. They may have cruelly evicted their tenants, to make way for partridge and grouse; and the state ought to stop their oppression and punish it, as by all theologies it has the clear right to do. But their violations of Christian charity towards their tenants, their cruelty to the poor, does not justify illegitimate retaliation. Because barons are brutal, serfs are not justified in being cruel to their families or their cattle; because landlords sin against charity, tenants are not justified in sinning against justice. The remedy for the oppressed is in God, in law, in appeal to their fellowmen by the ties of common reason and humanity; and not in dynamite or the dagger. Nor can a Christian sanction the wild theories, now common among the oppressed, as the panacea for their woes; namely, that it is wrong for the individual to own land, and that the state should put in force a system of universal confiscation as the remedy for a particular evil of a particular class. It is against this theory that we are going to write what follows: for we have seen it turning even able minds away from the Catholic principles. To them we must cling in every social dispute.

Even when feudalism was at its greatest power, and when the abuses ot private property in land were greater than now, in the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, no Catholic theologian ever questioned the right to private property in land.

If all the rich were saints and had the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, or Fra Junipero, or of the early Christians, it would make very little difference who owned the land or wealth, for it would be gener-

ously distributed to all. If all the poor were as holy as Blessed Labre or St. Zita, and instead of asking for more were content with less than they have, Communism would have no votaries. But landlords are not all saints, ready to give to the poor all that they possess; and unfortunately many of the poor, even in rural districts are as bad, as we find them in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Whitechapel, or the Five Points. Alas! original sin and its consequences are seen in the lower as well as in the upper classes; and the dream of a condition of society, in which rich and poor will never quarrel, in which all things will be in common; when the hungry lion and the well-fed lamb will peaceably sleep together, antedates the eating of the famous apple, and is, in short, a Utopia. We all grant that the poor have rights. It is a pity that they have been told so in such exaggerated style by demagogues, and even by well-meaning men, whose sympathetic nature clouds the sense of justice in their intellects, that partial, has become general, discontent, and the coldness of the poor towards the wealthier classes has been intensified into dislike, even into positive hate. Wild, illogical and unjust theories are proposed; and in defending the rights and endeavoring to alleviate the wants of the poor, the laws of justice have been violated, and the rights of the rich denied. Clever and sentimental men, with souls justly burning at the sight of the misery and the innocent poverty of peasants, in their zeal to remove the cause and remedy the evil, have fallen into the extreme of denying the rights to own land at all — *Dum vitia vitant*, in *Contraria Current.* They forget that Charybdis is as dangerous as Scylla. To deny the right to private ownership of land, and especially to drag in the authority of the holy fathers in justification of such denial, is not to follow in the footsteps of the great theologians of the Catholic Church. Let us hear what they say on the subject. St. Thomas argues that land, like other external objects, may be considered in two ways: in its nature, and in its use. In its nature, it is God's, for "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all they that dwell therein" (Psalm 24, 1). In its use it belongs to man; for he can apply to it his intelligence and will, and for him it was created. God has the principal dominion over all things; while man's dominion is subordinate to God's. So much for man taken to represent the human race in regard to the ownership of land.[1]

As to private ownership of land, St. Thomas argues that man has two powers in regard to it and other external objects: firstly, the power of acquiring and disposing, and as to this it is lawful for man to possess private property. It is even necessary for human life for three reasons:

[1] Summa theol. 2a 2æ quæst 66 art. I.

firstly, because the individual is more solicitous to take care of what is his own, than of what belongs to all or to many; because man naturally shirking labor leaves to others that which is common; for, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," as we see in the case of servants; secondly, because human affairs are better regulated when each man has a special care of some particular thing; for there would be confusion if every one without distinction would have the care of everything; thirdly, because by private ownership, society is kept more peaceably, since every one must mind his own property, when each man has a certain piece alloted to him. His right of private property, adds the angelic doctor, is not against the natural law, but something congenial added to it by the "invention" of human reason.[1] Not only man but all the other animals show the natural tendency and power to apprehend something absolutely and to keep it.[2] Of the chickens that feed in the yard, each runs off with its own share of food, owns it and will not yield it up except to superior force. The dog keeps his bone, and growls and fights to retain it. He has the right of legitimate possession. Man's right having a higher rational basis cannot be rationally assailed. If there is no private right to own land, there is no right at all in man to own external things—and we had better abolish the treatises of "Justice" and "Contracts" out of theology; and wipe out of the world the courts of justice that are found in every nation, civilized and uncivilized, for the settlement of disputes about property. The right to own land precedes all other rights to property; far from the land, from agriculture, all commerce originates, and all articles of commerce have their last reason of being in the land. We catch the fish of the sea, by articles made on land. The clothing that we wear is made out of the vegetable, or taken from the animal kingdom, which depends on the vegetable; the money, metals, etc., that we use, all come out of the land. "There is no absolute ownership in land," say you. None that is not subordinate to him who is the Supreme Lord and Creator of the land, I grant that there is even fee simple ownership of men in relation to their fellow-men, derived either from prior-possession, or from contract, or from some other legitimate title; and this ownership is sacred even to the state. This is Catholic doctrine, found in all our theologies. Individuals made the state. The state did not make individuals. The rights, powers and privileges of the state are simply concessions from individuals; from families that had rights before the state existed; rights which they consented to abridge for the sake of the general good. The state is only a police to protect right;

[1] Idem art. II. [2] Idem quæst. 57 art. 3.

and its sphere is limited. The state has no right to interfere with conscience; nor to intrude into the family and usurp the rights of parents over their children; nor to take the individual's land without compensation. The state is only the servant of the people, with delegated rights. There are many things the state does, which it has no right to do. Because it sometimes usurps, that is no reason for giving it the right to do so. *Ab actu ad posse valeb illatio* as to facts, yes; but as to rights, no!

The church owns and has owned in fee simple lands in Europe. The state has often stolen them. But the church protested and never recognized the right of the state to steal her property or nationalize her land. Absoluteism in the state is not the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Neither has the state a right to deprive an individual of land without compensation except in extraordinary cases. We may rail at the brutality of landlords, and it may be very great and detestable; they may violate the law of charity by not giving as they should for the relief of the poor and suffering; but they are not robbers, because they own land; "property is not theft," although Prudhon said so; and they violate no law of justice by resisting confiscation. We speak of landlords who have well-founded rights to their property; not of those who have clouded titles to their real estate. If our philanthropists would read more of Suarez, and less of Henry George's fallacies, they would not fall into the error of denying the right of private ownership in land. Suarez says that the division of property (land) was originally made partly by occupation, and partly by drawing lots. For the children of Adam coming into this world as into a magnificent palace full of wealth, every one became master of what he first possessed. If a doubt arose as to the priority of possession, or if several claimed it at once, ownership was decided by lot. In this way after the deluge did the sons of Noe become owners;[1] and after them subdivisions became numerous in proportion to the increase of population. "Squatter Sovereignty," properly understood, is a legitimate title to the ownership of land; subject however to the *altum dominium* of the state. In the early ages there were heretics who denied the right to private ownership of property. They were called *Apostolici*.[2] St. Augustine speaks of them thus: "They are called Apostolicals" having most arrogantly assumed this name because they will not receive into their Communion persons having wives owning property."[3] These were turned out of the Church for holding that it was impossible for property owners to save their souls.

[1] Genesis, C. 10 and 11.
[2] The *fraticelli* and other *herecies* of the middle ages were like these.
[3] St. Augustine hæres, 41.

If land were all held in common the world would be full of drones; "The good is desirable," says Aristotle: "but every man loves his own interest best." In the communistic theory no one would own an inch of land, but everybody would have a right to the whole. The Irish peasant, who is justly crying out for a few acres of land, to own them, to till them, and thus show his industry, could hardly be filled with zeal to till the land that belonged to the whole nation, landlord and tenant alike, idler and thrifty at the same time. Communism would eventually pale private industry. If the land were nationalized, what would you do with the kid-gloved gentlemen who hate mechanical or agricultural labor? How could you make the lazy pauper work? Selfishness is the greatest spur to industry, and the platonic theory of unrivalled proprietorship, according to which the individual would own nothing, is the greatest foe of personal activity. The law of social inequality is universal.[1] No billow on sea without its co-relative abyss; no hill on land without its hollow. There is no perfect plane in the physical, intellectual or moral order except in the imagination of a communistic dreamer. Even if you make social equality by force it will not last; for in the end the strongest in muscle, in brain, or in perseverance, will rise above their fellows like hills above the plain. It is again the "survival of the fittest," as Mr. Darwin would say. The Utopia of unabridged liberty, fraternity and perfect equality is only a "midsummer's night's dream" illuminated by moonshine. It is pleasant, indeed, to think of a millenium in which men would all live together like peaceful brothers; but from the days when Cain killed his own brother Abel through jealousy; from the black day when Adam fell, quarrels and contentions about land and everything else have existed among men, and will exist as long as human passions exist. Even the division of property, sanctioned by the common consent of mankind, and by all laws, does not prevent acts of violence. Would common possession stop them? Yes, when men become angels; but we cannot find among men, yet even the rudimentary development of wings. Long ago, Abraham and Lot tried the experiment of common ownership of land, and found the experiment a failure. They had to divide the land for the sake of peace.[2]

"Selfishness is the cause of private ownership of land," say the philanthropists; "and selfishness is wrong." Not at all, unless it is inordinate. There is a mixture of selfishness, even in our efforts to save our souls. Take away the motive of self-interest and you strike dead commerce and the emulation which is the very soul of

[1] Mallock's "Social Equality" is excellent on this theme. [2] Genesis XIII v. 6, et segg.

human society. "Original sin brought on the division of land; private ownership of land is the result of man's iniquity." Well, what then? A condition of things, necessitated by the fall of Adam, is not necessarily sinful because the fall was. We have to wear clothes because Adam fell. Is it wrong to do so? Must we all go without shirts and private farms, because both came into existence after original sin?

"But the holy fathers are opposed to private possession of land." Well, let us see. St. Basil in a homily[1] on these words of St. Luke, chapter XII., in which there is a question of a covetous rich man: "*What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?*" . . . "*This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and will build greater.*" . . . "*And I will say to my soul: soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer:*" uses the following languages: "Like one coming first to a public spectacle who forestalls the seats and drives away those coming later, appropriating to himself what is destined for the common use, are the rich who consider their own what they have pre-occupied." The "philanthropists" who quote this text could easily find an explanation of it in St. Thomas, who proposes it as the second objection to his thesis regarding the lawfulness of private property. Here is his answer: the man who forestalls the seats in a theatre, so as to prevent others from entering would do wrong; but he who merely enters first, and prepares the way for others acts lawfully. In like manner, a rich man does not do wrong by acquiring possession of what is common and making it his own, provided others share its benefits, and he does not indiscriminately exclude the public from a share in them. In other words, St. Thomas distinguishes between the right to own and use land or other property; and the wrong of making such ownership a monopoly by heartless selfishness injurious to the common weal. Selfishness sins against charity, but not necessarily against justice. The original words more clearly show this to be the meaning of St. Basil.[2] The abuse of riches is the object of St. Basil's vehement oratory; not the right to own property. His subsequent words show this: "Why do you (rich men) abound in wealth, while this other man begs, if it be not that you may gain merit by giving from your abundance, and that he may be crowned with the rewards of patience?" Basil does not here deny the rich man's right to his property.

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[1] Hom. 7. [2] 2a 2æ quæst 66 art. 2 ad 2m.

"Ωσπερ αν ει τις, εν θεατρῳ θεαν κατα λαβων, ειτα εξειργοι τους επεισιοντας, ιδιον εαυτου κρινῶν το κοινως πασι κατα την χρησιν, προκείμενον· τοιαυτοι εισι και οι πλουσιοι. Τα γαρ κοινα προκατασχοντες, ιδια ποιουνται δια την προληψιν."

"But St. Ambrose favors Communism." Let us read him. In his 64th sermon he says: "Let no one call his own what is common, what is more than sufficient for use has been obtained by violence." Again we have to blame those who quote this text, for not having given the explanation of it. We observe in the first place, that the best critics deny the authenticity of this sermon.[1] It is simply a paraphrase of St. Basil's homily above quoted. St. Thomas judging it by the context says: "Ambrose speaks of the *use* of property; and not of real ownership. We admit that no man could rightly go into a public common, monopolize it, and claim the exclusive use of it for himself without violating justice; no man could sit down at a public banquet and appropriate all the wines and viands, without violating decency and law. But this has nothing to do with the right of private ownership of land or any other property. It is not fair criticism to take the vehement words of an orator away from their context, and impose with them on an ignorant public by imperfect interpretation.

Just as St. Thomas solves those two objections from the fathers against the right to own private property, so does Suarez explain two others misapplied by our "philanthropists." Clement I. writes:[2] "The common use of all things, which are in this world, ought to have belonged to all; but by iniquity one said this was his, and another that, and thus among men division of property arose." The translation given explains the text. Clement is urging the faithful in Jerusalem to a life in common, as it is more conformable to the state of original innocence, when there was neither *mine* nor *thine*. We are willing to admit that the Communistic theory of property, may have preceded the fall of Adam; but since then it has become a necessity for every man to wear his own clothes and own his own real estate if he can. In a state of innocence neither fig leaves nor private farms would be necessary.

But says St. Augustine: "If this villa is mine and that yours, it is by the law of the Emperors."[3] To this Suarez; "The division of property in general is by the law of nations; but not the ownership of this or that piece of property by various particular persons. This ownership is founded either in first occupation or in various contracts, or in other causes approved by the civil law."[4] We may add that at least in a dozen passages of this sixth tract of St. Augustine on St. John's gospel, the right of private ownership of property is conceded.

The "philanthropists" who quote these isolated texts of the fathers have evidently mistaken their meaning. It is, to say the least, very

[1] See Migne's patrolory in loco. [2] Cap. Dilectissimis 129, 1. [3] Tract 6. in Joan.
[4] De Justitia apud migne vol. XV. p. 503–4.

disingenuous to quote objections to Catholic doctrine, and not give the public the benefit of the replies made to them by the Catholic theologians in whose works they have been found. No amount of honest sympathy with distress or poverty or an unjustly treated peasantry will justify the inculcation of wrong means or false principles for the bettering of their condition. All classes in Society have rights, and property owners on both sides of the Atlantic have theirs as well as the poor and the tenants. The French Communists worship the god Mercury. "Property is theft" say they, and Mercury is the god of thieves. He is represented with two wings on his hat, one over each ear. Our American "philanthropists," although they do not worship the god, seem to have taken his hat and put it on their own heads; and the wings? why the wings have flown away with their common sense. Let landlordism go by legal means wherever it is a system of oppression and abuse. Let the tenants and the poor everywhere be protected and helped by the Church and by the state in their efforts to better their condition; but let no man teach that to be a landlord or a bondholder is to be a criminal.[1]

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

AMERICAN NICKNAMES.— The following are the nicknames by which the States in the American Union are designated in the familiar political vocabulary of America:— Alabama, lizards; Arkansas, toothpicks; California, gold-hunters; Colorado, rovers; Connecticut, wooden nutmegs; Delaware, blue hen's chickens; Florida, fly-up-the-creek; Georgia, crackers; Illinois, suckers; Indiana, hoosiers; Iowa, hawk-eyes; Kansas, jayhawkers; Kentucky, corn-crackers; Louisiana, creoles; Maine, foxes; Maryland, craw-thumpers; Michigan, wolverines; Minnesota, gophers; Mississippi, tadpoles; Missouri, pukes; Nebraska, bug-eaters; Nevada, stage-hens; New Hampshire, granite boys; New Jersey, blues or clam-catchers; New York, knickerbockers; North Carolina, tarboilers and tuckoes; Ohio, buckeyes; Oregon, web-feet and hard cases; Pennsylvania, leatherheads and Pennanites; Rhode Island, gun-flints; South Carolina, weasels; Tennessee, whelps; Texas, beef-heads; Vermont, Green Mountain boys; Virginia, beadles; and Wisconsin, badgers. It seems to us rough on the Oregonians to call them "hard cases" which is anything but the equivalent for gentlemen, and the "wooden nutmegs" of Connecticut is not a flattering suggestion as to the honesty of the State in question.

[1] The power vested in the community or the state by what lawyers call the "right of eminent domain" — *altum dominium* — to confiscate private property in extraordinary cases; and the principles that in "necessity all things are common," or as St. Thomas puts it, "In necessity all things are in common, and so it is not a sin if any one driven by necessity should take another's property become common by such necessity," (2a 2æ quæst 66 art. VII.) do not affect the argument in favor of the right to private property; for we have not been discussing the case of extreme necessity, but the communism of Henry George and his school.

O Erin gal mo Store!

"*Hymnum cantate nobis de canticission!*"—Psalm 136, 4.

O SACRED Isle! O lovely land!
How sweet to sing of thee!
Thy valleys green, thy mountains grand,
Thy cliffs that stem the sea.
Thy silver streams that glide along
Where dasies deck the shore,
Thy groves resounding with sweet song,
O Erin gal mo store!

Thy castles lie in ruins gray
Where scarce a sound is heard.
Save when, at fading of the day,
Hoots wierd the foul night-bird.
To crumbling walls the ivy clings
Above the open door,
Which loosely, mournfully swings,
O Erin gal mo store!

Thy churchyards green do awe inspire
In every faithful breast;
Beneath the shadow of the spire,
The dead have sought their rest.
Oxford, N. J.

Here pause! and mark the heavy grass
By bent knees trampled o'er,
When loving friends came here to Mass,
O Erin gal mo store!

A nation once — a NATION still,
Though barred of nation's rights,
Throughout the land the gallant thrill
For freedom all unites;
And hopes are high that Erin's flag
The wide land shall float o'er,
From city hall and rugged crag,
O, Erin gal mo store!

The star of FAITH still brightly shines
Dear land, thy face upon;
How sweet the vision of thy shrines
Where martyrs' crowns were won.
When God shall heaven and earth renew,
Thee, too, He will restore,
And bless with a celestial hue,
My Erin gal mo store!

REV. P. A. TREACY.

A Trip to the Jesuit Novitiate at West Park.

PART II.

"COLD SPRINGS," shouted the brakeman, as we steamed between woody cliffs and sandy shores, observing in the distance, under enormous rocks, the forges and furnaces where the great Parot guns of the army and navy were wrought during the war. Mean and handsome houses adjoined each other, and the Church of our Lady of Loretto stood boldly up between the track and the river, partly hiding from our view the bold and lofty mountains on the opposite shore. In this solemn and sacred temple the pastor, Father O'Neil, successor to Father Galligan, the present amiable and esteemed rector of St. John's Church, White Plains, is wont on Sundays to inflame cold hearts with the love of God and induce thirsty spiritual travellers to

drink deep of the celestial spring. A rugged but picturesque road runs along by the track towards the north. This highway is an exceedingly dangerous one for high-spirited horses, as it runs around tunnels, over bridges, and often inclines to a considerable degree. It has many curves, so that a driver may expect surprises, and the noise of the train's whistle, being weakened by the intervening rocks, might be totally lost to him unless he possessed a capital ear.

On leaving Cold Spring, we found the river becoming narrower and the lofty mountain walls on the opposite side of the bank growing higher and higher. As the "Mary Powell," and other steamers pass by here, the passengers on the decks can almost touch the cliffs with their hands. The rugged sublime, and the softly lonely in this spot are splendidly blended. Nature in its insect and flowery life is rich even in the heart of the rocks, and as the evergreen cedars, dwarf oaks, maples and other trees gleam in the golden sun, they reflect themselves in the still waters below where sturgeon, bass, shad and shiners revel. As we advance we notice the peaks of Breakneck Beacon — so called because of the signal fires kindled on it during the revolution,— Butter, Crow Nest, Sugar Loaf, Storm King and Anthony's Nose, through whose base we penetrated. Most of those points are fifteen hundred feet high. On quitting the Highlands we noticed the river widening to a great broad lake, revealing on its western side the charming village of Cornwall. The gentle undulating surface of this place, dotted with fine houses, and sheltered by the lofty hills, afforded us an enchanting picture.

Cornwall is a famous summer resort, and has been blessed and sanctified by Fathers Keogh, MacKin, Ward and Kiely, whose apostolic labors have been *positively grand.* A stage runs regularly from here to Newburgh, and during the summer season a ferry boat connects at the opposite shore with all local trains. As we left behind us the rugged cliffs of Putnam, we came to Dutchess Junction, in Dutchess County. The lands here appear to be more fertile, and as we neared Fishkill Landing, we could see the interior for miles, dotted with neat cottages, villas and stores. Though we could not observe the old historic Dutch Church at Fishkill, still some of us beheld it before and remembered it with interest, as in it the famous "Harvey Birch" (Enoch Crosby), the hero of Cooper's "Spy" was once detained a manacled prisoner. By its walls the captive army of Burgoyne passed on its way to Virginia. Fishkill Landing is connected with Newburgh on the opposite shore by a well regulated ferry. The village runs back for some distance, and mingles pleasantly with Matteawan. Though unobserving the latter, we had a very vivid recollection of it as it sat like a loving and beautiful child, at the feet of its guardian, the Fishkill

range of hills. All those who know Matteawan remember with affection the name of Father McCourt, who labored there for years instructing his people, directing the children, and making improvements on the church property, which, during his administration presented marks of such order and taste. A beautiful monument has been erected to his memory over his grave on the grounds near the church by a grateful and devoted people. The Ashursts, Forrestels, Tulleys, Smiths, Coons, Reillys, Powers, and other families, remarkable for their musical, pious and elevated sentiments clung like flowering vines around their brave and upright pastor, and when he fell their glories were drowned in tears. His lay as well as ecclesiastical friends will never forget Father McCourt, and the splendid school and other buildings will, we trust, always remain evidences of his industry and zeal. Father Henry, formerly of Mt. Kisco, now smiles complacently on the children that Father McCourt so ardently loved. Your correspondent has many tender and happy recollections of the parish of Matteawan, as his relations with the late pastor were of a most affectionate character.

These visions of the past, so sad and sweet, were heightened by the presence of Newburgh, that sat on the opposite slope, crowned like a queen with a diadem of golden light, and guarded at the back by a wall of emerald hills. At its southern extremity is situated New Windsor, where stands Washington's headquarters. The broad-roofed stone mansion can be seen on the hill, and a flag waves over the old cannons that still decorate the yard. Its famous old room, with seven doors and one window, is well worth seeing. Here many distinguished civil and military individuals were entertained by Washington, and people still speak of the famous, little Brewster woman, three feet high, who continued to be so charming and graceful till she died at the advanced age of seventy-five years. Newburgh possesses extensive shipping, and several fine factories. Its streets are numerous and regular, and are highly adorned with handsome residences and stores. Its situation on a hill renders it very conspicuous, and it is appropriately furnished with distinguished pastors. White vests and black horses, too, are conspicuous features in Newburgh life. Father J. Mooney is the present pastor of St. Patrick's Church, being successor to the late well-known and active Father Briady. The virtues developed in the seminary are further practised here amid a high and regular public life. Father Michael Phelan, the first and beloved pastor of a newly-formed congregation, has rendered himself immortal by the erection of a handsome church, which graces one of the most aristocratic localities in the town. His grand bass voice, and face illuminated with smiles, are constantly employed in advancing the

honor and glory of God. "Long may those good priests reign over there," cried the merchant and myself in one breath.

Castles, mansions, wide roads, grand gardens and lawns opened out on the north, and we were soon enabled to catch a glimpse of the convent of the good Sisters of Mercy at Balmville. It stood a short distance from Newburgh, amid picturesque woods and hills, and it, like the other Catholic institutions on the route, constituted an ornament to the river. Not far from here lies the low, rocky peninsula, called the *Dans Kamer* (Dance Chamber). Here, for years after the discovery of the river, prior to going to battle or the chase, the Indians held horrible orgies, dancing, shouting, and singing around big fires. The Dutch called the place "The Devil's Dance Chamber," since the red skins appeared to them like a troop of demons.

Here the historian, "Knickerbocker," affirms that Peter Stuyvesant's crew were "most horribly frightened by roystering devils." We took our eyes off the opposite shore now and then, and gazed with calm delight on the fields full of wild flowers that appeared near Low Point. Children were out plucking daisies, and the merchant was so delighted with the fresh, pure life on the grassy hills, that he felt, more than once, tempted to jump out the window, and indulge in a chase after grasshoppers.

As we passed we saw clothes hanging in the gardens, and swung to and fro by the breeze, housewives busied themselves in their cottages, pigs grunted in their pens, goats were cropping grass on the rocks, cats mewed on door-steps, and boys were playing leap frog and base ball in the fields. Milton stood beyond, a regular queen of the hills, with its neighborhood adorned with romantic ravines and royal woods. There Father James Mee delivers the sentiments of his good-natured, Irish heart, to a congregation endowed with common sense, who admire genuine simplicity, and are borne away by an eloquence born of nature. As St. Paul moved his hearers at Ephesus, so does the pastor his congregation at Milton. Kerr's Grove appears to view, opposite New Hamburg, which we now reach. The pastors and acting pastors of Roundout, have occasionally used that grove as a resting-place for their people, during down-the-river church excursions. Nothing could be lovelier than a view of such parties dressed in various styles, gay as well as grave, seated on the hills under the shadow of the trees, drinking lager beer, and eating cake and chicken under the approving smiles of their pastors. Back of New Hamburg, lies the much larger and more prosperous village of Wappinger's Falls, rendered important to Catholic chroniclers by the long career and services of Father Sheehan, whose death occurred

about nine years ago, and was regretted by Protestants as well as Catholics. The bowling-alley shaped, old church has been superseded by a large, and splendid new edifice erected by the present pastor, Father O'Keefe, whose serene expression, and cultivated taste, are as well known in the Metropolis, as in his rural district. Hat and other factories abound here, and their position on a fine creek adds to the picturesque character of the neighboring scenery.

While visions of Wappinger's Falls were revolving in my head, our train was nearing Poughkeepsie. Though the views on the river might appear somewhat tame and monotonous to less cultivated eyes still they seemed to the merchant to be clad at every turn with fresh features of interest and beauty.

The graceful points of the little promontories, the formation of the rocks, and the disposition of the trees were ever varying and delightful. The most beautiful feature of the whole landscape was the prevailing and refreshing green of the woods. It looked especially lovely when contrasted with the blinding ashes which the engine discharged. It was very pure and exhilarating, far away from dust and foul odors. the roar of factories and founderies, and the sound of giddy throngs. The leaves waved languidly in the gentle breezes, the trees reflected themselves on the smooth, sunny waters, the corn fields were agitated like gently rolling billows on the tops of the hills, and all nature seemed to enjoy a universal quiet holiday. The brakeman, with ever watchful eyes, soon peeped in the door, disturbing our reflections, as he shouted "Poughkeepsie, ten minutes, for refreshments." This was welcome news to most people in the carriage, as they promptly indicated their desire to refresh the body as well as the soul by partaking of lunch. The cars, as if conscious of the place, drew up as steadily and methodically, as an old stage coach, whose horses were thoroughly familiar with the hostlery. The hungry stomachs of a large crowd directed them to the counters of the fast old growing saloon, the only decent one on the line between New York and Albany. Here mouths and noses were greeted with the sweet odors of hot biscuits, steaming coffees, tender chicken, delicate hams and other eatables.

After special dishes were despatched, at a reasonable outlay of time and money, we reseated ourselves in the cars, and looked out with no small share of amusement, on the mixed crowds that confronted us. There was one man with a wooden leg, an intolerably red nose, and a pair of blue glasses, running here and there with open watch, trying to find if the time piece at the station tallied with his own. In his anxiety to find his chronometer and catch the train, he forgot that he was very near tumbling over an obsequious boot black, whom he unintentionally kicked with his wooden leg.

A small, bow-legged boy happened at the same moment to let a little black and tan terrier escape him. His efforts to recover him by creeping and hunting under the cars, were highly amusing while provocative of sympathy. A pompous Dutchman held a canary case in one hand, and a big pipe in the other; in his anxiety to get aboard, his tobacco apparatus came in collision with the cage and tumbled it, causing the bird to get loose and plunging the owner into an exciting chase to recover it. After some minutes of racing, panting and shouting, the bird was captured, and the German gentleman betook himself to his seat in the carriage. Married folks with gangs of children in high and low life, stepped from the platform to the train, as many different emotions filled them. Young swells with fastidious dresses, and highly polished wax mustaches gazed nonchalantly on the crowd, while porters hustled around them. The tower of St. Peter's Church appeared on a hill to the right above several houses. This object reminded us of Dr. P. McSweeny, who was formerly pastor of this church, and is now the distinguished rector of St. Bridget's, New York. His successor, Father Nilan, has not only a local, but a universal reputation for zeal and financial tacts. "May the Lord preserve him for many years to come," was the pious aspiration of our friend Mr. R. "Yes," cried the merchant, "and his neighboring co-operator Dr. Edward McSweeny, is never slow to give his people a splendid moral as well as dogmatic training. Let me know who could conscientiously deny that?" "Nobody, nobody, certainly," exclaimed all in chorus. "The city," remarked Father L—— has to be congratulated in its possession of such capital pastors, among whom I am proud to mention my friend Father Bruder. The schools and congregations here are excellent. In fact everything in the place is splendid.

The name Poughkeepsie is a corrupted form of the Indian expression, and means "Safe Harbor." Here were dock-yards where vessels were constructed for the Continental army, and the old court-house was made famous, by the meeting of the New York Legislature after Kingston was destroyed by fire in 1777. In this place, also, the State convention was held which ratified the National Constitution. It is now an important town with an excellent police system, regularly laid, elegant streets, pretty parks, a fine fire department, colleges, gas-lights, street railroads, founderies, factories, rolling mills, breweries, tanneries, banks and other business establishments. Vassar College, where young ladies are trained, is situated about two miles east of the town, in the midst of a grand estate of two hundred acres. Eastman College affords young men great facilities for acquiring a business education. The insane asylum stands on a hill some distance north

of the town, and commands a fine view of the river, forest, and mountain. Its grounds comprise an area of three hundred acres.

In the course of a few minutes we came in view of Hyde Park, and we beheld on the opposite shore, the Novitiate of St. Ignatius, boldly perched on a beautiful hill. When the brakeman cried out, 'Hyde Park," Mr. R—— exclaimed, "By-the-by, isn't it here that the little Gothic chapel is, which was built by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and of which Father Fitzsimmons of Rhinebeck (now succeeded by the accomplished Father Terrence Kelly) was for some time pastor. I heard it was a very handsome one, and I wish I could see it." "Yes," said I, "it is an ornament to the place, and will remain for many years a monument of the good lady's zeal and affection for her church. A neat little cottage with pleasant grounds adjoins it, and there the priest in charge resides. What a happy spot! If you only saw it surrounded as it is by splendid trees, lawns and gardens, you would be instantly transfixed with delight. It is actually transformed into a perfect little Eden, by the artistic taste of its present rector. The patroness, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, has a lordly mansion higher up in the village. The house overlooks the river for miles, and is adorned on the land side by thousands of grand oaks and other trees." While we were chatting, the musical genius of the party was admiring the singing-birds and humming an air, which struck me as singularly in keeping with the time of "Coach O'Leary." How exquisitely the German voice and the Irish music harmonized. The rest of the party listened with breathless delight to the vocalist, who was so transfused with happiness and oblivious to all admirers.

On alighting from the cars, the first object that confronted us was a hearse which was waiting at the station for a corpse that was conveyed by our train. Our cheerful party was effected by the sight of this reminder of death, which daily asserts itself to sad as well as merry crowds either in the shape of tombstones, newspaper reports of fatal accidents, funeral bells, and other things and circumstances. A tear glistened in the eye of the sympathetic merchant as he noticed a weeping lady standing beside the coffin.

Crossing over to the river side, we saw a very handsome, little, steam yacht waiting at the dock to carry us over to Manresa. After stepping on board, we noticed the train, which we had just left dashing along the track at a tremendous rate. It left a long line of smoke behind it between the green trees and blue sky. Having taken taken our places we glanced at the boat, and were delighted with its appearance. It could comfortably accommodate a party of twelve. It had a solid, excellent engine and boiler, a pretty awning overhead, and was

painted in gorgeous colors. The whistle was loud, clear and musical, and its young captain was a most obliging gentleman. We sail down the river for a little distance, and then the crossing to the dock at Manresa was perfectly delicious.

The breezes caressed us as we moved, not a particle of dust amongst us, and the musical water murmurs caused by the motion of the boats were delightful to hear.

This diminutive steam yacht ploughed the waves as bravely and independently as a plucky little trotter flies along one of the boulevards. We scarcely noticed the time passing till we arrived at the dock. Here we disembarked and prepared for a walk of about half a mile up the steep hill to the Novitiate. The heat of the day was intense, and the "musical genius," who was the most corpulent of the party, appeared an object of sympathy, as he moved and perspired over the hot, deep sands and broken stones. As we ascended we noticed some fine tulip trees, with beautiful blossoms, shaped like chalices and full of fragrance. Milk weeds, mixed grasses, and hundreds of wild flowers grew on all sides and the higher we went up, the grander the river view appeared to us. It spread away beneath us like a lovely lake edged by woods and mountains. We could see the fiery tongues of the furnaces and founderies near the water's edge at Poughkeepsie licking the air. The giant trees that formed so many parks on the opposite shore, seemed somewhat dwarfed by distance, and now and then fine villas appeared on the tops of hills. As we drew near the institution we observed its fine gardens and vineyards, also its lovely entrance walk, shaded on either side by tall, handsome evergreen and other trees. We were all very much impressed with the beauty and stillness of the place. No more suitable spot could be found for the development of that spirit which brought the Jesuit novices here. Each could say with St. Ignatius, that brilliant captain of the sword and cross "In my grotto at Manresa, I dedicate myself to alms and prayer, those powerful weapons of the first hermits." Perched on a hill over-looking a world of beauty, still they are far away from the world of vain delights, ambitions, distractions and vexatious cares. They come here after quitting home and friends to learn to love more and more the virtues of poverty, chastity and obedience, which they are expected to practise, and they find at hand, all the means they need to make them gallant soldiers of the voice and pen, ready to fight at all times the battles of Jesus under the banner of the cross. As we moved along we felt that we were treading upon holy ground. We heard bells ringing for particular devotions, noticed some of the priests reading the divine office in the garden, listened to the birds singing

sweetly in the neighboring trees, and paused with wonder and delight as we saw the glories of the sky hanging over the distant mountains. The old mansion at Manresa must be 400 feet at least above the surface of the river. In winter it is defended from the blasts of the North and East by tall and compact trees. The spruce, hemlock and arbor-vitæ are found here in magnificent proportions, and when the snow comes on the ground they form a verdant and refreshing sight.

At this time their limbs form roosts for lots of robins, sparrows, blue birds, orioles, bobolinks and other birds. As we passed the plain and solid new structure which contains the chapel, we observed fine beds of colens, geraniums and other flowers.

The sun shone down on the soft earth, and the warm odorous breath of the many plants arose, filling millions of insects, as well as ourselves, with pleasing sensations. The treasures of the garden were numerous and everything there was finely arranged. The puny fruit had taken the place of the pear and apple blossoms, and the vines were loaded with green grapes. "Ah!" cried the musical genius, "everything here looks and smells nice."

As we mounted the stairs of the mansion we felt exhilarated by the view and the breezes. The broad, grand parlor opened on the piazza and though it was plainly furnished, yet it displayed much neatness. A fine piano stood at one end of the room, and the moment Father L—— beheld it he divested himself of his coat, and ran to it with the instinct of a painter to his pencil, a poet to his pen, a sculptor to his chisel, or a saint to his devotions. I need not add, that he made the walls and neighboring arbors, and even the valley below, ring with the rich tones of the music.

Though his execution on the piano was essentially charming, still it was far surpassed by the pathos, power and tenderness of his voice. He sang an Ave Maria. It was perfectly grand.

The musical impression given to the sentiments of joy, triumph, and solemnity, that appeared in the hymn, aroused in the listeners feelings that will never be forgotten. Little bells were ringing in the house, and the birds sang louder and more merrily in the garden, as the voice of Father L—— continued in the parlor. Mr. B—— sat with joined hands, and eyes cast up to the ceiling, looking as if he had a vision. The merchant was almost wild with joy. Being passionately fond of music, especially of the solemn kind, his face presented the appearance of one in an ecstasy. The two young novices who were related to some of the party, and who had attended us on our journey from the dock to the house, sat listening to the sacred melodies with eyes modestly cast down, and hearts raised up to heaven. Towards

the end of the hymn, Father Gleason, the rector and master of novices, appeared and welcomed us. Though his manner was grave and dignified, still it was occasionally marked by a vein of gentle humor. He conversed with us very pleasantly, and entertained us in the warmest manner. But duty soon called him away, and we were left to ourselves and the novices.

The Jesuits, though sociable, will never allow other affairs to prevent them from attending to business. The history of the order shows this.

The founder, St. Ignatius, like St. Paul, was struck by the grace of God in the height of his religious indifference and worldly glory. When a young, brave, and proud soldier, he was taken sick. During his illness, he ordered books of chivalry to be brought to his side in order to relieve his uneasiness. Among the collection were the "Passion of Christ" and "The Stories of the Martyrs." The recital of these touching narratives thrilled him. His naturally generous heart being moved, he wept long and bitterly. He tore the image of his betrothed from his bosom, and resolved to exchange the sword for the cross, an earthly for a heavenly fame. He is said to have exclaimed, "I shall be a knight of the real love, and a soldier of the only glory." Bravely did he keep his promise. After going on a pilgrimage to Montserrat, he laid his sword on one of the pillars of the monastery, and sought to store his mind with knowledge in the universities of Barcelona, Salamanca, Alcola and Paris. His genius and the grace of God brought to his side a number of young men, who like himself, were prepared to lay all their luxuries and worldly honors at the feet of Christ. Peter Lefevre, Francis Xavier, Salmeron, Alfonso, Rodriguez, Alzevero and others were all inflamed with his burning words, and were willing to go at once, to any part of the earth, to fight against heresy, and convert the heathen.

Who can consider the self-sacrifices they so generously made for the glory of God and the salvation of souls without being filled with admiration? Xavier, the son of an illustrious house, quitted his parents, his brilliant expectations, and his native land, to go to the Indies. Long journeys by sea and land, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, weariness, the fury of wild beasts and uncivilized people were nothing to him, whose heart burned with the love of a St. John, the zeal of a St. Paul, and the heroic fortitude of a St. Stephen. His life and labors alone, were enough to crown with honor and perpetual renown the Society of Jesus.

What picture could be more touching and beautiful than the sight of St. Francis, the beloved among converts from idolatry, and the

great miracle worker dying on the shores of a distant land, his Bible in one hand and his crucifix in the other, not sighing like Alexander for more worlds to conquer, but thirsting like his adorable Master for more souls to save.

Not a few, but thousands of such men have exchanged riches for poverty, luxury for mortification, honors for insults, sensuality for chastity, and authority for obedience.

Neither parents nor kindred could separate them from God. They have gone through the whole world, north, south, east, and west, carrying with them grand, unconquerable wills, and hearts burning with divine love. They have passed over the snowy hills and frozen lakes of Canada and Siberia, penetrated the dreary, burning deserts of Africa, and traversed the wilds of Asia, South America, and the lone islands of distant seas, in search of souls. Wherever they went they met with success. Their glory and delight was to preach Christ crucified, to explain the beautiful doctrines of our holy religion, to console the sick and dying, and colonize, civilize, and bring temporal, as well as spiritual blessings upon dark and savage nations. Therefore, it is, that Protestants like Macaulay, Bancroft, Longfellow, and numbers of others testify in the most eulogistic terms, to their zeal, piety and learning. Not only have the Jesuits evangelized many barbarous and idolatrous people, but they have also added to the wealth of Christian communities by their many inventions and countless contributions to science. Their colleges, universities and churches are the nurseries and centres of learning, eloquence and devotion. Though objects of envy, jealousy, and hatred, to the agents of evil, who are well known by the titles of freemasons, liberals, infidels, atheists, etc., yet they conquer in spite of them, accepting like our Lord, ingratitude for benefits bestowed, cruelty for meekness, and calumny for rectitude. They teach the Ten Commandments, the Seven Sacraments, the precepts of the Church, the necessity of self-abnegation, the love of the cross, the certainty of the four great truths,— Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell,— and are listened to with awe and veneration by millions, while thousands curse them in their hearts for promulgating truths so distasteful to the senses. Liberal Catholics, and bigoted heretics may swear at them, but the glory of their name and principles remain untarnished. They are Jesuits, followers of Jesus, heirs to His sufferings and the insults he bore. On their banners are distinctly marked the mottoes of poverty, chastity and obedience. What matters it whether they be called saints or devils, honest men or hypocrites? God truly knows their hearts and He will be their judge. All names are alike to them. They seek no praise. St. Ignatius once

cried out, "Hypocrite, hypocrite. May I live to swallow this insult. May I be buried in this cry, my Lord and my God, and my shame be Thy glory. We shall go as our Divine Master went through Judea, with open hands and bare breasts. We are to-day, what I was when alone yesterday, the company founded to carry the cross of Jesus. Each of us shall fall by the way-side, crushed by the fearful and sweet weight of that burthen,—but what matter, the work shall live and grow. I know it . . . The Jesuits shall be able to do all things for the greater glory of God, for the better service of souls, for the sanctity of his brethren, for the sacrifice of himself. We shall be able to do nothing against truth, nothing against justice, nothing against charity. Among men we shall be considered scoundrels for our miracles of poverty, hypocrites for our miracles of charity, cowards for our miracles of humility. Glory to God, glory to God, all glory to God, to the greater glory of God!"

These grand sentiments the great Jesuit, Lejay, of Germany, repeats, though some other jays ignore them and brand them as false. Lejay practically refutes his name sake, and if the heavenly jay met the earthly jay on the same terrestrial tree, the former might compel the latter to warble a more consistent and celestial song. Father Lejay was a man of no ordinary pluck, for when the Lutherans threatened to drown him in the Danube, he cried out, "If I reach heaven what matters it whether I go by land or water!"

Alarming Destruction of American Forests.

An English writer is drawing attention to a subject of very great importance connected with our North American forests. The question is one that is not only within the line of subjects discussed in *Forestry*, but is one that may be said to be of cosmopolitan interest. My remarks will have especial reference to the present condition of American forests as regards the supply of timber known in England as yellow, and in America as white, pine — a wood that, besides furnishing, in the past, three-fourths of the building timber of the United States and Canada, has also found a market to a large extent in the British Islands for over half a century.

That the constant drain made upon the forests of America for supplies of this invaluable wood should at last occasion a scarcity, and compel economists to point to a time in the very near future, when its total exhaustion may with confidence be predicted, will not surprise those who have known the enormous demands made upon them, but

it is questionable if many persons are prepared to realise how near at hand that time is.

Thinking men, aware of the facts, and desirous of protecting the forests, have tried to forewarn the public of the actual state of things, but have only been ridiculed for their pains. Now, however this matter has passed beyond the region of conjecture. The timber supply of the United States has been carefully ascertained through investigations made in connection, with the census, and that of Canada, is well-known, to those conversant with the subject, as to give rise to the most serious apprehensions.

Respecting the United States supply, Professor Charles S. Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University, and special agent in charge of Forestry Statistics of the United States Census, made the following statements last year, in a paper read before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture: —

"The entire supply (white pine) growing in the United States and ready for the axe, does not to-day, greatly, if at all, exceed 80,000,000,000 feet, and this estimate includes the small and inferior trees, which a few years ago would not have been considered worth counting. The annual production of this lumber is not far from 10,000,000,000 feet, and the demand is constantly and rapidly increasing. The publication of these facts a few months ago had greatly increased, and in some cases more than doubled, the value of the pine lands; and it does not require any particular powers of foresight to be able to predict that the price must advance to still higher figures. Enough is now known to permit the positive statement that no great unexplored body of this pine remains; and that, with the exception of the narrow redwood belt of the California coast, no North American forest can yield in quantity any substitute for it."

On another occasion, in an article published in the *North American Review* he says, respecting the redwood:—

"The belt of redwood forest along the California coast has already suffered at the hands of the lumberman, and many of its finest and most accessible trees have already been removed. A large amount of this valuable timber is still standing — less, however than has generally been supposed; and at the present rate of consumption the commercial importance of this forest will have disappeared at the end of a few years more."

And, again, in the same article, as if to emphasize his remarks respecting the disappearance of the white pine he says: —

"Fatal inroads have already been made into the great pine forests of the North Atlantic region. Its wealth has been lavished with an unsparing hand: it has been wantonly and foolishly cut, as if its resources were endless: what has not been sacrificed to the axe has been allowed to perish by fire. The pine of New England and New York has already disappeared. Pennsylvania is nearly stripped of her pine, which only a few years ago appeared inexhaustible. The great North-Western pine States — Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota — can show only a few scattered remnants of the noble forests to which they owe their greatest prosperity, and which not even self-interest has saved from needless destruction."

This is the condition of the United States forests as described by a gentleman who was specially engaged by the Government on account of his pre-eminent ability and high character, to thoroughly investigate the subject made two years after all reports had been given in, when

any errors in calculations, if such existed, would be fully known; and what does it show but that there was then barely eight years' supply of this timber? Since then, another year's cut — said to be the largest ever made — has been removed; so that to-day there is standing in the forests less than seven years' stock of this timber, not only that of merchantable quality, but of all kind, good or bad, large or small, old or young,— timber convenient and accessible, as well as that more remote and inaccessible. So serious, indeed, are the facts that actually, before another Census Report could be made, there would not be a foot of this timber to take into account if the present reckless cutting should continue!

And now if we turn to Canada, what do we find is the condition of things there! It would, of course, be easy to give the present writer's own views, or those of his father, Mr. James Little, of Montreal, to whose writings — probably more than to any other cause — may be ascribed the present interest in the subject of forestry in America; but instead of this we will transcribe from the valuable report on the Canadian forests, submitted to the Government some five years ago, by the Hon. H. G. Joly (Seigneur, late Premier of the province of Quebec), as member of the Dominion Council of Agriculture, a report which is replete with most valuable information and suggestions.

In this report we find, under the heading "State of our Forests," among other remarks made, the following:

"They (the forests) contain," says Mr. Joly, "a great variety of timber, but I will call your attention principally to the pine and spruce, as they form nearly all our export to Europe, and are really the produce of our forests, while the hard wood we export, especially the fine oak, nearly all comes at present from the lake regions of the United States, as we have very little of our own left. For some years past," continues Mr. Joly, "the idea has been gaining ground among men who take an interest in the future of the country, that our great pine and spruce forests are getting rapidly exhausted, and that before long a trade which enables us to export annually over twenty million dollars' worth of timber will shrink down to wofully reduced proportions. Thinking men have begun to sound the note of alarm, and we owe it to them, and especially to ourselves as a nation, to try and find out how far their previsions are likely to prove true."

Then after showing what difficulty the inquiry presents, he says:—

"Let us now try and make an inventory of the timber resources of the Dominion, beginning in the west. On the Pacific shores of the Dominion, in British Columbia, the bountiful gifts of Providence are still stored up for us, and the forests have been scarcely attacked by the lumberman. How long these treasures will last us and what advantages we shall derive from them, depends in a great measure upon ourselves. From the Rocky Mountains to the Province of Ontario there are scattered here and there certain tracts of well-timbered land, but they are the exception. That timber will be required for the local wants of the people who are now only beginning to settle on our fertile prairies."

(It is now known that this prairie country will require thousands of millions of feet in excess of its own stock!) The report goes on to say:—

"The great forest of Canada, *par excellence*, is spread over the vast territory watered by the Ottawa, the St. Saguenay and their tributaries, over one hundred thousand miles in extent; before drawing your attention more particularly to it, I will

mention our remaining timber limits, that cannot compare with it either for size or resources. They are found in the Georgian Bay country, the Muskoka and Nipissing regions, the Eastern townships of Quebec and south shore of the St. Lawrence, to the Gulf; the region on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, from the Saguenay down to the Bersimis, and, perhaps, still lower down, as far as Mingau; and the country watered by the St. John, the Miramichi, the Restigouche, and their tributaries. These limits, in many places are scattered and isolated; they have, with few exceptions (such as the Bersimis in the east, and some newly-discovered pine tracts at the west, on Lake Superior), been worked for a long time, and cannot be expected to supply much longer any considerable quantity of first quality pine, but they still contain an immense quantity of spruce, principally in the east, sufficient for a great many years' supply, if carefully worked and protected. The spruce, unlike the pine, reproduces itself with wonderful ease; and a good spruce country, carefully worked, where you leave untouched all the trees under a certain size, say twelve or thirteen inches at the foot, can be worked, and worked again after a very few years' rest — I might say almost forever. As a match to the timber wealth of British Columbia in the west, there have been lately discovered, at the extreme east of British North America, in the recent explorations through the hitherto unknown interior of Newfoundland, magnificent forests. Let us hope that before long they will take their place among our Canadian forests.

"I will now return to the *Great Canadian Forest*, our great pine country, with its wonderful network of streams, and its three great arteries — the Ottawa, the St. Maurice and the Saguenay.

"Does it begin to show signs of exhaustion? Is it possible that in such a short time man has been able to make an impression upon those millions and millions of acres of forest? If there is no sign of exhaustion, what is the meaning of the complaints that come over the seas to us, every year louder and louder, about the falling off in quality and size, of our pine, hitherto considered the finest in the world? Are they no more than the ordinary complaints of the purchaser? I leave it to our lumbermen to answer. But, before they answer, I will ask them why are they compelled to go now to such enormous distances for the really superior quality of pine they used to get so much nearer home a few years ago?

"Look at the map of that great region, and you will see how little of it is left untouched. On the Ontario side, all the most accessible tributaries of the Ottawa, the Madawaska, Bononchere, Mississippi, Petewawa, and others have been worked for years; the lumbermen are now around the eastern end of Lake Nipissing, with the Matawan for an outlet to the Ottawa, that can only be reached by a land road; they are still much farther north, on the shores of the Montreal River.

"On the Quebec side they have nearly reached the headwaters of all the great tributaries of the Ottawa, the Rivier Rouge, the Riviere du Lievre, the Gatineau, with the Jean de Terre, and Lake Kakebonga, and the Lac des Rapides; they are now working three hundred miles higher up than Ottawa, as the river runs, on Lake Temiscamingue and the Keepawa.

"On the St. Maurice they are as far up as Lake Manouan, on the western side of the river; its great tributaries, on the eastern side, the Bostonnais and the Riviere Croche, have been deprived of the greatest part of their fine pine; it is now sought at the head waters of those rivers.

"As for the Saguenay region, it still contains a good deal of spruce, but there is only a limited extent of pine still untouched, or nearly so, south of Lake St. John, between the Matabetchouan and the head waters of the Riviere Croche, near Commissioners' Lake and Bouchette's Lake. There is a little pine left north of Lake St. John, and a certain quantity on the River Snipsia, and in the Lower Saguenay on the Ste. Marguerite and Petit St. Jean, &c. As for the large rivers that flow into Lake St. John, the Chamouchona, Mistassine, and Peribonca, the pine that was on the lower part of these rivers has been nearly all cut, and the remainder of their course from their distant northern sources is through an immense burnt-up wilderness, where the vegetable soil has been consumed by fire.

"That huge tract of lumber country between the Ottawa and the St. Maurice, that separated (or rather appeared to separate) the lumbermen working on those two rivers, by what seemed an inexhaustible and endless forest — that huge tract is tapped through and through, and the Ottawa lumberman has met the St. Maurice lumberman on the shores of Lake Manouan. A glance at the map will show what that means.

"Those who think there never will be an end to our timber may say, 'We can still go north.' Not very far north. From Lake Temiscamingne and the Montreal River, on the shores of which the lumberman is plying his axe at this very moment, they cannot go very far north before they strike the height of lands dividing the St. Lawrence water-shed from the Hudson's Bay, and the country is generally poor and barren. There is still some fine pine there, in what quantity is not known, along the headwaters of the Ottawa, but it cannot be brought down to market, at least as square timber, until very extensive and costly works have been executed for the improvement of the great Rapide des Quinze.

"Once over the heights that divide the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay water sheds one from another, the streams, without which timber cannot be brought to the market, all run to the north to St. James's Bay and Hudson's Bay. Those regions are generally represented as a huge barren wilderness with little timber, and that mostly of a stunted growth. There is, doubtless, some good timber, but the idea of driving it down the Rupert, the Notway, the Harricanaw, and all those long rivers, to the shores of James's Bay, and taking it home down Hudson's Bay, eight hundred miles long, and through the dangerous Hudson Strait, does not appear very practicable. Whatever timber is there may as well be considered as out of our reach for the present. In the course of time the scarcity of timber fit for export may become so great as to encourage the lumbermen to turn their efforts in that direction; but that region may safely be left out of our reckoning on the present available timber supply.

"In a very short time, since the beginning of this century, we have overrun our forests, picking out the finest pine, and we have impoverished them to a serious extent; and, what makes it worse, impoverished the country too, for, owing to the force of circumstances, which we shall consider later, our timber export trade has not given Canada such a return as she had a right to expect. There still remains to us a great deal of spruce and second-rate pine, which, for generations to come, will be in excess of our local wants, if we are careful; but the really fine pine required to keep up our great timber export trade to its present standard, is getting very scarce and inaccessible, and I fear we must prepare for a sudden and considerable falling off.

"While every one admits the great value of the timber trade to Canada, no one would complain, in a new and sparsely peopled country like ours, if the finest pine forests were to disappear and make room for fine farms. But, unfortunately, we cannot comfort ourselves with such hopes, for the soil of the pine region is not generally favorable to agriculture; and when pine disappears the farm does not very often take its place.

"Men are the same all over the world. They never set much value upon the free gifts of Providence, and disregard them in proportion to their abundance. Timber, fish and game have been destroyed everywhere in the same way. When what appeared to be inexhaustible becomes exhausted, it then begins to be valuable, and we must pay for our experience.

"Our neighbors in the United States have applied to the destruction of their forests, their almost superhuman activity and energy, and they are now worse off than we are for timber. But their eyes are being opened. The President, in his last Message, has earnestly drawn the attention of Congress on the subject, and the following quotation from the last annual report of the Secretary of the Interior, shows how thoroughly they appreciate the gravity of the situation: — 'The rapidity with which this country is stripped of its forests must alarm every thinking man. It has been estimated by good authority that if we go on at the present rate, the supply of timber in the United States will, in less than twenty years, fall considerably short of home necessities. It is time we should turn our earnest attention to this subject, which seriously concerns our national prosperity.'"

And after referring to the older settlements of the Province of Quebec being painfully bare of trees, Mr. Joly sums up his report on "the present state of our forests," by saying "that it is very far from satisfactory, and leaves much room for improvement." But in his very able report he does not stop short at "the state of the forests," but shows his clear insight into everything appertaining to the subject

by accounting for the facts of a continued over-production of wood side by side with rapidly receding and diminishing supplies. In alluding to the over production he says:

"There cannot be a greater waste of any marketable commodity than by over-production. It is unavoidable, as the extraordinary success of any given branch of industry is certain to produce it; but generally it does not take long after its fatal effects are felt before the evil cures itself. Unfortunately our timber trade is an exception to that rule. In the face of a glutted market we persist in our over-production, as if we expect to relieve the market by glutting it still more.

"Over-production in the timber trade is a greater evil than in any other business, as the raw material cannot be replaced for generations. With a few exceptions, the lumbermen of Canada, as a rule, cannot stop their production of timber: they can scarcely curtail it. Without meaning disrespect to a class of hard-working, honorable men, I think they may be considered (with the few exceptions above alluded to) as not being *free agents*. Their relations with the advancers of money, the banks, the brokers, the purchasers in England, are of such a complicated nature that it is difficult for them to realize at any time what their financial position is. They know they are dependent upon others; they have been so from the beginning, and they continue so till, at last, after long years of harrassing, desperate work, with both body and mind worn out, they find themselves poorer than when they began. The lumbermen have indicated the remedy for over-production, but have not been able to apply it. Each one is ready to admit that he (or rather his neighbor) is cutting too much timber, and that he would make more profit with a less quantity. It is bad enough that so much money should be wasted away in cutting down timber for no good; but if there were an inexhaustible supply of timber on the Crown lands, the Government receiving a larger amount of dues than it might otherwise, would not be likely to interfere to protect the lumberman against himself. But our forests are getting rapidly exhausted and their produce sacrificed; and it is a loss for Canada and the lumberman. Of course, the first result of a decrease in the production of timber, in so far as the government is concerned, would be a corresponding decrease in the Crown land receipts. I won't call it the revenue, because there is something deceptive in the use of that word. We are apt to fancy that it means (as Worcester has it) the income or annual profit received from lands, or annual profit from lands or other property. It is nothing of the kind in this case. We have been spending the income or annual profits of our forests, not the forests themselves: not the interest but the capital."

It will be observed in the foregoing report that Mr. Joly speaks of some timber on the head waters of the Ottawa, as not available, at least, as square timber, till improvements are made on the Rapide des Quinzes; and in a few lines to the present writer, as he was leaving home, he says, after alluding to his report as having been collected at different reliable sources, "since then they (the lumbermen) have rendered the Rapide des Quinezs practicable, and are drawing on that last untouched reserve."

The foregoing is a picture made some five years ago of the condition of the Canadian forests by a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the timber trade,— an enthusiast on the subject of forestry, and having recourse to every available source of information on the subject. What can we gather from his statements, but that Canada is almost in the same deplorable condition as the United States as regards its stock of valuable pine timber? It may be here worthy of mention that, though Professor Sargent, in his remarks, made little reference to the condition of the spruce forests of his country, yet an examination of the forestry bulletins, published by his department, shows that the existing amount of spruce timber will have disappeared in as short a time as the

pine; and although Mr. Joly appears to consider that the spruce forests of Canada would supply the home consumption for a great many years, yet it would supply but for a limited period the thousands of millions of feet, that will be required by the United States, when it has parted with its white pine and spruce timber, and when it has no other source of supply for this description of wood than Canada, — and from no other source can it be obtained so cheaply, as it can from Canada,— so that if we act with prudence, and husband our wealth of timber, there is a great future in store for our country. But it is not by using our efforts to get rid of our timber resources in the reckless manner we have been doing in the past, but rather by restricting the cutting, by more careful manufacture, and by considering every growing tree as so much capital, not to be parted with, without valuable consideration that we shall accomplish our object. For this result we shall not have long to wait, for though, as appears above, it would take nearly seven years to entirely exhaust the white pine timber of the United States, by far the largest portion of this timber lies within the extreme North-west, contiguous to that great prairie world, which is now being so rapidly developed, and which will require all the timber that grows there. In fact, the population of the prairie districts are even now planting trees to provide for their future wants. The only section of the white timber country that now competes with Canada in the markets to the south of us, where the bulk of this timber is consumed, is Michigan; and this state according to the most authentic information, would not be able to continue the cut of the past season for more than four years longer. Moreover, a knowledge of these facts has so advanced the price of standing pine in that State, that the price of the manutactured article must continue to advance very rapidly for the future, as there is no other wood in America or elsewhere that is applicable for so many purposes and of such general use.

It has often been said that there would be found a substitute for wood; if so, it is quite time the discoverer brought it forward, for up to the present, the ingenuity of the "everlasting Yankee" has not even touched the subject. Notwithstanding the fences of wire, the use of iron in building, the terra cotta and straw lumber, the consumption of our old friend wooden lumber increased nearly fifty per cent in the ten years, from 1870 to 1880, the former being 12,755,543,000, and the latter, 18,051,356,000 feet, and though it has always been claimed that iron and lumber keep together,— cheap lumber accompanying cheap iron, we now find iron so low, that producers claim they are at the lowest rung of the ladder, while lumber has advanced in America in three years fully fifty per cent, with every prospect of still further increase; and yet we are informed that we are within seven years of the time, when the supplies of white pine and spruce (which are in the North, the great stock of this indispensable material) must cease; and this is not the statement of interested parties, which might be open to suspicion, but of those specially employed by the government of the country to ascertain the true condition of the forests.

It will, no doubt, be said, What of this? There are still vast

forests in the south to be drawn upon. This may be a matter of great value to the south, but to the people of the north, who now make and use four-fifths of the sawed lumber produced, it is a matter of the most serious importance. The value of the lumber now produced in the north exceeds $300,000,000 a year, as it falls from the saw,— that it is all wanted there is no better evidence, than the fact that demand and price are both increasing,— and to replace it would cost from two to three times this sum, even if the same lumber could be obtained elsewhere, which it cannot be: and $600,000,000 a year would not replace it; so that in a very short time this section of the country, instead of having a great and profitable industry advancing and helping every interest, will be called upon to pay out hundreds of millions of dollars annually for such material.

But even our Southern friends are interested with us in the preservation of this timber, as the uses to whieh it is applied are so different from theirs, that large quantities are annually sent South; and the Government of Canada, recognizing this fact, while imposing a retaliatory duty on the white pine, admits Southern pine duty free. It is further to be hoped that Southern governments may learn a lesson from the prodigality of the North, and preserve their most valuable timber for the benefit and welfare of the community, instead of giving it away to timber-land speculators, or to such an ignorant race of destructionists as have gobbled up the timber of the North, or they too will soon be dispossesed of one of the greatest blessings that Providence has vouchsafed their country.

When people talk, as they sometimes do, of the inexhaustible forests of the South, they little know the sawing capacity of the Northern mills, which could in twelve months' time, convert the whole merchantable pine of the States of Georgia or Alabama into lumber, and be but six months in using that of Florida or either of the Carolinas, in fact, the mind can hardly realize the enormous consumption of timber going on in the United States; but some idea may be formed of it, from a knowledge of the fact, that the single city of Chicago received last year over one million St. Petersburg standard hundreds of sawn timber, principally white pine, an amount about equivalent to the entire receipts of sawn wood of all kinds by the United Kingdom during the same period.

O'CONNELL, who understood human nature and the workings of legal machinery well, when once asked his opinion as to the advisibility of going to law, said: "I would advise you to keep out of the courts. If a man commences legal proceeding against you for your coat, give it to him at once, *and your waistcoat in the bargain.*"

WHEN a law is declared invalid, a doctor of laws ought to be summoned.

Science and Simplicity: The Paris Hospitals.

DUPUYTREN, the great French surgeon, was eminently a man of action, and the genius of his theory was inferior only to his prodigious power of application. His scientific discoveries, in spite of their number and importance, will not cause his name to be placed by the side of the greatest; but the marvellous facility with which he treated the most difficult cases, the fecundity of his resource in the most serious complications, the unerring judgment of his eye, and the impassive promptness of his hand, gave him the first place, as an operator, in his profession.

It may easily be imagined that his character was in some degree affected by the nature of the studies to which his talents had been directed; and the man who had seen many lives depending on his skill, and whose death-warrant was without appeal, was too often inclined to take a low estimate of poor humanity. Unfortunately, the heart becomes callous at the sight of suffering; and to these Generals of Science — the chosen few to whom it is all in all — isolated existences seem but as soldiers, who must be sacrificed, if necessary, to gain some great battle. In spite of the respect due to the memory of such an illustrious name, it must be admitted that Dupuytren's character was as stern as serious. In his relations with society he maintained that severe and almost disdainful manner which, in the hospital, made his pupils and subordinates tremble. Even his *confreres* were wounded by his pride and pretensions to exclusive domination. The resignation of Pelletan (of which he was the cause) confirmed their antipathy, as it was well-known that Dupuytren was under great obligations to him, and should have shown him more consideration and respect.

It is quite certain that when Orfila, Larry, Pariset, &c., pronounced over his open tomb a magnificent eulogium on the father of modern surgery, none of them dared to go further, and give even the usual and common-place praise of the virtues of his private life. The great surgeon was regretted, but no tears were shed for the man. Few men lived a more laborious life than Dupuytren, and every hour was devoted to work. Summer and winter he rose at five; at seven he was at the Hotel Dieu, which he did not leave till eleven. He then paid his visits, and returned to receive patients in consultation. Although he dispatched each one with almost brutal celerity, their numbers daily increased, and the consultations often lasted till nightfall.

One day, when the patients had been even more numerous than usual, Dupuytren, being quite exhausted with fatigue, was about to retire to take some repose, when another visitor presented himself at the consulting-room It was a little old man, whose precise age it would not have been easy to decide, as although his face was round, rosy, and beardless, it was covered with a network of fine wrinkles; his features were small but well-shaped, his hands and feet were also very small, in harmony with his figure. At the first glance, he seemed

an insignificant little man, but the expression of his kind blue eyes, so full of benevolence, his calm and happy face, caused the eye to rest on him with pleasure, and awakened a wish to know him better. His light figure was clothed in black, and he held a cane in his right hand. As he made his salutation on entering the room, a tonsure was visible; he was a priest. The icy look of Dupuytren fell upon him.

"What is the matter with you?" he said in a harsh voice.

"Sir," replied the priest gently, "I ask your permission to sit down; my legs begin to get old. For these last two years I have had a swelling in my neck. The surgeon of our village — I am Cure of Mesnil, near Nemours — told me first it was of little consequence, but it became worse, and, about five months ago, the abscess broke. I kept my bed some time without getting any better, and at length was obliged to get up again, as I am alone in the parish, and have to do duty for four villages."

"Show me your neck."

"It is not," said the old man, as he prepared to obey, "it is not but what the villagers were willing enough to unite every Sunday for service, and thus spare me fatigue, but I knew they worked hard all the week, and ought to have their rest on that day. As I said to myself, it is not right that everybody should be put to inconvenience for me; so at last I resolved to come to Paris to consult you."

Here, uncovering his neck, he submitted it to the surgeon's inspection. Dupuytren made a careful examination of the deep hole, gangrened in many places. It was a glandular abscess, complicated with aneurism of the carotid artery, of such a serious nature that Dupuytren was astonished that the patient was able to stand before him. He lanced the edges of the wound, and felt it all round with a pressure painful enough to cause faintness. But the patient did not wince. When he had finished his examination, he turned round the head he firmly held in his strong hands, and said in a loud, unfeeling voice:—

"Well, M. l' Abbe, you are not long for this world."

The little Abbe took his piece of linen and fastened it round his neck without saying a word, Dupuytren keeping his eyes fixed on him. When he had put on his bandages, he drew from his pocket a five-franc piece, wrapped in a piece of paper, and placed it on the table.

"I am not rich, and my people are very poor, sir," said he with a pleasant smile. "Pardon me, if I cannot pay more liberally for Dr. Dupuytren's advice. I am very glad I came to you, for at least I shall know what to expect. Perhaps," he added, in a gentle tone, "you might have announced this news to me with some little preparation. Although I am sixty-five years of age, people even at that age sometimes hold strongly to life. However, you have not surprised me. I have long expected this verdict. Farewell, sir; I will go home, and die among my people." With these words he departed.

Dupuytren remained for a moment silent. This iron nature, this proud and powerful genius, was shaken by the simple words of a poor old man, whom he had held feeble and suffering in his strong and skilful hands, and whose whole being he thought to crush by his brutally

straightforward words. But in his weak and afflicted body he had found a heart firmer than his own, united to a more energetic will—he felt he had at last found one stronger than himself.

Darting to the staircase, which the old man was slowly and painfully descending, "Mons. l' Abbé," said he, "will you come up again for a moment?"

The Abbé obeyed.

"There is perhaps a chance of saving you, if you will allow me to operate."

"God bless me, sir," said the Abbé, putting down his hat and cane with great vivacity, "did I not come to Paris on purpose? Operate, operate, as soon as you like."

"But the thing may perhaps be unsuccessful, after all; and it is certain to be long and painful."

"Operate, sir, operate! I will bear it all. My poor parishioners will be so glad."

"Well, you must go into the St. Agnes Ward of the Hôtel Dieu; you will be looked after there, and the Sisters will see that you want for nothing. You must keep yourself quiet this evening and to-morrow. The day after"——

"Thank you, doctor, I shall be ready."

Dupuytren wrote a few lines, which he gave to his patient, who went off at once to the hospital, where he was installed in a neat little white bed, and attended with so much kind care and sympathy, that he could scarcely find words to express his gratitude. At last the day came for the operation. Almost before five or six hundred pupils, who so eagerly followed the great master's lessons, had assembled, Dupuytren arrived, and preceding a group of this formidable train, made his way to the bedside of the little priest, and began the operation. Dupuytren cut and slashed with knife and scissors; he probed the wound, and gathered the fibres, which he twisted and tied; then the grating saw severed the decayed fragment of the bone. All this lasted twenty-five minutes, and the patient bore it with unflinching courage. It was only when Dupuytren turned to the pupils and said, "It is over," that the Abbé turned pale. Dupuytren stayed and dressed the wound himself. "I think all will go well," said he in a friendly voice. "Did you suffer much?"

"I tried to think of other things," said the Abbé, and as he spoke he sank into unsconsciousness. Dupuytren looked at him for a few minutes in profound silence, drew the curtains softly round the bed, and proceeded to his other patients. The Abbé was saved.

Every morning when Dupuytren arrived, by a strange infraction of his usual custom he passed by the first beds, and began his visits with his favorite patient. And later on when the priest was able to leave his bed, it was Dupuytren's arm that supported his feeble steps as he took a turn in the ward. To those who knew the cold indifference with which the great surgeon habitually treated his patients, his conduct seemed inexplicable. Then when the Abbé was well enough to support the journey, he took leave of the doctor and returned to his parishioners.

Some time had elapsed, when one day on his arrival at the hospital, Dupuytren saw the Abbé, who was waiting for him in the ward. It was easy to see by the state of his black clothes and buckled shoes, which were covered with dust, that he had come a long way on foot. He carried a large wicker basket on his arm, carefully packed with straw, and tied with a string. Dupuytren gave him a very kind greeting; and after having ascertained that the operation had left no bad effects, he asked what business had brought him to Paris.

"This, doctor, is the anniversary of the operation, and I could not let it pass without coming to see you, and I took it into my head to bring you a little present, so I put a couple of fowls into this basket, with a few pears out of my garden. You will not find any like them in Paris, and you must promise me to taste them; but I know you will."

Dupuytren pressed his hand cordially and entreated the old man to remain and dine with him, but this he steadily, though with regret, refused; he said his time was too short, he must return as soon as possible. The next year, and also the following one, saw the arrival of the Abbé on the same day with the basket of fowls and fruit, which Dupuytren found it impossible to receive without some emotion.

It was just at this time that he felt the first symptoms of that malady which even his great skill was powerless to cure. Yielding to the unanimous advice of the faculty, he set out for Italy, though he was himself without hope. When he returned to France, in 1834, there seemed to be some improvement in his condition; but he well knew that this improvement was but temporary, that his days were numbered, and that he must die.

As the fatal time approached, he became more reserved and inexpansive than ever. The moral solitude and isolation which he had so cruelly prepared for himself gave him, as it were, a foretaste of the death that was so rapidly approaching. All at once he called an attendant, who was in an adjoining room. "Write," said he, "to M. le Curé de la paroisse de Mesnil, près Nemours: 'My dear Abbé,—It is the doctor's turn to require aid; come quickly or you may arrive too late. Your friend, DUPUYTREN.'"

The little priest lost no time in answering the appeal, and remained for a long time shut up with Dupuytren. No one knows what passed between the two men, but when the Abbé left the chamber of the dying man, his eyes were streaming, though his face beamed with happy emotion. The next day, February 8, 1835, the great surgeon breathed his last.

On the day of the funeral, the sky was all the morning covered with heavy grey clouds, which broke into fine rain mingled with snow, chilling the immense and silent crowd, which filled the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois. After the funeral service, Dupuytren's coffin was borne by his pupils to its last resting-place. The Abbé followed, bathed in tears.

M. NADAR, in *Merry England.*

William Pitt died in 1806, aged forty-seven.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURE OF WEXFORD.

Courage of the Townsmen — Discord — Treachery of Stafford — Surrender of the Castle — Entrance of the Besiegers — Massacre of the Inhabitants — Contemporary Writers — Letter of Dr. French — His Apologia — Massacre of the Franciscans — "They knelt around the cross divine" — Terror of the Commissioners of Trust — Ormonde's Plans.

As soon as the inhabitants of Wexford learned the answer to the terms of surrender proposed by the Governor, they prepared themselves for a stern resistance. To the soldiers, quarter and liberty; to the officers, quarter, but not liberty; and to the inhabitants freedom from pillage: these were the conditions on which the town should be surrendered within an hour. Yet matters were not so desperate within the walls that such terms need be accepted. The town was, according to Cromwell's description, "pleasantly seated and strong," having a rampart of earth fifteen feet thick within the walls.[1] It was garrisoned by over 2,000 men, commanded by an officer who had given many proofs of his bravery and fidelity. In the fort and elsewhere in and about the town there were near a hundred cannon; in the harbor, three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, another of about twenty guns; and a frigate of twenty guns on the stocks, built up to the uppermost deck. Winter was setting in — it was the middle of October — and the "country sickness" would soon begin to tell on troops encamped under the open sky. Ormonde's army was at Ross, only twenty miles off, watching, no doubt, for a favorable moment to fall on the rear of the besieging lines, whose numbers were too few to keep up a complete investment and, at the same time, to repel a sudden attack that might be made on any point either from within or without.

Unhappily within the town there was that which marred many of these advantages — discord, a want of mutual confidence between Ormonde and the inhabitants — and so far did it go, that the townsmen seem to have thought there was little room left them for choice between those who called themselves their friends and those whom they well knew to be their enemies. The day before Cromwell encamped before the town, Sinnott, the governor, wrote to Ormonde:

"I find no resolution in the townsmen to defend the town; but to speak the truth nakedly, I find and perceive them rather inclined to capitulate and take con-

[1] Some portions of the town-wall with five of the towers, three square and two round, are still in a sufficient state of preservation to show that the walls were 22 feet high, and were supported on the inside by a rampart of earth 21 feet thick.

ditions of the enemy. In so much as I cannot as yet find admittance for those few assigned hither for the defence of the place, nor a muster of the townsmen to know what strength they have for the defence thereof. In which respect seeing I am not able to do his Majesty any service, I am resolved to leave the town without I find out their undelayed conformity."

With difficulty he induced them to admit the reinforcements from the Royalist army within the walls; it was only at his urgent request that they consented to receive a second body of troops, though these were much needed for the defence of the town. Some went so far as to propose that Cromwell should be treated with, in the hope that a peaceful surrender might secure to them not only life and liberty, but a part of their goods, and perhaps their homes. But worse than this — they had in their midst a traitor. Such was the confidence of the Council of the Confederate Catholics in Captain James Stafford,[1] that the government of the county of Kilkenny had been entrusted to him jointly with Sir Thomas Esmonde,[2] and when it was known that Cromwell was marching on Wexford, he was sent to act as governor of the castle there,[3] a most important post, since the possession of it insured the safety of the town. Sir Edward Butler had good reason to suspect his fidelity, but he dared not displace him, as he was himself too much under the control of the Commissioners of Trust.

On the 11th of October, about noon, some breaches having been made in the walls of the castle, the Governor of the town asked for a safe conduct for four persons to treat of surrender on honorable terms. What these terms were we have already seen. One of the four persons chosen on behalf of the townsmen was Stafford.

"While I was preparing the answer to the propositions," says Cromwell, "studying to preserve the town from plunder, that it might be of more use to you and your army, the captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the castle to us."

It is obvious that the advantage taken by Cromwell of "treating" Stafford and entering the town while the terms of surrender were under discussion, was fraudulent and treacherous. The local tradi-

[1] In the Jamestown "Declaration" the loss of Wexford is attributed to the "unskilfulness of the governor, a young man, vain and unadvised." Cox's *Hib. Anglic.*, appendix xlviii. The author of the *Aphor. Disc.* calls Stafford "a vain, idle, young man, nothing practiced in the art military." Vol. ii. p. 54.

[2] He was the son of Sir Laurence Esmonde. In the Civil War of 1641 he deserted the King and held Duncannon for the parliament. The fort was taken by Preston after a siege of two months. Esmonde died of grief soon after. His first wife was sister of O'Flaherty, chief of Iar Connaught. She fled with her son Thomas, in order to bring him up a Catholic. Esmonde, in his anger, affected to consider the marriage invalid, on the ground that his wife was "of the Irishry." Thomas was brought up by his mother's relatives, and through their influence obtained the rank of baronet. During the usurpation of Cromwell his extensive estates were granted to Colonel Monk. He died while engaged in a lawsuit for their recovery, leaving a son, Sir Laurence, then a minor. The Duke of Buckingham, as his next friend, succeeded in recovering a considerable part of them; these are now in the possession of Sir Thomas H. Esmonde. The recognition of the peerage did not follow that of the title to the property, for Sir Thomas though declared "an innocent papist," yet, as such, labored at that time under peculiar disadvantages. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, ad. ann. 1597, note and appendix, and *The Kilkenny Arch. Journal* for 1856, 1862, and 1870.

[3] A portion of the outer wall of the castle is still standing.

tion says that Cromwell and Stafford had a meeting at midnight by the riverside. Carte's words leave no room for doubting of the Governor's guilt: "The enemy entered the gates by the treachery of Captain Stafford." And again: "Stafford having privately received Cromwell's forces into the castle, which commanded the part of the town which lay next it, they issued suddenly from thence, attacked the wall and gate adjoining, and soon became masters of the place." Clarendon is still more explicit: "Stafford gave up the place to Cromwell, and took conditions under him, and thereby gave entrance to him into the town."

The castle[1] was about three hundred paces outside the wall, so close that the communication could not be cut off between them. The gates were immediately thrown open to admit those who were outside, and the whole army poured in. They entered so suddenly, that the townsmen were first made aware of Stafford's treachery by seeing the enemy's colors floating from the summit of the castle and the guns turned against the walls. In great consternation they abandoned that portion of the works, and retreated into the town. The assailants seeing the walls without defenders, rushed forward with their scaling-ladders, and crossed over without hindrance. An attempt was made to prevent the advance of the cavalry by placing ropes and chains across the street. Meantime the garrison were retreating to the market-place; there the townspeople had already gathered together.

Then the scenes that took place at Drogheda were renewed at Wexford.[2] We have Cromwell's own account of these atrocities, in his letter to the speaker of the parliament, from before Wexford, 11th October.

"When they (the townsmen and the garrison) were come into the market-place, making a stiff resistance, our forces broke them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the enemy, attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank, whereby were drowned near three hundred of them. I believe, in all, not less than two thousand; and I believe not twenty of yours from first to last of the siege. And indeed, it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts that we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the town might be of more use to you and your army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in his righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them, causing them to become a prey to the soldier, who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and made with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two (instances) of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel, which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in

[1] Cox says the castle was surrendered within two hours after Sir Edward Butler and the force sent with him had entered the town.

[2] "Cromwell's forces entered and made almost as great slaughter as at Drogheda." Castlehaven's *Memoirs*, p. 116. See also Warner's *History of the Rebellion*, p. 476. "For an hour the fight continued in the market-place, but on unequal terms, for the sword of Cromwell cut down nearly all the townspeople without regard for condition, age, or sex." Bruodin's *Propug.* p. 680. "The enemy put to the sword all those that were found in arms, with an execution as horribly deliberate as that of Drogheda." Leland vol. iii. p. 353. "Great mortality did accompany that fury of both soldier and native; all sex and age indifferently there perished." *Aphor. Disc.* vol. ii. p. 54. "2,000 were slain of Ormonde's soldiers in the town." *Brief Chron. of the Irish Wars*, p. 5.

the harbor. The other was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a chapel (which, since they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

"The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they (the townspeople) had opportunity to carry their goods over the river while we besieged it, it would have been much more. I could have wished for their own good and the good of the garrison, they had been more moderate. Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make good use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe and barrel staves, which are under the Commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the fort and elsewhere in and about the town. Here is likewise some very good shipping; here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea: there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise, and one other frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks, made for sailing, which is built up to the uppermost deck; for her handsomeness' sake I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The frigate also, taken beside the fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing, besides divers other ships and vessels in the harbor.[1]

"This town is now in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe, scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished that an honest people would come and plant here, where are very good houses and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favor be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward, and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall near fifteen feet thick."

And he concludes with the following pious utterance:—

"Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy"—Drogheda was the first—"for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing—and that is the gift of God also.

"I humbly take leave, and rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

On the receipt of this letter, October 30th, orders were issued by the parliament to the Council of State, to prepare a letter of thanks to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and to the officers of the army; and to give one hundred pounds to Captain William Raby for bringing the letters from the Lord Lieutenant.

There is abundaut testimony of contemporary writers to prove that the cruelties practiced at Wexford on the clergy and people were as great as those of which Drogheda was the scene a month before. Dr. Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin, writing to the Secretary of the Propaganda at Rome, very soon after, says that many priests, some religious, innumerable citizens, and two thousand soldiers were massacred. Father St. Leger, S. J., in a letter to his superiors in Rome, in 1655, containing an account of the events of the preceding years, states that when Wexford was taken, Cromwell exterminated the citizens by the sword. Colonel Solomon Richards, too, says that the

[1] A party of his Excellency's foot, by help of some vessels, took the Earl of Antrim's frigate with 14 guns. His Excellency took Wexford by storm, and in it 51 pieces of ordnance besides those in ships, forty vessels in the harbor, and great store of plunder.

town of Wexford was much depopulated in its taking by Oliver Cromwell. In "The Humble Petition of the Ancient Native Inhabitants of the Town of Wexford, and of the Heirs, Orphans, and Widows of such of them as are dead, to his Majesty Charles II., July 4th, 1660," it is said of Cromwell: "The said usurper entered the town and put man, woman, and child, to a very few, to the sword; where, among the rest, the Governor lost his life, and others of the soldiers and inhabitants to the number of 1,500 persons." In the west side a great slaughter was made. Fortunately we have a detailed account of these events from one whose testimony is beyond all cavil. Dr. Nicholas French, the Bishop of Ferns, was then lying ill in a neighboring town. In a letter to the Papal Nuncio, written from Antwerp in January, 1673, he thus describes what took place:[1]

"On that fatal day, October 11th, 1649, I lost everything I had. Wexford, my native town, then abounding in merchandise, ships and wealth, was taken at the sword's point by that plague of England, Cromwell, and sacked by an infuriated soldiery. Before God's altar fell sacred victims, holy priests of the Lord. Of those who were seized outside the church, some were scourged, some thrown into chains and imprisoned, while others were hanged or put to death by cruel tortures. The blood of the noblest of our citizens was shed so that it inundated the streets. There was hardly a house that was not defiled with carnage and filled with wailing. In my own palace, a boy hardly sixteen years of age, an amiable youth, and also my gardener and sacristan, were barbarously butchered; and my chaplain, whom I had left behind me at home, was pierced with six mortal wounds and left weltering in his blood. And these abominable deeds were done in the open day by wicked assassins! Never since that day have I seen my native city, my flock, my native land, or my kindred: and this it is that makes me the most wretched of men. After the destruction of the town, I lived for five months in the woods, every moment sought after that I might be put to death. There my drink was milk and water, my food a little bread: on one occasion I did not taste food for five whole days. I slept under the open sky, without any shelter or covering. At length, the wood in which I lay concealed was surrounded by numerous bodies of the enemy, who came to seize me and send me in chains to England. But, thanks to my guardian angel, I escaped their hands, owing to the speed and swiftness of my horse."

There is another letter of Dr. French, still extant in the library of Trinity College; it is entitled *Apologia*, and seems to be a defence of his leaving Ireland and seeking safety in a foreign land:—

"You say nothing about my native city, Wexford, cruelly destroyed by the sword on the 11th of October, 1649; nothing of my palace that was plundered,[2] and of my domestics impiously slain; nothing of my fellow-laborers, precious victims, immolated by the impious sword of the heretic before the altar of God; nothing of the inhabitants weltering in their own blood and gore. The rumor of the direful massacre reached me whilst I was ill in a neighboring town, suffering from a burn-

[1] The original is given in *Spicil. Ossor.*, vol. i. p. 347. Dr. French left Ireland in 1651, having been sent by the Confederates to ask for aid and protection for the Irish Catholics from the Duke of Lorraine. The laws made against Jesuits, priests, friars, monks, and nuns, and rigidly enforced, prevented his return to his native land. After some time he went to Spain, and there acted as coadjutor to the bishop of St. Iago; these duties he performed also at Paris and Ghent. He died in the latter place, August 23d, 1678. He is buried opposite the high altar in the church of St. Nicholas. Over the spot there is a white marble monument bearing his arms and the motto: *Virtus in angustiis*. The inscription on it will be found in the *Bishops of Ferns*, by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Carthy, p. 21; Dublin, 1874. His *Settlement and Sale of Ireland* and *The Unkinde Deserter* were reprinted by Duffy, Dublin, in 1856.

[2] The soldiers had the plunder of the town for two hours. Relation, &c.

ing fever. I cried and mourned and shed bitter tears and lamented; and turning to heaven with a deep sigh, cried out in the words of the prophet Jeremias, and all who were present shared in my tears. In that excessive bitterness of my soul, a thousand times I wished to be dissolved and to be with Christ, that thus I might not witness the sufferings of my country. From that time I saw neither my city nor my people; but, like an outcast, I sought refuge in the wilderness. I wandered through woods and mountains, generally taking my rest and repose exposed to the hoar frost, sometimes lying hid in the caves and caverns of the earth. In the woods and groves I passed more than five months, that thus I might administer some consolation to the few survivers of my flock who had escaped from the merciless massacre, and dwelt there with the herds of cattle. But neither woods nor caverns could afford me a lasting refuge; for the heretical governor of Wexford, George Cooke, well known for his barbarity, with several troops of cavalry and foot soldiers, searching everywhere, anxious for my death, explored even the highest mountains and most difficult recesses; the huts and habitations adjoining the wood, in which I had sometimes offered the Holy Sacrifice, he destroyed by fire; and my hiding-places, which were formed of branches of trees, were all thrown down. Among those who were subject to much annoyance on my account was a nobleman, in whose house he supposed me to be concealed. He searched the whole house with lighted tapers, accompanied by soldiers holding their naked swords in their hands to slay me the moment I should appear. But in the midst of all these perils God protected me, and mercifully delivered me from the hands of this blood-thirsty man."

The following account of the massacre of some Franciscan Fathers of the convent of Wexford, is taken from *A Brief History of the Irish Province of the Friars Minor of the Regular Observance*, by Father Francis Ward.

On the 11th of October, 1649, the octave of our holy father, St. Francis, seven religious of the Order of St. Francis, all men of great merit and natives of the town, perished by the sword of the heretics in Wexford, viz.: Father Richard Synnott, professor of theology, formerly guardian of the convent; F. John Esmonde, preacher, who had singular power in relieving energumenes; F. Paulinus Synnott, who had suffered much for the faith among the Turks, and had received from Pope Urban VIII. full jurisdiction over all the Catholic captives; F. Raymund Stafford, who had left a considerable inheritance, and despising everything for Christ, had chosen to imitate the poverty of Christ under the standard of St. Francis. Fifteen months before his death he had retired to an island, and led there an austere and mortified life, using only once each day lenten fare. F. Peter Stafford, too, was much devoted to prayer. During the times of persecution, in the absence of the secular clergy, he discharged for fifteen years the duties of parish priest with great credit. Brother Didacus Chevers, over seventy years of age and blind; Brother James Rochford, both men of exemplary lives, and devoted to work. Some of these were slain while kneeling before the altar, others while hearing confessions. F. Raymond Stafford, holding in his hand a crucifix, came out of the church to encourage the citizens, and even preached with great zeal to the enemy, until he was slain by them in the market-place. All these were men of most exemplary life, and as they fell, the Lord deigned to show how precious their death was in his sight.

1. When they were fired at, the balls fell close to some of them without doing them any harm whatever. This I heard from a noble lady, Margaret Keating, to whom the enemy related it in presence of her children and servants.

2. Whilst they were being put to death, it happened that a little of their blood fell on the hand of one of the executioners; this he could not wash off ever after, or remove by any means whatever. I heard this from Mr. John French of Ballolonie, who had himself seen the blood, and learned the circumstances from the mouth of the wicked man after the capture of the city; he spoke of the crime with great sorrow, saying that he bore about on his hand the token that he had slain the religious "whose blood you see," and would carry the mark with him to his grave.

3. Mrs. Margaret Keating, the wife of Captain Doran, and daughter of Mr. William Keating, an alderman of Wexford, told me she heard a soldier of the English army, named Weaver, say, that when the religious were mortally wounded and

lay expiring in the streets, through compassion for them and wishing to put an end to their sufferings, he fired at one of them twice. Though the balls touched his cowl, they did not penetrate it; they fell gently near the cowl as if they had no force. He then shot at his body, but the result was the same. Weaver was asked to fire again; he replied, "I have done so already as well as I could; hitherto I have slain none of the Irish, nor shall I do so in future." He left the army and became a Catholic. I was sought for to reconcile him to the Church, but as I was not found, I did not see him. But to a certainty he was reconciled by the Rev. Patrick Hampton, chancellor of Ferns, of pious memory.

4. Some of the soldiers who put on the habits of the religious, died miserably. Mr. William Hore, of Harperstown, told me that he warned in a friendly manner one of the English soldiers who had the habit on, to lay it aside, as it was not right to mock at St. Francis or the other saints. He replied, "that is all nonsense and superstition." "Tell me, I beg you," said Mr. Hore, "to-morrow morning if you have had any dream." He agreed to do so. After he had gone to rest he was tortured by spectres all the night, thinking mad dogs were dragging him about. He was so terrified at these sights that he took sick and died.

5. Francis Whitty, a man of noble birth, told me that he saw one of the English soldiers who had the habit on, die while uttering blasphemies.

6. It is commonly reported that a soldier fired at the crucifix which F. Raymond held in his hand, and that the ball turned aside and killed the captain of the company. This I heard from Sir Thomas Esmonde and from many others.

7. The Rev. John Turner, the parish priest of Maglass, declared that, on the day when the religious and others were slain at Wexford, he saw a beautiful woman ascending towards the sky. This he saw when he was five miles from Wexford, before he heard anything whatever about its capture.

8. Divers mishaps befel those who were daring enough to dwell in the convent that formerly belonged to the religious. Many of them, soon after they came to the place, died, and were buried in the convent garden. Those who survived were frequently troubled during the night by spectres; they told their neighbors that they thought they had done wrong in killing the religious, and that they would remain no longer in the convent, even though they should find no other place to live in. This I heard from some of their neighbors who knew well of their death and burial, and who had heard from these persons that they were tormented in this way by spectres.

I, the undersigned, declare on the word of a priest, that I heard the above facts related by the aforesaid persons, and have set them down in writing exactly as they were told.

FATHER FRANCIS STAFFORD,

Of the Conception, preacher and confessor, and ex-guardian of the Convent of Wexford.

Any other priests who fell into the hands of the soldiers, no doubt suffered the same fate as the Franciscans.[1] About Eastertide, 1654, four Franciscans were arrested in Wexford by Cromwellian officers, and hanged without formality of trial, in the neighborhood of their former convent.

Sir Edmund Butler was killed by a shot that struck him on the head as he was endeavoring to escape by swimming across the ferry.

A tradition, still current in Wexford, says, that 300 women were

[1] In the year 1649, there were in Ireland 23 bishops and 4 archbishops. In the cathedrals there were, as usual, canons and dignitaries; the parishes had pastors, a great number of priests, and numerous convents of regulars. But after Cromwell had attained to supreme power, all were scattered. Over 300 were put to death, 1,000 more driven into exile. Four bishops were slain, the others were obliged to fly to foreign countries, except the Bishop of Kilmore, who was too feeble to be removed. MS. in the Arundel Library, Stonyhurst. In 1641 there were in Ireland 43 houses of the Dominican Order and 600 religious. Ten years after, there was not a single house in their possession, and three-fourths of the religious were dead or in exile. *Hib. Dom.* p. 286.

put to death in the public square. They had flocked round the great cross which stood there, in the hope that Christian soldiers would be so far softened by the sight of that emblem of mercy as to spare the lives of unresisting women. But the victors, enraged at such superstition, and perhaps regarding their presence there as a proof that they were Catholics, and therefore fit objects for their zeal, rushed upon them and put them all to death.

M'Geoghegan, who published his history in 1758, was the first writer who made special mention of this incident of the siege,[1] and from the silence of contemporaries, some of our historians have inferred that the tradition refers only to the general massacre of the inhabitants in the market-place. In reply it may be said, that no one of the contemporary writers, whose works have come down to us, intended to give an exhaustive account of all that took place. Besides, it must be borne in mind that M'Gheoghegan had special opportunities of learning the traditions on such points; he was chaplain to the Irish Brigade in the service of France, at a time when probably it had in its ranks the children and the grandchildren of those who were eye-witnesses of what he relates. "Some have questioned the accuracy of the statement made by M'Geoghegan and Lingard," writes the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, "as to the massacre of these three hundred females around the cross in Wexford: they say Dr. French and other contemporary writers would not be silent in regard of this particular. But these contemporary writers sufficiently describe the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants, without mercy being shown to either age or sex; and any particulars that are added have a special reference to themselves. The same writers, when describing the destruction of Drogheda, are silent as to the massacre in the crypts of St. Peter's church; and were it not for the narrative of an officer who was himself engaged in that barbarous work, some critics would probably now be found to reject it as fabulous. The constant tradition not only of Wexford, but of the whole nation, attests the truth of the statement of the above-named historians."

The following poem by Michael J. Barry, on this subject, may be new to some of our readers:—

They knelt around the cross divine,
  The matron and the maid;
They bowed before redemption's sign,
  And fervently they prayed —
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
  Whose crime was this alone —
Their valiant husbands, sires and sons
  Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain —
  The Saxon won the fight,
And Irish corpses strewed the plain
  Where Valor slept with Right.

[1] *History of Ireland*, p. 574. He was born in 1701, and was sent at an early age to France, where he entered the Church. For some time he was chaplain to the Irish Brigade. During the latter part of his life he was attached to the church of St. Méry, in Paris. He died in 1764.

And now that man of demon guilt,
To fated Wexford flew —
The red blood reeking on his hilt
Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there — the young, the old,
The maiden, and the wife;
Their guardians brave in death were cold,
Who dared for *them* the strife.
They prayed for mercy — God on high!
Before *thy* cross they prayed,
And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell — the stifled prayer
Was quenched in women's blood;
Nor youth nor age could move to spare
From slaughter's crimson flood.
But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do!
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it too!

The murder of Irish women was nothing new to the Puritans. After the battle of Naseby one hundred females, some of them of distinguished rank, were put to the sword, under the pretext that they were Irish Catholics. In one day eighty women and children, some infants at the mother's breast, were precipitated over the bridge at Linlithgow; and if any struggled to the bank of the river, they were knocked on the head or thrust in again by the soldiery. Their crime was being the wives and children of Irish soldiers who had served under Montrose.

It was not the inhabitants of the town alone that were slain. Dr. Lynch states that there was throughout the country an indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children, by which not less than four thousand persons, young and old, were atrociously butchered by the order of Colonel Cooke, appointed governor of the town by Cromwell.

The churches in Wexford and its neighborhood were profaned, and some in part, some wholly demolished. Selskir,[1] St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Bride's, St. John's, St. Peter's, St. Maud's at Maudlenstown were pulled down. The plate of Selskir was seized, and its bells were taken and shipped to Chester. A few years after, they were removed to the old church near River Street, Liverpool, where they remain to this day. According to tradition, the freedom of the town and exemption from the port duties of Liverpool were granted to the freemen of Wexford in lieu of these bells.

Cromwell's cruelties at Drogheda, repeated at Wexford, spread terror far and wide. Towns and strong places fifty miles off declared for the parliament. Even the Commissioners of Trust were so terri-

[1] Selskir was called SS. Peter and Paul's of Selskir, i. e., of the holy sepulchre. It belonged to the Canons regular of St. Austin. The prior had a seat in parliament. Archdall's *Monasticon*, p. 755.

fied, that they were on the point of leaving Kilkenny and transferring their sittings elsewhere. They sent one of their number, Dr. Fennell, to consult Ormonde on the subject. He strove to dissuade them from their purpose by assuring them there was no occasion for such alarm, since Ross was not yet taken; that if the place held out, the loss of the besieging army would be so great, that for one year, at least, Kilkenny would be secure from attack; if it were lost, the time needed to march to Kilkenny would be sufficient for them to secure their departure; that their removal could not but discourage others, and make them think of entering into terms with the enemy. By these arguments they were reassured, and continued their sittings at Kilkenny.

After Ormonde had thrown the second relief into Wexford, he began his march back towards Ross, intending to cross the Slaney near Enniscorthy. But Cromwell, having had intelligence of his movements, sent Jones with a considerable detachment to intercept him. Ormonde saw them drawn up on a hill; though their numbers were inferior to his own, he preferred to avoid an engagement, distrusting many of Inchiquin's men. In the dusk of the evening he set off in another direction, and fetching a compass over the monutains of Wicklow, he arrived, after two days' march, at Leighlinbridge. There Colonel Butler, who had escaped by swimming across the ferry, brought him news of the fall of Wexford.

To Ormonde the fall of Wexford was a severe shock; it was wnolly unexpected by him, and disconcerted all his plans, for he calculated that the siege of so strong a place would have delayed Cromwell's advance for several weeks, and that in the meantime he could procure such aid from Ulster and Munster as would make him a match for the Parliamentary army. This was not the only mortification he experienced; he learned almost at the same time of the successes of Coote and Venables in the north, and of attempts at revolt made by the southern garrisons. All his plans were disarranged. In his anger he reproached the Catholics with deserting the cause of the King; "They who stood so rigidly with the King upon religion, and, as they called it, on the splendor of it, now could with difficulty be withheld from sending commissioners to Cromwell to entreat him to make stables and hospitals of their churches."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTEMPT ON DUNCANNON.

Ireton sent to attempt Duncannon — Its Importance — Roche the Governor — Wogan appointed in his Place — Plan of Defence — Its Success — Reinforcements from Dublin — Inchiquin tries to intercept them — Fight at Glascarrig.

AFTER the capture of Wexford, Cromwell sent Ireton to lay siege to Duncannon. This fort is situated on a rock projecting from the eastern side of the entrance to Waterford harbor, eleven miles south-east of the city. On the face looking towards the sea it was defended by three batteries; on the land side it was protected by a deep ditch, and behind there was a massive and precipitous rampart hollowed out of the rock; on this two watch towers were built. There were also two sally-ports, and between them a draw-bridge. The whole covered about four acres. It had been specially strengthened when the Spaniards threatened a descent in 1558. The possession of it was of the greatest importance to the Royalists, as it secured to them the only approach by water to Waterford, and made them masters of the surrounding country.[1] During the siege of Wexford Ormonde went to take an exact survey of its condition. He distributed money among the soldiers, and assured them that their welfare would be a constant care to him, and that immediate relief would be sent to them. Indeed, so important did he consider the place that he resolved, in case Lieutenant-General Ferrall arrived before its fall with the forces sent by Owen Roe O'Neill, to venture a battle rather than lose it. He appointed Colonel Edward Wogan[2] governor, in place of Captain Thomas Roach, who candidly declared himself unequal to the duties of such a critical position. The Commissioners who had put him in command there, resented the change as a breach of the Articles of the Peace

[1] It was taken, after two months' siege, in March, 1645, owing to the valor and skill of General Thomas Preston, who had learned the art of war in Flanders, "that far-famed academy of Mars." Lord Esmonde held it at that time for the parliament. A detailed account of the siege, taken from the diary of Geoffrey Baron, who was present, is given by his brother, Father Bonaventure Baron, in his *Siege of Duncannon*. See Ware's *Writers of Ireland*, p. 253.

[2] Wogan, when a youth of fifteen, had been, by the corruption of his nearest friends, engaged in the parliament service against the King, and had a command of a troop of horse under Ireton; but he abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I., and was appointed by Ormonde to the command of his own guards. He fought very bravely at the battle of Rathmines. He left Ireland with Ormonde in December, 1650. On hearing that the royal standard was set up in the Highlands of Scotland, he took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers at Barnet near London, and traversed the whole of England by marches conducted with so much skill, dexterity and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical aid being at hand, he terminated his short but glorious career. See Scott's *Waverly*, chap 29, and Clarendon's *Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 507.

and an attempt to shake off their authority. But Ormonde found means to elude their objections, and Wogan was permitted to remain. One hundred and twenty English officers of Ormonde's life-guard, whose fidelity had been well tried by long service on the King's side, were sent to aid in the defence. From the citizens of Waterford he got forty barrels of powder and a sufficient quantity of provisions to enable the besieged to make a lengthened resistance. Lord Castlehaven was sent to consult with the Governor on the plan of defence to be followed; and seeing the situation of the besieging force, they resolved on making a sally on a party of foot belonging to the enemy that lay encamped in the neighborhood.

Castlehaven gives the following account of this affair in his *Memoirs:*

"The Marquis of Ormonde had returned over the bridge at Ross, and encamped on the Kilkenny side. From thence he sent me to Passage,[1] in the county of Waterford, over against Ballyhack, to look after the relieving of Duncannon, besieged by some of Cromwell's people. I think Ireton commanded. And though there were parliament ships before it, I ventured one morning with a boat, and got into the place to the governor, a brave gentleman, one Colonel Wogan, whom the Lord Lieutenant had sent some time before thither to command: and with him, besides the Irish garrison, about a hundred English officers who had served the King in the wars of England. This gentleman, from the highest part of the rampart, showed me how the enemy lay. After I had well considered all, I offered to send him that night, by sea, eighty horses with saddles and pistols, if he could mount them with so many of his English officers, and before day, with them and some foot, make a sharp sally upon the enemy. He liked the proposal extremely, but doubted much my performance, it being about three miles by sea. I desired him to leave that to me, and assured him he should shortly be satisfied of what I undertook. Having thus concluded, I took my boat, returned, and immediately set myself to my business that I might lose no time, because the tide served at the beginning of the night; and having provided boats, I commanded eighty horse to go to the sea-side. I caused them to be boated out of hand and sent them away. They all came to Duncannon safe and undiscovered; all was executed as designed, great slaughter made and the cannon seized. For the confusion among the enemy was great, by reason that they judged it the falling in of an army from abroad, seeing horses come against them, and knowing of none in the fort. Our people retiring before day, the enemy raised the siege in the morning and marched off."

Cromwell's army was already much weakened by the manning of the garrisons in the towns and forts that had surrendered to his army. The country sickness, the effect of a climate especially injurious in the winter season to strangers, was spreading rapidly through the army. Colonel Horton, "a person of great integrity and courage," who had rendered good service in the course of the previous summer in quelling some of the Welsh mutineers, had fallen a victim to it. It was found necessary to send for a reinforcement from Dublin, where many of the soldiers that had been disabled by sickness and wounds had been left behind. About 800 foot and 350 horse accordingly set out, under the command of Major Nelson. They were supported by two troops of Colonel Michael Jones' regiment, under Major Meredith and Captain Otway. They reached Arklow on the first of November.

[1] Passage is on the Waterford side of the river, Ballyhack on the Wexford side, about three miles above Duncannon. Ballyhack castle is still standing; only a small part of the castle of Passage is remaining; both are close to the water's edge.

A week before, Ormonde, who was then at Kilkenny, had got information from Sir Luke Fitzgerald, that a party of 1,200 foot and 300 horse was about to march towards Wexford to Cromwell's aid, and might easily be captured. A council of war was held. With the consent of the Commissioners of Trust, it was agreed that Inchiquin, who then lay at Tinnehinch in the county of Carlow, should be despatched through Scollagh Pass with 1,600 foot and 600 horse to intercept them. He left Tinnehinch, and advanced southward through the Pass. Cromwell was informed by his spies of Inchiquin's movements, and sent a messenger to warn his friends of the danger; he bade them march in close order and make all possible haste to join him at Wexford.

They rested for two days at Arklow to recruit themselves and make arrangements to have a strong detachment of horse from the army sent to meet them at Glascarrig,[1] midway between Arklow and Wexford, where they intended to take up their quarters for the night. The plan failed; their friends did not meet them at the appointed place. Yet knowing that the enemy was not far off, they thought it better, however weary they were, to march seven miles further towards Wexford and pass the night there: in this way they hoped to deceive the enemy, who they were told, was lying somewhere in the neighborhood, intending to fall on their quarters early the next morning. Inchiquin had information from his scouts of their movements. He hurried off with all his horse and a few light foot in pursuit; the rest of the foot were ordered to follow with all possible speed. Within seven miles of Wexford the alarm of his approach was first given, one of the enemy's officers, who rode some distance in front of his troop, having caught sight of the cavalry marching after them. Inchiquin, seeing he had overtaken them, slackened his pace and put his troops in line. This gave them ample time to form. They drew up their horse in six single divisions; 160 musketeers were placed on the flanks of the forward divisions of the horse, 80 on each flank; the main body of the foot was placed in the rear. This order they were able to keep for some time, as the strand was narrow, having on one side a steep sand-bank and on the other the sea. Such a position was advantageous to them, since it prevented Inchiquin's horse from attacking them in full force. The fight began by a volley from the musketeers; Meredith's horse charging immediately after. The first division of Inchiquin's men held their ground for some time, and then fell back in good order to the right and left. The second division, a fresh body of 150 horse next advanced against the enemy. These, being somewhat thrown into disorder by the former charge, were driven back; most of them ran off till they came to the main body, who, letting their own horse pass by, waited steadily until the assailants were within pistol-shot, and opened on them a well-directed fire. Several of the officers were killed. The rest retired in great confusion. Lieutenant Warren, of Cromwell's regiment, who had been in the midst of the enemy, coming up, cried out that Inchiquin's troops

[1] Here "the force of Galls" landed with Dermot MacMorrough, in 1167.

were in great disorder, and called on his men to charge. The horse again advanced. Inchiquin received the charge, but his lines were soon broken. Two of his standards were taken. The loss on both sides was small ;[1] yet trifling as this success was, it tended to keep up the respect with which Cromwell had hitherto awed his enemies. Inchiquin rejoined his foot, and returned to Ormonde at Thomastown.

[1] "I do not hear that we have two men killed, and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners." Letter of Cromwell to Lenthal, from Ross, Nov. 14th.

About Nursing: To Young Women.

As a nurse in the sick room you must cultivate observation. The value of your service will depend upon that faculty.

During the doctor's absence you are to note all the changes in your patient's condition, and carefully report to him. Has she been cheerful and quiet, or anxious and restless? Has she complained? What changes have occurred in the color or expression of the countenance? Have you observed any peculiarities in the positions or movements of the limbs? Has his skin been dry, or has he perspired? If the latter, when, and how much, and have you observed any peculiarity in the odor or otherwise? Has he coughed, and what is the expectoration? Have you observed anything noteworthy in the character of his breathing? Has he changed his position in lying? It will be useful if you are able to report any changes in the rate or character of the pulse. You will, of course, be able to report in detail whatever has occurred in her appetite, thirst, in the character of the urine and other evacuations, and as to the amount and character of her sleep.

Report all these symptoms; but, pray, don't be wise about causes and tendencies. While the doctor has charge of the case he is in supreme command. You are to watch and obey. It must be so. There is no more dangerous nuisance in a sick-room than an over-wise nurse. If she has seen other cases like this, and is given to gabble, she is almost sure to do mischief. If the case be rheumatism or typhoid fever, for example, it is pretty sure to linger and the attendants to be exhausted. Now, if the nurse has seen a patient "ten times as bad as this one cured at once by Dr. Smith," her indiscreet talk may kill this one. If the patient and his friends lack confidence in the attending physician, they are cowardly sneaks if they do not discharge him and employ some one in whom they do believe. But until the change is made the nurse must enter heartily into this one's plans.

During the famous cholera years, 1849 and 1851, I was practicing my profession in Buffalo, N. Y. That city was among the worst sufferers from the dreadful malady. In the two years I treated 104 cases of fatal cholera, and perhaps 500 of what was known as cholerine. This name of cholerine was applied indifferently to the initial stages of true cholera and to the cases of colliquative diarrhœa which were very common while the cholera raged.

Among my patients, with threatening cholerine was a Mr. D., a very valuable citizen. He was of middle age, good constitution, and good habits, and this sort of person rarely died of cholera. There were three nurses, and among them an old woman, evidently a person of intelligence and force, but who was so obsequious to me that I at once suspected her of insincerity.

Overwhelmed with work, I had no time to displace her. But Mr. D. got worse and worse, and I became satisfied that there was something wrong in the nursing. I contrived that a young woman, who had nursed several cases for me, and who was perfectly true, should be

employed in D.'s case. I explained my motive to her and instructed her to watch and promptly report. Two hours later I found her waiting in my office, with a full explanation of D.'s unhappy condition. The old nurse, with a *finesse* worthy of a better cause, had managed to poison the mind of the patient, and of his wife, with doubts of my skill, and with confidence in another physician, a particular friend of the nurse. Of course they were in an unhappy frame of mind. This was enough to turn the scales against the sick man.

I sent the young woman back to D.'s bedside, and in ten minutes turned the old nurse out of the house. The young woman was placed in command, and within two hours my patient happily changed, and soon recovered.

I could fill a volume with illustrations of the wretched influence of bad nurses. A nurse who is not true to the physician is a dangerous person. Of course, like all other physicians, I took great pains to cultivate the friendship of nurses; but an outside doctor, who is not busy professionally, may succeed in making some arrangement with a nurse which may do fatal mischief.

A good nurse is often more important than a good doctor. It is comforting to know that institutions for the training of nurses are beginning to furnish good ones.

Dio Lewis' Magazine.

THIEVISH BEES.— Buchner, in his psychical lives of beasts, speaks of thievish bees, "which, in order to lessen their labor or dispense with it wholly, made attacks in mass on provisioned hives, committed violence against the sentinels and the inhabitants, pillaged the hive, and carried away all the store of honey. If this exploit was successful for several times, they, like men, acquired a stronger taste for pillage and violence than for work, and ended by constituting real colonies of brigands." There are isolated individuals which are addicted to theft, and endeavor to slip without being perceived, into a strange hive; their sly tricks demonstrate that they are forced to concealment, and are conscious that they are transgressors. If they succeed in their attempt, they afterwards bring other bees to their hive, to tempt them to similar thefts, and thus form a society of thieves. Buchner adds, that bees may be artificially made thieves by feeding them on a special food consisting of honey mixed with brandy. "Like man they readily acquire a taste for this beverage, which exercises the same pernicious influence upon them as upon him; they become excited, intoxicated, and cease to work. Do they feel hunger? Then, like man, they fall from one vice into another, and give themselves up unscrupulously to pillage and theft."

HOOD said the *rock* on which hard drinkers split was *quartz* — a true word spoken in jest.

Work On.

SPEND not in vain the live long day,
Let not thy life pass all away;
Tho' youth be gone—nor fret nor pine—
Life's wiser, better years are thine.

However bad to waste youth's prime,
Improvident for future time,
Far worse to waste our full-grown powers
In vain regrets for by-gone hours.

Let not thy sun at midday set,
Work through the glorious evening yet:
The spring time breaks to summer laugh,
Drop not thy sickle for the staff.

Tho' youth is sweet, in life's short span
There still is nobler time for man,
When wisdom learned from follies past,
Man's master of himself at last.

Work on thro' the declining hours
Of life's maturer, full-grown powers;
Thy earlier dreams will not be vain,
Thy God will give the lateward rain.

Life's ending days, tho' closer drawn,
Tho' grey streaks tell their coming dawn
Upon thy brow they will but set
The coronet of glory yet.

And thou shalt win in later days
The priceless "diadem of praise;"
And in thy blanched and snow-white hair
The beauteous crown of Justice wear.

EMON.

Mitchel's "Jail Journal."

PART V.

AT this stage of Mitchel's imprisonment, the disease from which he was suffering assumed so menacing a form that it seemed likely to terminate fatally, and that before long. The medical superintendent, Dr. Hall, assured him that if kept at Bermuda much longer he must die; that many hundreds of men had already died there, who need not have died if he could have had them removed to a more healthy climate. With tears in his eyes the kind-hearted physician besought Mitchel to make application for removal, to the Governor of Bermuda; or, if this could not be granted, to ask, at least, some mitigation of the strict and solitary confinement to which he was subjected. The mere thought of writing an appeal for mercy to a British official was gall and wormwood to the haughty spirit of Mitchel, and he sternly rejected the proposal at first; but so earnest and pressing was the physician in his entreaties that Mitchel consented to forward a letter to the governor, containing a statement of his health; and suggesting, that as he was not sentenced to death, it might be well to get some change made in his position, either by removal to a more healthy climate or otherwise, that "he might be enabled physically to endure the term of transportation to which he was sentenced."

The application was forwarded to the Home Government, and a weary delay of some months had to be endured before an answer could be received. Mitchel's stock of books, limited under the circumstances, had become by this time wholly exhausted. That love of literature which, as Cicero tells us, travels abroad with the exile to a foreign land, could hardly in Mitchel's case play its due part in the ministry of consolation. The desperate straits to which he was driven for literary *pabulum* finds expression in the following extract:

"I have been turning lazily over the pages of a certain 'magazine,' called the 'Saturday Magazine,' which the worthy chaplain has lent me. There are six double volumes of this astounding rubbish; or more properly six strata, — a huge deposit of pudding-stone, rubble, detritus and scoriæ in six thick stratifications; containing great veins of fossil balderdash, and whole regions of what the Germans call *læss* and *trass;* amongst which, however, sometimes glances up a fragment of pure ore that has no business there, or a gleaming splinter of diamond illuminating the foul opacity. After an hour's digging and shovelling, I meet, perhaps, with an authentic piece of *noster* Thomas himself, — there are two of those in the whole six beds, — and once I turned up what made my heart leap, — 'The Forging of the Anchor,' — which I straightway rolled forth till the teak timbers rang."

Likewise the following passage may be set down as having a direct bearing on the subject at hand, and affording a glimpse of the workings of a naturally strong mind when there is no grist for the mill: —

"And how happens it that I can sit for hours turning over (with many a pooh! and pshaw!) leaf after leaf of this same stratified *debris*. If I despise it so sovereignly, cannot I shut it up and lay it on the shelf? — nobody has set me a task in it. Yet, to me intently revolving this matter, it is apparent that the value of any book is not in the mere thoughts it presents to you, expressed in black-on-white, but rather in those it suggests, occasions, begets in you, far outside the intentions and conceptions of the writer, and even outside the subject of his writing. If some dull rogue writes you an essay on what he does not understand, you are not bound to follow his chain of reasoning (as perhaps he calls it) — the first link of his chain may fit itself to other links of your own forging, and so you may have whole trains, whole worlds of thought, which need not run upon the dull rogue's line nor stop at his terminus. One must not disdain to draw matter of revery from 'even a sot, a pot, a truckle for a pulley, an oil bottle or a cane chair.' But what talk I of essays and writings? Some poor wood-cut turning up suddenly in this paltry magazine, by the fancied likeness of one feature in it, — a church tower, a tree, a human eye, or lip, — to somewhat you have seen far away and long ago, may carry you, as on a sunbeam into distant valleys of vision, and bless your eye with gleams of a wonderful light, whose fountain who shall tell? — yes, and place by your side companions old and dear, whose discourse you hear and answer, and whose fare — so real is the presence — you would hold it but just to pay to any ferryman on the crossing of a river — a piece of honest dealing inculcated by Uhland —

'Boatman, take this coin, I pray thee;
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee —
For though thou seest them not, there stand
Anear me, two from the Phantom Land.'

The genesis of our thought is a mysterious operation — not yet fully explained by Dr. Thomas Brown, with his law of association: but thus much seems clear, that in order to think at all, one has need of some kind of mechanical helps: — in utter

solitude, darkness and silence your intellect would soon be extinguished, — drowned in that 'stagnant sea of idleness, blind, boundless, mute and motionless' — and idiocy would ensue, or raving madness. When a man is shut up in a rigorous confinement many months, seeing nothing but the same dungeon walls, the same bars, the same unwearied sun sending the same shadows every evening at the same pace along the floor, and nothing human, save a most down-looking and felonious felon, setting daily food before him, the intellect cannot but stagnate, starve, and grow dull for lack of needful food and exercise. It is then one feels the value of even a very bad book, — of anything, in short that will help imagination and memory to take the place of the senses and of human converse, furnishing occasion and stimulus to thought."

On the 5th of April, 1849, the ship Neptune, with a cargo of convicts on board, arrived at Bermuda on her way to the cape of Good Hope, and Mitchel was informed that the governor had received instructions to let him go to the cape, where, on his arrival he would be set at liberty, within a limited district and under police surveillance. Mitchel's opportunities were by this time ample enough to form a correct judgment of the nature and workings of the British convict system, and his experience served to deepen and intensify his hatred of a government that had done him and his country such grievous wrong. It was not so much the blasphemies and obscenities which it was his privilege to hear in the daily discourse of the convicts, nor the loathsome depravities of mind and body which they seemed to regard as the *summum bonum* of existence that led him to look upon the system with hatred and abhorrence; but his sense of justice was particularly outraged by the fact that the miscreants were maintained in comfort and plenty at the cost of the hard-working, ill-fed people of England, Scotland and Ireland. It was nothing uncommon for a convict to write home to his parents, setting forth the agreeable life he was leading in the hulks, how well fed and clothed he was, and advising them if they wished to better their condition, to get transported as soon as possible. Soldiers would deliberately desert, with the object of exchanging from the military service into the convict service, preferring the easy life of the convict, with good and abundant food, fewer masters over him, a shorter time to serve, and the prospect of a favorable settlement in some fertile colony at last, to the hard duty and debased position of a soldier.

But there were other than English convicts on board this floating hulk. These had been convicted and sentenced to transportation for offences against law. There were Irish convicts likewise, some two hundred of them transported for crimes which the law had committed against them, and whose chief misdemeanor was that they were not as profitable as cattle to their aristocratic owners. Let Mitchel tell the tale.

"There are nearly two hundred Irish amongst these prisoners — the famine-struck Irish of the Special Commission; many who have not a word of English, and most of them so shattered in constitution by mere hunger and hardship, that all the deaths amongst the prisoners, ever since we embarked, have been Irish. As I am far removed, however, from their part of the ship, I seldom hear their voices, except when they sing at night on deck. And such singing is mournful beyond all *caoines*, *coronachs* and *nœniæ*. What a fate — what a dreary doom has been spun and woven for you, my countrymen! They were born, these men, to a heritage of unquenched hunger, amidst the teeming plenty of their motherland — hunted like noxious beasts from all shelter on her hospitable bosom — driven to stay their gnawing enemy with what certain respectable fed men call their 'property.' And so now they are traversing the deep, under bayonet-points, to be shot out like rubbish on a bare foreign strand, and told to seek their fortunes there amongst a people whose very language they know not. Many of them, I believe, being without families, are glad of this escape, as they might be glad of any escape from the circle of hunters that chased them for life at home. But then there were many others, boys from twelve to seventeen years of age; and some of them very handsome boys, with fine open countenances, and a laugh so clear and ringing, whom it is a real pain to look upon. They hardly know what troops of fell foes, with quivers full of arrows, are hunting for their young souls and bodies; *they* hardly know, and — so much the more pity for them — hardly feel it; but in poor, frail huts on many an Irish hill-side, their fathers and mothers dwell with poverty and labor and sorrow, and mourn for their lost children with a mourning that will know no comfort till they are gathered to their people in the chapel-yard. For, indeed, these convict boys were not born of the rock or the oak-tree — human mothers bore them, sang them asleep in lowly cradles, wept and prayed for them. But Ireland was under the amelioration of British statesmen in those days, getting her resources developed by them; and so the sons of these woful Irish mothers were rocked and suckled for the British hulks, to be ameliorated amongst London burglars, and reformed by the swell-mob, that they might help to carry British civilization to distant continents and isles.

"Thoughts like these often come upon me when I hear at night, rising from the ship's forecastle, some Irish air, that carries me back to old days when I heard the same to the humming accompaniment of the spinning wheel; and then I curse, oh! how fervently, the British empire. Empire of hell! when will thy cup of abominations be full? But I always check myself in this cursing; for there is small comfort in unpacking the full heart with indignant words. Indignant thoughts must be stifled and hushed to rest for the time. "These things must not be thought after these ways. *So* it will make us mad."

"My grandmother held," says Sancho Panza, "that there are properly speaking only two classes or grades of society in the world —the Haves and the Have nots," and adds her famous grandson, "she stuck to the Haves." The simple structure of society referred to in this remark finds its realization only in our own favored republic, and, indeed, the characteristic touch at the close would seem to indicate that Sancho's grandmother, if not by birth, yet in spirit, was a genuine type of the New England Yankee. But the convicts on board the hulk, being for the most part penniless, had to cast about for a different basis on which to establish social distinctions, and it is interesting to note how among these floating fragments of humanity the same elements were at work in founding an aristocracy, as came into play for a similar purpose in other times and countries, and under far different circumstances. The highest patent of nobility among the convicts that swarmed in the hulks, was conviction for the longest sentence and the

most atrocious crime. Whether or no the descendants of these convicts at the present day base their claims to social distinction on the infamy of their ancestors, is more than we can say. They find however a noteworthy precedent in so doing in many of the coroneted peers in the English House of Lords, at the present day, who look back with pride to their Norman blood and their Norman descent, and the original founders of whose families were little better than the wretched outcasts, who, at this hour constitute the social sewerage of their country. Let us hear Emerson on the subject:—

"Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike; they took everything they could carry; they burned, harried, violated, tortured and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men, now existing, boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits, by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf and snake, which they severally resembled."—(*English Traits*, chap. iv.)

"And yet, if we are to believe the assertions of Mr. Froude, this same gang of thieves and cutthroats were the great reformers and missionaries of the age in which they lived. One feature, indeed, it must be said, they possessed in common with several other reformers, religious and social, since that day—they needed sadly to begin by reforming themselves. In similar wise there are not wanting fatuous simpletons at this hour who seek to persuade themselves that English armies in India and Egypt are a species of Christian missionaries—the harbingers of civilization and peace and good-will to the benighted heathens among whom they have found a foothold. If we are to judge from an incident of Mahomedan history, the disciples of Mahomet are under no such delusion—are keen-sighted enough to penetrate the phariseeism, and know how to draw a very fundamental distinction, to which it would seem the slobbering sentimentalism of Christian sects is stone blind. The Caliph Omar, incensed at the defeat of his armies before the walls of Constantinople, took his revenge on the Christians of his states by excluding them from all public employments, and by loading them with imposts to such an extent that one public functionary wrote thus to the Caliph: "If things continue to go on in Egypt as at present, all the Christians will become Moslems to escape taxation, and the state will lose its revenue." To this the pious Omar replied: "I should look on the conversion of the Christians as a piece of good fortune; *for God sent his prophet to act the part of an apostle and not of a tax-gatherer.*"

The following extract from the "Journal," as illustrating the convict system of aristocracy, will serve as a specimen of Mitchel's sardonic humor:—

"One main feature in convict life I have ascertained to be a deep and heartfelt respect for atrocious villainy—respect, the more pr found as the villainy is more outrageous. If anything can add to the esteem which a man in the felon world secures by the eckless brutality of his language and manners, the extent of his present thievings, and ingenuity of his daily lyings, it is the enormity of the original offence for which he is supposed to be *suffering*. Several instances of this fact, which have been told me since I came on board the Neptune, remind me of a whimsical illustration of the same which I saw last year, while I passed a few days in the "Tenedos" hospital ship. On my arrival there, I had hardly been left alone in my cabin before a convict softly entered. He wa servant to the assistant-surgeon, and came with a pine-apple which his master had sent me. The man was about fifty years of age, but very stout and active looking, and highly consequential in

his manner, as it soon turned out he had a good right to be.—'I trust, sir,' said he, 'you will find everything as you wish here:—if I can do anything for you I'm sure I shall be happy—I'm Garret!' 'Well, Garret,' quoth I,—'Garret, sir, *Garret;* you must know all about me;—it was in all the papers; Garret, you know.' 'Never heard of you before, Garret.' 'Oh! dear, yes sir, you must be quite well aware of it—the great railway affair, you remember.' 'No, I do not.' 'Oh! then I am Mr. Garret, who was *connected with* the —— railway. (I forget the name of the railway.) It was a matter of £40,000 I realized. Forty thousand pounds, sir;—left it behind me, sir, with Mrs. Garret: she is living in England in very handsome style.—I have been here now two years and a half and like it very well—I am very highly thought of—created a great sensation when I came. In fact, until *you* came I was reckoned the first man in the colony. Forty thousand pounds, sir,—not a farthing less.—But now *you* have cut me out." I rose and bowed to this sublime rascal. The overwhelming idea—that I should supersede a swindler of Forty Thousand pounds' power, was too much for me. So I said, graciously bowing, "Oh, sir, you do me too much honor: I am sure you are far more worthy of the post of distinction. For me, I never saw so much money in all my life as forty thousand pounds." "My dear sir," said my friend, bowing back again—"My dear *Sir!* but then you are a prisoner of state, patriotic martyr, and all that. Indeed, for my part, my little affair was made a concern of state, too. Lord John Russel, since I came out here, had a private application made to me, offering to remit my whole sentence if I would disclose my method—the way I had done it, you know: they want to guard against similar things in other lines, you understand." "I trust, sir," quoth I respectfully, "you treated the man's application with the contempt it deserved." The miscreant winked with one eye. I tried to wink, but failing, bowed again. "*You* may be sure of that, sir," said he,—'tis very little I care for any of them: I enjoy myself here very much—have never had a day's illness—very often go across to this nearest island to look after Dr. Beck's ducks: then I sometimes correspond with the newspapers; have a private way of getting anything I please sent out without these people knowing anything about it—should be most happy to have any document sent for you, in a quiet way, you know;—of course, you will want to show up these rascals now and then." "No, Garret," said I, getting tired, "there, that will do, you may leave the room." The old monster looked a little blank, but walked off at once; and, as I requested to be protected from such intrusion in future, Dr. Hall took order with him, and I saw him no more.

"Now, this railway swindler is a man of rather good address—far better than Hudson, the head of his sect, I believe, can boast of; a portly man, a respectable man; one who understands his own high position in society, and his claims to the respect and consideration of the world—he has 'done' the world out of forty thousand pounds; and it is a claim which, amongst true-born Britons, is always admitted instantly. I shall not be surprised to hear of Mr. Garret representing, a few years hence, some great commercial constituency in that majestic assembly, the British Parliament, and making 'laws' there. But no, I err—it is only your unconvicted felon who can aspire to that honor. If I had the ordering of the matter, however, I would transport Garret to St. Steven's to represent York there, and return Hudson to Bermuda to serve as member of the North Junction Railway:—or else (what would be better still) I would hang them both."

How to Judge Men.—Don't judge a man by his family relations, for Cain belonged to a good family. Don't judge him by the clothes he wears, God made one, and the tailor the other. Don't judge him by his speech, for a parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures. Judge him not by his acts alone, but by the motives of those acts.

Ireland Under the Southern Cross.

Mr. J. E. Redmond, M. P., gave in Dublin, an interesting account respecting the mission of himself and his brother to Australia, disclosing facts most honorable to the Irish in the far-away Southern Ocean. It has been long known that, in addition to Ireland at home, there is a most important Ireland in Great Britain, and another to be counted by millions beyond the Atlantic. It remained, however, to be proved, that another powerful Ireland has grown up in Australia and New Zealand. Everybody knew, indeed was well aware, that many patriotic and able Irishmen lived in Sydney and Melbourne, but few fully knew, till now, of the strength of the Irish colonists in that part of the world.

The visit of the brothers, Redmond, lasted from February, 1883, to December, and during those ten months they did splendid work for Ireland. It is not only by the collection of a large sum of money for national purposes, that their earnestness and its success are to be measured. A far higher standard must be applied to their mission than its mere pecuniary results. They were able to overthrow a great amount of the unjust dislike in which the Irish are held by prejudiced enemies, and to prove the falsehood of the calumnies industriously spread throughout all classes of Australian society. The Irish in Australia are about a million, but they have opposed to them about two millions of English and Scotch, most of whom are filled with sentiments of religious and political animosity to everything Irish. The Messrs. Redmond were denounced in the press and on platforms as having come out to collect money to pay for assassinations. Religious bitterness was promoted by the Orangemen who seem in Australia to be even worse (if possible) than the same ferocious body in Ireland. The use of public halls was refused, though ample payment was tendered, and, as a consequence, meetings had to be held, and addresses delivered under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Some "anti-Irish Irishmen" joined the cry against them, and as these degraded sons of Erin had climbed into high social positions, their opposition influenced many. But the great bulk of the Irish remained true to native land, and refused to bend before either British or Irish foes of old Ireland.

The Catholic Church in Australia and New Zealand did noble work in helping those who were honorably fighting for the right. The Archbishop of Sydney, the Bishops of Goulbourn, Maitland, Dunedin (New Zealand), Wellington (New Zealand), were all most active, and one prelate, Bishop Reynolds, came on the platform with twenty of his priests, and boldly supported the National League. An English prelate, Bishop Luck, who at first was opposed to the Messrs. Redmond, became a convert to their views as soon as the true principles of the League were fully explained to him. A very large number of priests proved to be most earnest supporters of the cause.

A marked alteration in general public opinion then took place,

and halls for meetings and addresses were easily secured. People who had been deluded began to find out that the doctrines of the National League (as, indeed, the Government at home long ago admitted) are quite the opposite of extreme, being very practical and moderate. It is well to know that Ireland's cause, when well pleaded, must turn into friends, all opponents who will listen to reason, and that thousands of miles beyond the burning sands of Africa, and at the other side of the world, there are true Irish hearts, and that those who are struggling at home for their rights, can rely for substantial aid and cheering co-operation upon "Ireland under the Southern Cross."

Lieutenant-General Sheridan.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

In parting with its honored and illustrious general (Sherman) under the law of retirement for age, the army is fortunate in being able to call to its head so distinguished a successor as Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan.

As the officer, in the prime of manhood, now reaches the highest prize open to the soldier's profession in America, a backward glance will naturally be cast upon his career with a view to anticipate his probable conduct in his new position. Is that dashing soldiership, it has been asked which gave Sheridan his laurels, compatible with the cautious, wise stability needed at the head of the army? It might be briefly answered that the impetuosity of youth not infrequently becomes steadiness in the veteran of fifty; but the true response is that Sheridan was never a mere *beau sabreur*. The quality which made him a popular hero was fiery energy on the field; the qualities which have brought him to his exalted place are staunchness, acumen and great prudence, combined with whatever other qualities are necessary for a general officer. This his history will show.

In the first stages of the civil war, Captain Sheridan was Curtis's quartermaster, somewhere out in Missouri, and one muses what his subsequent career might have been save for a lucky disagreement that left him idle, and free to become the colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. As colonel, his conduct during Elliott's raid upon Booneville, in May, 1862, led to the command of the brigade; and a month later his fight at the same point elicited this encomium from Rosecrans: "The coolness, determination and fearless gallantry displayed by Colonel Sheridan and the officers and men of his command in this action, deserve the thanks and admiration of the army." At Perryville, the ensuing October, he distinguished himself for good judgment and wariness. But it was in the subsequent fierce three days' engagement among the cedar brakes of Stone River, which saw the old year out and the new year in, that Sheridan first clearly exhibited his tactical

skill in the stress of battle, and his splendid steadfastness. "For hours," says one historian, "he held the Confederates at bay — hours precious, priceless, wrenched from fate and an exultant foe by the skill and courage of this officer, and bought by the blood of his valiant men. All to his right had gone like seaweeds torn by waves from jutting crags; but the swelling surges dashed in vain, against the rock-like resistance of this division. He had lost Sill in the first onset; he now lost Roberts, soon afterward Shaeffer — all his brigade commanders killed. He had lost 1,796 men; and with the cost of their heroic blood had won three hours, which Rosecrans had been using to the best advantage. "Here is all that are left," said he, sadly, as he joined his chief. At Chickamauga Sheridan offered a like stubborn front to the enemy's fury; there fell another brigade commander, the lamented Lytle. In the ever-memorable storming of Missionary Ridge— that famous battle in which the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland forced their way to the foot of the ridge by the orders of the General commanding, and then swept over its summit "by their own"— it was "the centre of Sheridan's division," General Cist tells us, that "reached the top first, as they were nearest the crest," instantly seconded by the whole line, breaking almost simultaneously all over the heights. Such was the climax of Sheridan's career, at the West.

Halleck, who is entitled to the credit of having commended Captain Sheridan, then at his head-quarters, to the Governor of Michigan, when that magistrate applied to him for an officer to command a cavalry regiment, now rendered another good service. For when General Grant, planning his Virginia campaign of 1864, spoke of his anxiety to find a suitable head for the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, "Why not take Sheridan?" suggested Halleck; and Grant answered, "The very man!" The result of this choice, made known from step to step throughout the campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox, is familiar history.

The combination of good soldiership and good fortune, found in nearly all great military successes, is visible in Sheridan's Virginia campaigns. Had not his troops confided in his skill, they could have safely trusted to his star; but they believed in both. Of his cavalry operations with the Army of the Potomac, and his conduct of the campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah, a distinguishing trait was the extreme precautions he invariably took to insure victory before willingly undertaking an operation. Few, if any, Union generals ever fought less at hap-hazard, or with more careful preliminary study, or accomplished greater results with less loss. Even when baffled by the enemy, he had the art of putting a bold face on the situation, and of persuading others, that on the whole, the outcome had been success. "To most temperaments," writes a former staff officer "disaster is disheartening, but it passes by General Sheridan as an eddy glides round a pier." Doubtless it is true of Sheridan, as of every other Union leader in the Virginia campaigns, that were he to conduct them again, with the light of present knowledge, he would here and there pursue a different course; but it cannot be asserted that he has any manœuvres of rashness to regret, or that any conceivable change of

method or fortune would have added to his present renown as a popular hero.

There is a ground for believing that the career of Sheridan has not yet reached its climax. Meanwhile there cannot fail to be widespread satisfaction in seeing at the head of the army one who rendered the country services so brilliant in its days of need, and perhaps also a certain feeling of confidence in the propitious influences that have hitherto attended his public career and crowned it with success.

G. E. POND in *Harper's Weekly*.

Not the Only One who has Won his Way.

General Sheridan is by no means the first Irish-American who has won his way to a distinguished place under the Republic. Four of our Presidents have been the sons of Irish fathers. In the different professions Irish-Americans have always held and still hold a prominent position, and are daily gaining in power and standing. All this goes to prove that the Irishman, when freed from the incubus of English domination, is capable of attaining any station that can be won by the exercise of the qualities that go to make up the highest type of human character.

His Personnel.

I went to the War Department the other day and saw a short, stumpy looking man in dark clothes, with a cut-away-coat, seated at a desk, vigorously engaged in pushing a pen across a large white sheet of paper. That man was Lieutenant-General Phil. Sheridan, commanding the army of the United States. He is brusque, bow-legged, unostentatious in his manner; and while he has been in Washington only a few days, he has given some of the dandy second lieutenants on duty here a severe shock. Just think of it, the Commander of the entire Army of the United States refuses to use his carriage, and walks in fair weather, and rides in a "bob-tail" three-cent horse-car when it rains. Such a thing has never been heard of Washington, for the general rule is and has been, that where an official has the use of a government carriage, so do his sisters, his cousins, his aunts, his wife and all his wife's relations. Sheridan's love of good horse-flesh is proverbial. He loves a fine animal, but the average cab-horse does not thrill him much. His old war-horse, "Winchester," died some years ago, and since then he has not fastened his affections on any of the animals in his possession.

An intimate friend related this interesting story of the gallant soldier: "Sheridan, a charming conversationalist, can't make a speech if he tries to look about his audience. I remember an occasion where he was called out, and it was not altogether unexpected, either. He stood up, and fixing his eyes on one man in the audience, addressed him. He never made a break, and he never saw any one before him except that one man. He made the speech in his conversational tone, and it was so easy and graceful that it captured. But he could not divest himself of that "and don't you know," which is so habitual with him. By the way, he has a certain profanity which is of such a quiet order that one accustomed to his society finally forgets it. He runs this in

without any motive or feeling or emphasis; and when I heard him making that speech, and saw him pick out one man in the audience to address, I almost shuddered at times lest he should, forgetting where he was, interlard one of those quiet —— ——— to which he is so accustomed."

General Sheridan as a Catholic.

A Washington dispatch of the 13th inst., says that the general of the army has occupied the last two Sundays his very modestly-situated pew in St. Matthew's Catholic Church. By right of succession it would have been the proper thing for Mrs. Sheridan to get Mrs. Sherman's pew, when she vacated it last summer, but as the application of Miss West, the daughter of the British minister, for a pew, was ahead, the only thing General Phil could do, was to take a back pew, in the hopes of having one more desirably located by the new year. Colonel Michael Sheridan can't get one at all just yet. A good many people had the impression that the Sheridans were not Catholics, but the good old sexton at St. Matthew's says that the general of the army was an altar-boy in his young days, and served many a Mass for the venerable Father Young, a Dominican priest, at the church near his home in Ohio. The clergymen at St. Matthews are eloquent preachers, the pastor, Dr. Chappelle, being a man profoundly versed in ecclesiastical lore. Among the attendants are representatives of the English, French, Spanish, Chilian and Portuguese legations, and a score of others whose names are widely known in high social annals.

What His Mother Says.

"He was always a fine lad and good to his mother," she said, with a rich brogue that bespoke her lineage. "I don't want to be foolish proud about him, but he's been a good son to me. He was always in mischief, and always used to be teachin' the boys to be soldiers when he was younger than any of 'em. But he would never do anything mean, and his worst fault was his fightin'. He never leaves a year go round that he doesn't come to see me, and he's very kind."

Overwork or Worry?

It would be a great gain to the interests of common sense, observes the *London Lancet*, if we could arrive at something like a common understanding as to the nature of "overwork," its causes and consequences. While the medical advisers of the Education Department give warm expression to discordant opinions, it can scarcely be surprising that no good reform is carried out. The fault of the educationary system lies in the fact that it is a system. No one method of training can be applicable to all brains. The difficulty we have to face is the inevitable result of attempting to educate a

multitude of children by one process, and up to one standard. Unless the method be so simple, and the standard so low, that they cannot possibly injure any brain,— in which case they would probably be almost useless,— some brains must suffer. It is so with every-"system." Muscle-training has its victims as well as mind and brains training. The question for us as a nation, now that we have a "national system of education," is, shall we lower the standard for all, or exercise a little care with a view to eliminate those individual brains which are not capable of being trained by the general process. It would surely be better policy to pursue the last-mentioned plan than the former. Every Board school should have its medical officer, whose duty it should be to visit the school while the children are at work, and to observe the indications of brain-worry. It is no use expecting medical men to detect the evidences of incipient brain trouble, when the overtaught are enjoying periods of relaxation. Children are, so to say, elastic, and they quickly cast off the effects of brain pressure, but it is none the less injurious to them while it lasts; and, being often repeated, it must do mischief. If a medical man versed in the phenomena of mental work, will patiently go through a school during the hours of study, he will have no difficulty in picking out the "worried." The indications of effort are unmistakable while work is in progress, and it is then they should be looked for. "Overwork" is a misnomer. It is "worry" that does dire mischief. Worry is the effect of effort, — an effort to do something which too severely taxes the powers. There should be no straining in training. Health of brain, is like health in the rest of the body,— it consists in the ability to perform functions without effort. We do not recommend, concludes our contemporary, that any hasty change should be made in the standards of education, but we do earnestly and urgently counsel, that measures should be at once taken to secure the careful and studied observation of brains at work, with the view of adopting special measures with those that are weakly.

Principles — Not Persons.

EVERY government has certain fundamental statutes for which respect must be maintained in order to insure stability. There is not one country in Europe to-day we believe in which that respect exists. France, Spain, Germany, Russia have strong elements that are seeking the destruction of the existing forms of government. Even England has a strong radical party, represented in Parliament, and thus bearing recognition of legality, — a party that seeks the establishment of a republic. Hence, nobody can say how long any country of Europe may stand in its present condition. Apart from all possibilities of war, each country has within itself a source of instability, and there is a constant uncertainty as to the future. The source of all

this is easily found in the intellectual confusion that exists there at present. There are a dozen different opinions as to how best to secure popular welfare. The grievances are apparent, the dissatisfaction, discontent, and no statesman is found capable of solving the great problem. Every one has an experiment to propose. The truth is old — the peoples of Europe have abandoned the living fountain, like the Jews, and are having the bitter experience of the "broken cisterns."

In this country there has been a quiet self complacency as to our institutions, and this has seemed all the more reasonable since most of those in Europe "who seek new things" (as the old Romans expressed Revolution) look to our form of government as their goal. Still, there have been republics in past times. No government but has found an end within a few centuries at most; and, in fact, republics have collapsed as quickly as any, and, it is claimed, more quickly than others. It cannot therefore be admitted that we are free from perils. It is well that those who are truly conservative should study these dangers and provide against them.

If we mistake not, there are two causes that have generally wrought the ruin of republics, and that, beyond a doubt, exercise as much influence here as ever anywhere. These two causes are, personal ambitions and disgust of the government of the fickle mob.

The mob is always a convenient tool of the ambitious. That there are ambitious men among us capable of using any means however vile to accomplish their ends, is beyond doubt. That, as the population thickens and large centres are formed, there comes into prominence and control an element with which men of honor find it difficult to mingle and which is beyond their influence is apparent. That education is more universal now than formerly (ability to read and write) is a fact, but that this educated element is better than its uneducated predecessor, that there is more respect for law and principle, is evidently false. The troublesome character of the population in these large centres, is evidently on the increase, and will continue to increase as the chances for the working men obtaining wealth are more and more lessened, as they must necessarily be.

The destructive elements are evidently therefore in existence, and will increase with rapidity, as they have in fact increased during the last few years. There is but one barrier, the virtue that causes men to appreciate truth; to hold principal paramount to personal advantage. Unfortunately we are not now instilling that virtue.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D., in the *Catholic Universe.*

A TOWEL folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and then applied over the seat of the pain in tooth-ache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

Round and Square Dances.

WE quoted in our last MAGAZINE, what a writer in the *New Orleans Morning Star* had to say on round dances. Here s what the same writer had to say on square dances: "We established the fact that the Council of Baltimore, whose decrees are binding upon all who reside in the United States, had positively prohibited all round dances. Under the familiar rule of construction, *inclusio unius, exclusio alterius*, the condemnation of round dances only by the Council, renders the indulgence in those dances, which do not fall under the denomination of round dances permissible. Accordingly, we assert, that when square dances are practiced under the proper conditions, they are not only harmless, but are calculated to afford young people the innocent recreation which they need. They have a still further advantage. If young folks are encouraged to cultivate the square dances, pure and simple, in the sanctuary of their homes, and in the company of good, select, Catholic friends, they will derive all the enjoyment which dancing may give, and they will feel no inclination to enter the vitiated atmosphere of the public ball-room, where, but too often, body and soul suffer irretrievable injury.

"St Francis de Sales, in his Devout Life, says that dancing is allowable when it is practiced by way of recreation, but his advice is, not to make a habit of it, or to indulge in it to excess.

In a pastoral letter of the Bishop of Nottingham, England, we find the following explicit endorsement of square dances: "We would say, therefore, to you, dear Reverend Brethren, provide your people, if you can, with opportunities for a sufficient number of friendly, social gatherings, in which both young and old may meet to make acquaintance with one another, and with their clergy, and to enjoy themselves together. Recreations, such as concerts or readings, at which the audience keep their places and are silent, seem to be hardly sufficient for the purpose; but any innocent amusements which may suit your people, and may permit them to move about and talk with the rest of the company, would be available and useful. Nor can we see any reasonable objection to the permission of the old fashioned figure dances, such as were in use before waltzing, and the other less becoming modern dances were introduced. Indeed, without this healthful and innocent exercise, it would be difficult to attract the young to such gatherings, and the object in view could hardly be attained. It seems, in truth, almost as needful for our young people as it was for the beloved negroes of St. Peter Claver, whose dances were so kindly promoted and superintended by the Saint himself. Reunions such as these of themselves, and even if nothing else be developed out of them, supply the principal social needs of a congregation, giving to all, and especially to the young, that innocent recreation which is so urgently needed, and the opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other, with converts and with new-comers, and with their clergy, and, above all, giving to young men and women a fair chance of enter-

ing into Catholic alliances, instead of being driven to seek for partners among those who are out of the Church, with so much danger to their souls. These reunions, moreover, in the larger congregations, at least, are not likely to stand by themselves, but rather to open the way to the other social benefits which we have already said are so much needed, in order to withdraw our Catholics from the dangerous occasions which await them outside the Church."

The views above expressed are so replete with good, hard, common sense, that we feel it entirely unnecessary to add anything thereto. It will suffice to say that we fully concur in every sentiment, and endorse every reason adduced by the learned Bishop in favor of the old-fashioned figure dances.

T. A. B.

Natural History.

"PROFESSOR, what is a Dodo?"

"There are several species of the Dodo, my son, and there used to be several more before the fool-killer cut the country up into regular districts."

"Please describe some of them to me."

"With pleasure. You have probably attended a Sunday-school picnic given on the banks of a lake or a river? Six fat women, two girls who wear eye-glasses, and a very good boy who lisps, make up a party to take a ride on the water. As they are ready to shove off the Dodo appears, and keeps them company."

"What is he like, and what does he do?"

"He is generally a soft-headed young man under 23 years of age, and he stands up and rocks the boat to hear the fat woman scream and to induce the girls to call him Gweorge."

"Does the boat upset?"

"It does."

"And is everybody drowned?"

"Everybody except the Dodo. He always reaches the shore in safety, and he is always so sorry that it happened. He is sometimes so affected that it takes away his appetite for lunch."

"And is anything done with him?"

"They sometimes rub his head with a cheap brand of peppermint essence and turn him out to grass, but no one ever thinks of doing him harm."

"And the next species?"

"The next species is a youth from sixteen to twenty. He labors under what the ancients termed the swell head. He gets out the family shot-gun or revolver to show off. He points it at some boy or girl to see 'em shiver; and after he has testified before the coroner that he didn't know it was loaded the affair is looked upon as ended."

"Is this species on the increase?"

"Well, no. The friends of the victims have got to making such a fuss over these trifles that the didn't-know-it-was-loaded Dodo isn't quite holding his own."

"What is the third species?"

"The third species belongs to the female sex. Of course there are two sexes to the Dodo. She buys arsenic to kill rats, or corrosive sublimate to discourage bedbugs, or Paris green to give cockroaches a hint to skip, and she leaves the package on a pantry-shelf alongside of her baking-powder. She may keep 'em separate for two or three days, but it isn't over a week before the family begin to lose their appetite and hire a cheap boy to go for a doctor and a stomach-pump."

"And is she sorry?"

"Oh, yes. She didn't mean to, you know; never thought of killing the family; always lived happily with her husband; had entirely forgotten that he had any life insurance; was in a hurry and didn't stop to look."

"And is there yet another species of Dodo?"

"Several others, but we haven't time to take 'em in detail, and give full particulars in each case. The man who thinks the best horse wins is a Dodo. The woman who gets into society on the strength of her false hair, small waist, painted eyebrows, chalked cheeks and cramped feet, is a Dodo. The man who thinks he can take comfort on a steamboat excursion — the man who goes on a fishing excursion — the girl who writes poetry on sunsets — the young man looking for neckties to become him — the old man who marries a young wife — why, it would take me an hour to mention them all. Put away your books in a careful manner, and we will walk out and see some live specimens of the Dodo. I know of one who has engaged to deliver a Fourth of July oration, and perhaps we may get a shot at him."

SURVIVAL OF OLD SUPERSTITIONS IN ENGLAND.—In Cornwall it is still the case that no miner ever whistles under ground. In the North no child's nails are ever cut upon Sunday; until a child is twelve months old its nails are always bitten instead of being cut; the inside of its hand is never washed until three weeks after its birth; and it is invariably carried upstairs before being taken downstairs. Sunday is considered a lucky day to be born on; and a child born after midnight will see more of the world than others. Marriage must on no account be solemnized upon Saturday, but always, where possible, upon Wednesday. The person who, when being married, kneels first at the altar rails will die first, and so will the one who first goes to sleep upon their wedding night. The superstitions of Ireland and Scotland are legion.

An Irish Maiden's Lament.

I.

FAREWELL, farewell, we two no more
Shall meet at eve on Dura's shore;
Oh, drear to me is night and day,
When my true lover is far away.
Oh, who will speak me words of cheer?
And who will banish grief and fear?
Whose smile and song will make me gay,
When my true lover is far away?

II.

He asked a ringlet of my hair,
Which next his heart he vowed to wear;
He said some summer's eve he'd come
And bear me to his cottage home.
But summer days glide like a river,
And tho' I wait, he cometh never,
Now autumn's leaves are crisp and sear,
And still my true love is not here.

III.

In vain I sewed, in vain I spun,
My heart's delight forever is gone;
Now often starts the silent tear,
And night and day are dark and drear.
The snowy web, that made me proud,
Shall soon be wrought a maiden's shroud; —
Soon in the churchyard lone they'll lay
A heart that loved one far away.

Despoiling the Church.

AMERICANS RENEW THEIR PROTEST AGAINST ITALY'S STATUTES.

Protestants Join with Catholics in a Mass Meeting to Demand that the Real Estate of the Propaganda shall not be Confiscated.

THE Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome was instituted by Pope Gregory XV. in 1622. The Board of Cardinals who compose it are charged with superintending and directing all the vast missionary enterprises of the Catholic Church; with guarding and promoting the interests of the missions, and with securing the training of competent

missionary laborers. The College of Cardinals is the Pope's Supreme Council. In the course of two and a half centuries the Propaganda has accumulated an immense property, consisting of college buildings and lands, libraries and museums, and amounting in value to millions.

Last January the Supreme Court of Cassation of Rome declared that the real estate of the Sacred Congregation is liable to conversion and partial confiscation by the Italian Government, under certain acts suppressing religious orders and organizations "which imply community life," and providing that all the property of religious corporations be turned into the national exchequer, without power of being diverted into other channels, the interest merely after the deduction of 40 per cent. for taxes and expenses of administration to be received by the original owners if and when the government chooses to pay it.

In the decree of condemnation the American College at Rome was included. As this institution was established and is maintained by American Catholics, Cardinal McCloskey requested President Arthur to interfere to save that property, at least. Representations were accordingly made to the Italian government, and the American College was declared exempt from conversion and confiscation.

To protest against the seizure by the Italian Government of the property of the Propaganda, the Xavier Union, of New York, called a meeting of American citizens at Cooper Institute, April 28th, and an immense audience assembled, including very many prominent Protestant as well as Catholic laymen. Mayor Edson presided, and ex-Mayor Grace, Recorder Smyth, Eugene Kelly, David McClure, Thos. L. James, and John D. Crimmins were on the platform, with many Catholic clergymen.

The President of the Xavier Union, in calling the meeting to order, urged that the proposed confiscation of the property of the Propaganda is an invasion of civil rights which should alarm the world, because that property was not given by Italian citizens alone, but by Catholics all the world over.

Mayor Edson, on taking the chair, expressed his sympathy with the objects of the meeting as one sanctioned by common justice.

Judge J. F. Daly spoke earnestly of the importance of the movement, not only to the Catholic Church, but to the principles of civil liberty.

Letters of sympathy were read from Francis Kernan, S. S. Cox, Frank H. Hurd and Perry Belmont.

Ex-Postmaster-General James said that the proposed confiscation is robbery and usurpation under forms of law, and a blow that is aimed at the missionary system of Christianity. He said that American citizens who love liberty, justice, and equal rights would fail of their duty, did they fail to utter condemnation of this act, which disregards constitutional liberty. He declared that the Italian Government in its attacks upon the Propaganda would commit an act as much to be condemned, as would be the seizure by our Government of the property of Trinity Church, of Columbia College, of the American Bible Society, or the Union Theological Seminary. In reply to the question as to how this affair in Rome came to be any part of our

business, he said that liberty is our business the world over; that if Italy persists we propose to hold that kingdom up to the execration of mankind.

Preambles and resolutions were read reciting:

That the Italian Government is seeking, not only to ruinously affect the Propaganda by reducing the nominal value of the property by more than one-third, and placing entirely at its mercy all that great department or bureau of the Papal administration, but it is an attack upon the liberty of the Pope in the exercise of the functions of his office, upon the Christian religion, and the highest and noblest interests of civilization.

That we solemnly protest against the conversion and confiscation by the Italian Government of the property of the Propaganda, as contributor to and *cestuis qui trust* in which we have not only religious but property interest, and deny the right of that Government to deprive us by confiscation of one-third of its proceeds, or by force to change its condition.

Thanks were voted to President Arthur, Secretary Frelinghuysen, and Minister Astor for their successful intervention, and President Arthur was requested to transmit a copy of the resolutions to the Italian Government.

Mr. David McClure said it ought not to need argument to prove that the proposed confiscation was a tenfold crime. New York ought to swell a dozen Cooper Institutes to protest against it. The Italian Government had denied to the Pope the rights of other citizens of Italy to own real estate; rights that are accorded to the meanest organ grinder. When Turkey persecuted Crete, America protested. This was a more signal occasion for protest. This miserable bankrupt country proposed to offer at public sale this property, worth from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000, with a prospect that there would be no bidder but the Government, and no prospect that the promised interest would be paid. He hoped that this question would not be treated merely as a Catholic question, but as a religious question, and a question of liberty. He quoted extracts from Protestant newspapers to show that the course of the Italian Government is largely condemned outside of the Catholic Church.

Easter.

"Therefore doth My Father love Me; because I lay down My life, that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me; but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to lay it down; and I have power to take it up again."

His Eminence Cardinal Manning said at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Easter Sunday: Since the world began there never was a day of deeper desolation than that seventh day, when Jesus Christ rested in the tomb: never was there a day of such joy as the day of the Resurrection. St. Mary Magdalene came to the Sepulchre, wondering who should roll away the stone from the opening. She found it already rolled away, and an Angel sitting there. "He is not here," said the Angel, "He is risen." Think of the joy which Jesus Christ

gave in His Resurrection — first to St. Mary Magdalene, when He appeared to her who had been a poor sinner; and next to the poor and humble women, to whom He manifested Himself. Our Divine Lord has told us that the Father loved Him because He gave up His life. "No man," he said, "taketh My life from Me." He came of His own free will; suffered by His own free will. No man could lay hands on Him till His hour was come. In the Temple, in the Garden, no man could touch Him. He gave Himself up freely into the hands of sinners when He was betrayed, and on the Cross of His own free will He gave up the ghost. There was sufficient cause of death in His crucifixion; but that was not the cause of His death; He voluntarily laid down His life: "Greater love hath no man than this," He said, "that a man lay down his life for his friend." He said that He had power to lay it down." Though His Body and Soul were parted at the moment of His death, neither was separated from His Godhead. That sacred body was united to Him as closely when separated from His Soul as it was before. And the human Soul of Jesus Christ was united even by a closer union with His Godhead. His Body was swathed in fine linen and embalmed; but it was the Divine power that preserved it intact. His Soul descended into Hell, and Jesus Christ manifested Himself personally to those who were waiting for Him; to Adam, Abel, Enoch, Abraham, Isaac, Moses, Isaias, Jeremias and John the Baptist, who all had been types of him in their day; and to Joseph, his foster-father, who had gone before; and there was one more — the Penitent Thief. He manifested himself to those who were in Purgatory; and to those who were not. When the hour was come, as in the Incarnation, He invested Himself with the Body of our humanity, He healed the wounds, the bruises, the furrows of the scourge. They were healed and glorified. The wounds in His hands, and feet, and side were healed, and preserved as witnesses to what had happened. The Body was beautified and glorified when the Divine Soul assumed it, and He came into the midst of the Disciples when the doors were shut. Yet it was a true Body; and in the Tabernacle above the Altar, to-day that same Divine Presence dwells with us. Our Easter lesson is joy. It is a two-fold joy. A religion without joy is not a true religion. But it is a joy which comes from God. Jesus Christ is a living and Divine Person, to Whom we are related. If we are His true disciples, our first joy will be a joy for His sake: "If ye love Me ye will rejoice because I go to the Father." His Resurrection manifested His Innocence as well as His Power. He is Redeemer of the whole world, and King and Sovereign of all things. Our joy, therefore, at Easter is a personal joy. The world is dying, dropping piecemeal into the grave; in the midst the Church of God lives undying. There is, moreover, a personal joy for ourselves. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." We are raised together with Him in the first Resurrection spoken of by the Apostle — that Spiritual Resurrection by water and the Holy Ghost; and if we persevere we shall rise in the glorious Resurrection. I know not how this shall be. We have before us the mystery of a corn of wheat falling into the ground, and springing up as every springtide comes — a witness of the Resurrection.

Our Young Folks.

TOO LATE.

Too late, alas! too late,
A shamrock from old Ireland's shore,
My heart did hope, and wait;
But now St. Patrick's Day is o'er;
For twelve long months to come no more.
The winds were high, the waves were wild;
In vain the good ship strove and toiled,
'Gainst wind and tide and Fate.
Yet not unwelcome dost thou come,
Sweet emblem of my happy home!
And for thy sender's sake,
And for ten thousand memories sweet,
Of friends I never more may meet;
Of places where my footsteps trod,
On saintly Erin's emerald sod;
Where for their country and their God,
My fathers' hearts did break:
Lovingly and tender,
As the memory of thy sender,
Do I welcome thee and cherish,
Tho' the rose and lily perish,
For the faith St. Patrick sowed
In the kindly soil of Erin,
And the Hope and Truth I've owed
To my sires sleeping therein,
Make unending Patrick's Day
In my loving heart and bosom;
So, or come in March or May,
Thou art welcome, leaf and blossom!

J. K.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE SNOWDROP.

CHAPTER I.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

When the cold winter was changing into spring, and the primroses and violets were appearing in the fields and hedges, May Elton was born.

"What a tiny thing she is," said her father, gazing at her in delight; "my first little darling, my sweet spring snowdrop."

And as May grew older she was so fair and delicate that she kept the name her father had given her, and was known to her friends as little Snowdrop.

Snowdrop was an only child, and was surrounded from her birth with every luxury that money could procure. But still she was often lonely, and pined for a brother or sister to share her games and pleasures.

Mrs. Elton loved her child, and did what she could to make her happy. It pleased her to hear her laugh and chatter, and so she tried to gather little companions about her as much as possible.

So when Snowdrop's sixth birthday came round, invitations were sent out in all directions, and children from two to eight years old were bidden to an afternoon party.

On the morning of the great day boxes and parcels arrived from cousins and aunts, and Snowdrop was deluged with presents. But in spite of all these kindly attentions the little girl was not happy; one thing was wanting that nothing could make up for, and that was her dear papa. He was absent on business, and could not return for his darling's birthday.

As Snowdrop sat surrounded by parcels, scarcely deigning to notice them, once she had seen what they contained, the nursemaid entered, carrying a cardboard box and a letter.

"Here's a poor battered-looking old thing, Miss Snowdrop; it's a present, I suppose," she said, scornfully; "but I don't think it's worth much. The letter is from your papa."

"From papa? Oh, give it to me, Polly. Dear, darling papa!" and seizing the letter, the child covered it with kisses.

"Shall I read it for you, dear?" said Polly.

"Please do; but isn't it a pity I cannot read it for myself?"

"Yes, it is a pity; but I'll read you every word, never fear. Listen:

MANCHESTER, *27th February.*

"MY LITTLE DARLING, —

"I wish you a very happy birthday. I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I am unable to come home for your party. But I must stay up here a little longer to earn more bread and butter for my pet.

"What an old girl you are getting, Snow. Why, you will soon be able to help mamma in the housekeeping, and pour out my tea in the mornings. I send you a box of snowdrops, your little namesakes, and hope you will like them. I am too busy to go out to look for toys, but I am sure you will get plenty.

"God bless you, darling.

"Your loving father,

"GEORGE ELTON."

"Dear kind papa," cried Snowdrop, taking the letter from Polly, and kissing it again. "I would rather have this letter than all the presents; but, oh! I wish he had come home. There is lots of bread and butter down stairs, and cakes and all sorts of good things; I wish he wouldn't get any more. Mamma says she hates business; so do I, when it takes my dear papa away."

"That's very fine," said Polly, laughing; "but when folks like grand houses and smart frocks, some one must find money to pay for them. You know you like your papa and mamma to give you rich presents, Miss Snowdrop."

"No, I don't," said the little girl opening the battered box, and laying the white blossoms against her lips. "I love these flowers more than any present I have had to day."

"Well, you've funny taste, then," cried Polly; "for they're poor peeky things. Why, there's flowers in the drawing-room ten times as nice — flowers that cost heaps of money."

"I don't care; I love my snowdrops best of all."

So, when four o'clock came round, and the little girl tripped down stairs to welcome her guests, a bunch of her father's flowers were pinned in front of her dainty frock.

But in truth, as Polly had said, there were many flowers to put them in the shade, for rare plants and exotics stood on every side. No trouble had been spared in making preparations for the party, and the beautiful drawing-rooms were decorated as though for a ball.

Snowdrop took her place by her mother's side, and as her friends appeared, received them with smiles, and thanked them for their presents and good wishes.

The last arrival was a rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed girl of eight, arrayed in crimson plush and old point lace. Towards her Snowdrop flew in delight, and clasped her arm round her neck.

"How late you are, Effie," she cried, "and I wanted to show you all my presents before the party began."

"I could not come any earlier, darling," said Effie, returning the child's kisses with warmth. "Mother wanted to bring me herself, and as she had some friends to luncheon she could not get away any sooner."

"Look, aren't my flowers pretty?" said Snowdrop, fingering her treasures tenderly. "Papa sent me these all the way from Manchester."

"Did he?—they are very nice," said Effie, carelessly, as she glanced round the room. "But what a strange present! I should have fancied he would give you something handsome. Papa says he's very rich."

"I suppose he is; but I love my snowdrops, Effie, and I don't care about handsome things."

"Well, you're a goose then. I like things that look good and that last; snowdrops wither up and die."

"Yes; so they do, poor wee things."

"This is what my papa gave me," said Effie, twisting a gold bangle about on her arm; "this is something you can keep."

"Yes, so it is; but, Effie, I like my snowdrops best."

"What a funny child!"

"Yes, so I am," cried Snowdrop, laughing merrily; "nurse says I am, 'uncanny,' whatever that may mean."

"Oh, it means queer, funny; so it suits you very well," cried Effie.

"So it does. But come along, dear, and let us take our seats; the conjurer is going to begin, and I am longing to see what he will do."

"What wonderful friends those children are," said Effie's mamma to Mrs. Elton. "I hope they will remain so all their lives."

"Yes," said Mrs. Elton, smiling. "Snowdrop loves Effie, and has great faith in her opinions. But your daughter is more fortunate in having brothers and sisters to make her home happy; my little one is sometimes very lonely."

"Yes, I daresay. But being one of a large family has its disagreeable sides also. Effie will not have so many of the good things of this world as Miss Snowdrop, I can tell you."

"That will not harm her," said Mrs. Elton; "children are happier when they do not get everything they want."

But here the conjurer began his entertainment, and ladies and children ceased all conversation and became absorbed in watching him.

For some time all eyes were fixed upon him; sharp little minds fancied they could detect the way he did his tricks, and followed closely his every movement. But he was a clever man, and managed to puzzle them completely.

Balls and pennies were picked from behind unsuspecting ears, and from amongst crops of curly hair; handkerchiefs were torn to pieces and mended again; glasses of water were pushed down throats and taken out of backs amidst shrieks of laughter, and then the performance was brought to an end by a plentiful distribution of crackers from a hat.

"Now for the bran-pie," cried Snowdrop, springing to her feet, as the last cracker flew across the room. "Now for the bran-pie. Follow me to the nursery."

Like a flock of birds the children ran joyfully up the stairs.

Snowdrop and Effie were well to the front, and as they entered the day nursery they found Polly keeping watch over the precious bran-pie.

"What a funny thing," cried Effie, as the company trooped in and ranged themselves in a ring round the room. "Why, it is a big bath full of bran. How very strange!"

"Oh, but there is something in the bran," cried a little girl, laughing. "Don't you remember the pie we had, Snowdrop?"

"Yes, I remember it," said Snowdrop, gaily. "When the things were taken out, the boys said they would plant me, as I was a flower, to see if I would grow. Oh, it was great fun! They put me in, and covered me up with bran; it was jumping out of my sash the whole evening afterwards."

"So it was. And mamma said she thought it would never get swept out of the carpets again."

"Oh, it was fun!" said Snowdrop. "May we begin, Polly, dear?"

"Yes, you may begin; but the little ones must come first," and Polly drew three fat babies out of the ring.

"I tant find nuffing," cried a sprite of two; "dere's nuffing but ban in dis pie."

'Dive deep, deep, Trotty," called a merry-looking boy; "the toys are sure to be a good way down."

So Trotty and her friends plunged their little arms far into the bran, and with Polly's help brought out some substantial parcels, with which they retired in delight.

Then all the children came in turn, and after that there was nothing but noisy, hopeless confusion. Such laughing and chatting, such opening of packets, such fun and merriment never was heard; and when at last the pie was emptied of all its treasures, the nursery strewn with papers and covered with bran, the young people gathered up their toys and returned to the drawing-room.

And what a charming picture they made, midst the flowers and lights, as they flew over the parquet floor to the sound of a gay waltz.

Snowdrop and Effie were the life of the evening. They danced and romped, coaxed the shy ones to do the same, and made the babies happy by drawing them into all the games and fun.

And when the supper was over and the last little guest had departed, Snowdrop hung round her mother, kissing her and thanking her for the pleasure she had given her.

"I was so happy, mamma," she said. "You were a good mamma to give me such a nice party."

"I am glad my darling was happy. My little snowdrop looked so sad this morning when papa did not appear."

"Yes; but then his letter and his dear little flowers made me feel quite glad; but, oh, mamma, they are quite withered and dead."

"Yes, darling, so they are," said her mother, taking the child on her knee; "put them in water and they will revive again. But what was that, Snow? I thought I heard a cab stop at the door. Wouldn't it be nice if it were papa after all?"

"Oh, so nice!" cried the child eagerly. "But I don't think there was a cab; I"——

But as she spoke the door opened, and Mr. Elton, looking pale and anxious, entered the room.

'Papa, papa," cried Snowdrop, and she sprang into his arms.

"My darling, my little Snowdrop," he said, fondly. "Have you been happy to-day?"

"Oh, yes, papa; but I longed for you to come home. And see, I wore your flowers at my party; they looked so pretty."

"That is right, dear. And now my little girl must go to bed, I have something to say to mamma."

"Let me hear it, papa; don't have any secrets from your little Snow."

"My darling, it will not be a secret, long. Eleanor," he said, approaching his wife, and taking her hand, "I have bad news for you."

"Bad news, George?" she said quickly. "What is it? Do not fear; I am ready to share your troubles. I have felt something was wrong for a long time; but I am quite ready to help you."

"That is my own brave wife. And it may not be so bad as I think; but we must not live as we have been doing. I have lost a great deal of money, and we must retrench. For the present anyway, I am very poor."

"My poor George!" she said, putting her arm round his neck. "But do not fret for me; I can never be poor so long as I have you and my little Snowdrop."

"Papa," said the child, creeping up and pushing something into her father's hand, "there is my little plush purse. You can have it and all the money that's in it. Here are two whole shillings; that will help you till you find your money again."

"My little pet," cried her father, kissing her lovingly, "it will help me greatly; God bless you, darling, you and your brave-hearted mother. But you must go to bed, I cannot allow my Snowdrop grow pale; so now for a ride on my back up the stairs."

"That will be nice, that will be nice," cried the little girl, springing from the sofa to his back. "Good-night, mamma, good-night; wasn't it lucky I didn't buy a stupid toy with my two shillings; then I couldn't have helped my dear papa," and laughing merrily Snowdrop went off in triumph to the nursery.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT JULIA'S LETTER.

But although Snowdrop had given her two shilling piece, and her father had seemed so pleased to receive it, things did not appear to come right again.

Mrs. Elton was sad, and went about the house, looking mournful and depressed. She made lists of all her valuables, and gazed tearfully at things that she had loved, not because they were worth much money, but because they were precious, for the sake of those who had given them to her. For all had to be sold: house, furniture, jewels and pictures. Mr. Elton had failed in business, and could not pay his debts.

Of this Snowdrop understood but little. She had liked living in the big house in the square, but she now thought it would be perfectly charming to go into lodgings with her father and mother, just those three, all by themselves.

"And, oh! mother dear," she said, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of delight, "am I to have no nurse? Are you really going to wash and dress me yourself?"

"Yes, darling," said her mother, with a sigh; "and my little Snowdrop must be very good."

"I shall be an angel of goodness; for, oh! mother dear, I shall be so happy."

But if the thought of leaving her beautiful home was a pleasant one to Snowdrop, it was anything but that to Mrs. Elton. For her own part she was ready to bear any hardships, suffer any privations, so long as she was beside her husband to cheer and comfort him; but for her little daughter's sake she dreaded the change in their lives. Snowdrop was frail and delicate, and to take her into a lodging in a dingy London street would, the mother feared, be highly dangerous.

And so, as Mrs. Elton went about the sad work of packing, and preparing the house for the sale, her heart was very sore; but her greatest sorrow was that in the future her darling child would not have the fresh air and healthy dwelling-place that were so necessary for her.

One morning, as Snowdrop ran merrily up and down the hall, peeping about at all the trunks and boxes that stood there, ready for removal, the bell rang sharply, and a letter was dropped into the letter box.

The little girl sprang to the door, and taking it out, turned it over curiously. "It is from Aunt Julia," she cried, joyfully; "for it has an Irish post-mark and the O'Connor crest. Mamma, mamma, here is a

letter from auntie; I wonder what she says?" and she flew into the library to her mother.

"Yes, it is from your aunt Julia, Snow," said her mother, looking up with a smile; "what a clever sprite you are to guess that. Dear Julia, I am sure she is grieved to hear of our troubles."

"Yes, I am sure she is; but, Oh, mamma, do read her letter and tell me what she says."

"What an impatient puss you are. I will tell you the news in a minute," and opening the letter, Mrs. Elton began to read. "My dear little Snow," she said presently, taking the child on her knee, "your aunt sends you all kinds of messages and loves and kisses. She wants me," and here her eyes filled with tears, "to send you over to Kilteen Castle to her for awhile."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Snowdrop, eagerly; "but wouldn't you come too, mamma?"

"No, darling, I couldn't go; I must stay and take care of papa."

"And so must I," said the little girl decidedly. "What would he do without his little Snowdrop?"

"But still you would like to go, my darling? You would like to see all your cousins and your Aunt Julia, and—"

"Yes, I would just love to go if—"

"If what, Snowdrop?"

"If you and papa came with me. But I want to stay and help to comfort you and him, mother dear."

"Yes, dearest, I am sure you would. But if you knew that your going away would comfort us more than your staying?"

"Oh, mamma," and the blue eyes filled with tears, "could you be happy without your little daughter?"

"Yes, darling;" but the mother's lip trembled as she spoke, "I could be happy if I knew that going away from me would be for my daughter's good; if I know she would be well taken care of, and that the separation was only to be a short one."

"Oh, but, mamma, dear."

"Oh, but, Snowdrop. Listen, pet. Since our troubles have come upon us and we knew that we must leave this house, your papa and I have been fretting about you more than anything. You are delicate, darling, and we could not bear to think of your being shut up in a close lodging. We trembled for what it might lead to. This invitation from your Aunt Julia is the first gleam of brightness I have known, since I heard the sad news of your papa's misfortunes."

"But I would love to go into lodgings, mamma; I think it would be great fun."

"Not half so much fun as going to Kilteen Castle, Snow. It is a lovely place. There are dear little cousins there for you to play with; there is fresh air to make you strong; and donkies and ponies for you to ride."

"Oh, mamma, how lovely! But—" and Snowdrop laid her cheek against her mother's —"you would not be there; so how could I be happy?"

"But if my little daughter thought she was helping her mother—would not that make her happy?"

"Yes, it would," answered the child, slowly. "But how could I help you by being away? That is very strange."

"Yes, dear, so it must seem to you; but I will explain what I mean. I shall miss you terribly and constantly, Snow; and yet knowing that you are with your aunt in her beautiful country home will comfort and make me happy."

"But you will be so lonely, mother."

"Yes, dear, very lonely. But I hope to be very busy, Snow, for I intend to work hard and earn some money."

"Earn money, mother? Oh, I wish I could earn some too!"

"My little girl will have to grow big and strong first. She must learn her lessons well, and then she may earn some, perhaps, some day."

"Yes, mamma. But I didn't know people got money for learning lessons; Effie doesn't, and she learns history and geography, and all kinds of things."

"You old goose! People never get paid for learning lessons," said Mrs. Elton, laughing. "I did not mean that. But if we study hard when we are young, Snow, and learn a great many things, then when we grow up, that knowledge will help us to earn money if we are required to do so. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mamma. And you know lots of hard things. You can read all those big books in the drawing-room, and play lovely tunes on the piano. Effie says her mamma thinks you very clever."

"That is very kind of Effie's mamma," said Mrs. Elton, smiling. "But I am not going to earn money by playing lovely tunes on the piano, or reading hard books, Snow. I am going to earn it, I hope, by writing easy books, for little people like you."

"That will be very nice," cried Snowdrop; "and please put plenty of pictures in them — plenty of green and red pictures; they look so pretty."

"Well, dear, I shall have nothing to do with that; but I hope they will be nice books, and that you and your little cousins may like them."

"I'm sure we shall; but please let me stay and see you write them, mamma. It will be ever so long before you can send them to Ireland."

"You foolish child, it would be dry work watching me write. No no, dear; if the books are to be written, my little girl must go to the country. I could not sit quietly at my writing if I thought you were not getting proper air and exercise."

"But I could go out and walk up and down the street by myself; indeed I could. I would look awfully well for cabs and carriages before I crossed to the other side, mamma."

"Yes, I daresay you would, for you are a wise old lady; but that would not help me with my work, Snow; I should be too anxious about you. If my darling really wants to help her papa and mamma, she must go off cheerfully to Aunt Julia and her cousins; I am sure she will do so to please us."

"Yes, mamma, I will, I will," cried Snowdrop, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and covering her face with kisses. "I will go if you like; but, oh! I do wish you were coming with me."

"Well, dear, I shall go over in the summer. When the books are written, and papa's affairs set right, then we shall take a holiday and go over to Kilteen Castle to see our darling."

"And mind and bring all the books with you, mamma, for I shall just be longing to see what they are like"

"All the books? Why, Snow, you talk as if I were going to write books by the million. If I get two written and accepted, I shall be very happy."

"Two! Oh! that's very few. You won't earn much money with two," said Snowdrop, in a disappointed tone; "you might write more than that."

"I am afraid I could not manage any more in the time, Snow; and they will not be published till about Christmas — if ever."

"Oh, dear, what a long time!" cried Snow; "but, mamma, are the Kilteen cousins nice?"

"Yes, dear, I think so; I never saw any of them except Dermot, and I only saw him when he was a baby.

"Is he a kind boy?"

"I am sure he is. Aunt Julia says he is wild and full of spirits, but very good-natured with his little sisters."

"Well, I hope he will be kind to me," said Snowdrop, with a sigh. "Effie says boys are dreadful torments, and get into fearful mischief."

"But my little Snow must be wise and keep him in order. If he does mischievous things, you must allow him to do so alone; tell him he is wrong, and then leave him."

"Yes, mamma; but do you think he will be nice? Will he lend me his pony?"

"I am sure he will. Your Aunt says he is making all kinds of plans for your amusement. I think he must be a fine little chap. And now run off, darling; I have a great deal to do before dinner. When I have finished this list of books, I must go and look over your clothes."

"Very well, mamma," said Snowdrop, with a kiss. "I will go up now and tell Polly the news."

To be continued.

THE OAK TREE SHRINE.

LONG, long ago, when the faith was pure and strong throughout England, a little girl tended her sheep in the green meadows and among the shadows of the wood. She was poor and ignorant; but God had taught her to pray; and had given her a yearning for His Blessed Mother.

Her great longing was to visit some of the shrines of Mary. She had heard of those from people who had talked with her; and once a pilgrim, passing through that village, had told the orphan girl of the little house in which the Holy Family had lived on earth — of its bands of pilgrims and the costly gifts they made, of the waxen lights and

brilliant jewels around the golden shrine. Then the little girl confided her trouble to the pilgrim — that she could not see that Holy Mother; that she could not even linger in the old church in the valley because it was so far away; and the old man as he listened, smiled upon her and gave her an image of the Blessed Virgin and Child.

"See, my daughter," he said, "I will fix this on the trunk of this old tree. This must be your shrine, and here you can pray to your Holy Mother."

The little maiden was delighted, and it became her daily care to deck the image gaily. True she had no offerings of gold and gems, but she found the fairest flowers of the meadows, and briar roses of pure pale tint from the hedgerows, to twine around the humble shrine of her Queen; and even in winter she could make it wreaths of evergreen and holly.

This girl had neither parents or friends, and so she made a little humble cot under the spreading branches of the old oak; and there she dwelt in poverty and went, unthought of, uncared for but by God.

At length the priest from the distant village was summoned to the dwelling of the shepherd maiden, for the people found her ill and near her death. But when he reached the door he paused in silent wonder, for a lady stood by the lonely bed-side, fair, majestic, with a band of costly gems around her forehead and a blue mantle covering her figure. With the gentle care of a mother she bent over the girl, wiping the dew of death from her forehead; pressing her lips on the cold, thin cheeks, speaking to her in words whose sweet tones the priest had never heard or imagined before.

"See, my child," said the lovely visitor, "the priest is here bringing thy Jesus to thee. He will bear thee safely home."

Then the priest entered the hut. Trembling and on his knees he heard the last confession of the dying girl, and the lady raised her in her arms, while sweet strains of humble music filled the dwelling, because the Lord of heaven had entered there. He has come to his suffering child. He rests in her heart, and the angel music sinks into faint, sighing whispers. One glance of unspeakable love, of unimaginable longing, and the spirit of the shepherd girl had fled.

The good priest is kneeling there alone now, the radiant, queenly form is no longer by the bedside, and yet the angel voices are singing, and yet the sweet fragrance lingers round the straw pallet. Then a soft voice whispered: "Tell this vision you have seen. Tell it that men's hearts may be moved to love. Say that none who call upon Mary shall die unaided. Say that she is a mother who will always be with her children when in need." So the good father told his story for many a mile around; and the faith and love of the people caused them to build a little chapel on the consecrated spot, within which for many years an oak tree might be seen, an image of Our Lady in its hollow trunk, wreathed with flowers and green leaves.

THE hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. — *Goldsmith.*

Useful Knowledge.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS. — We are pleased to find that increased attention is being paid to the question of the physical training of young and growing girls. The Swedish physical exercises have found general favor, while many games and athletic pursuits are now permitted which formerly were proscribed by prudish schoolmistresses and timid mammas. There can be no doubt that the present movement is in the right direction so long as it keeps within reasonable limits; for the extension of competitive athletic sports to our girl schools would be a great mistake. But, short of this, the daily employment of systematic exercise will prove of the greatest service in after life, by developing the frame and obviating those ills which so frequently supervene in the passage from girlhood into womanhood. The disorders which occur at that period are generally to be referred to imperfect development and to defective nutrition. When the girl is naturally healthy, little is wanted but to encourage, or we might say insist on, ordinary systematic exercise being taken daily. This should consist of certain gymnastic exercises, which ought to be practiced each day as part of the school work, supplemented by such games as lawn tennis, rounders, golf, etc. Swimming is an exercise that every girl should indulge in, and it ought to be taught systematically at our girl schools. Rowing, too, is an exercise which greatly strengthens the muscles of the trunk and abdomen, and is therefore serviceable, when employed with judgment, in giving grace and elegance to the figure. Schools at the seaside or near a river should avail themselves of the opportunity, and have rowing taught by some trustworthy boatman. Riding has always been an exercise in favor with the profession; the expense attending it, however, debars its pursuit in many cases. With delicate girls, or those rapidly growing, some of the above named exercises may prove unsuitable; in these cases it is best to rely at first entirely on gymnastics till the frame is strengthened. Until recently dress proved a great barrier in preventing the free exercise of the limbs and body, but the introduction of a more sensible costume for the playground will in future, it is to be hoped, remove the disadvantage. The costume in use consists of a short skirt of blue serge, draped with a crimson scarf, blue jersey, short trousers, and long stockings. Such a dress is quite suitable for girls under fifteen; and we fancy those who are educated on this system will not as they grow older readily submit to the bondage of high-heeled boots and tight lacing, though probably they would have to adopt a more lengthened skirt.

PREPARE FOR OLD AGE. — Is it not inconceivable that a person endowed with reason, should waste in a few years of feverish excitement and dissipation, the vital stock which was intended to last him through eighty years? We see him from twenty to thirty years of age, wild with what he calls "pleasure;" from fifty to sixty, rheumatic, slow of movement, and void of spirit. The Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who died at the age of 110 years, being asked just before his death, by what means he had continued to live so long and happy a life, replied: "By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old." He did not mean by the phrase "being old when I was young," that he had deprived himself of the pleasures of youth. The highest and sweetest pleasures of youth only prepare for the highest and sweetest pleasures of old age. His thought was that of the great poet in the following familiar lines: —

> "Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did not, with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility,
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."

USE OF OWLS. — It is a great mistake to kill owls. If one is troubled with mice, to attract a few owls is a certain cure. Should a commodious cavity be excavated in an ash-tree, in most districts, a pair of owls will soon take up their quarters therein. The short-eared owl often gets mistaken for a woodcock by cockshooters, and a sportsman was rather taken in when he thought he had killed cocks, "right and left," and was notifying the same to the other "guns," when the keeper remarked, "Beg pardon, sir, but they was two howls!"

The Humorist.

An Irishman applied to a lady, who had taken a house at Bray for the summer, for employment. "But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, thin, ma'am, if ye only knew how little work it'd take to occupy me."

An aged colored citizen once took out his son to rob a hen-roost. The boy had been at Sunday-school, and had begun to moralize. "Is this right?" he asked. "My son," said the aged patriarch, "dat 'ere's a great moral question; hain't got no time to argufy it now — *hand down another chicken.*"

He opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in, in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired, "Is this the editorial rinktum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinktum, sinktum, sanctum, or some such place where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room — yes, sir; come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good day."

"What other business do you follow besides preaching?" was asked of an old colored man. "I speculate a little." "How speculate?" "I sells chickens." "Where do you get your chickens?" "My boys, fetch 'em in." "Where do they get them?" "I doan know, sah. I'se allers so busy wid my preachin' dat I ain't got time to ax. I was gwine to inquire de udder day; but a 'vival come on, an' tuk up all my time."

A father called his son into the library the other day, and said: "Harry, you are now seventeen years old." "Yes, father." "I have given you money from time to time, but you have had no stipulated allowance. Beginning with next week, I shall allow you six dollars per week." "That will be splendid! You are one of the best fathers in Detroit!" "Yes, six dollars per week, and as you are now old enough to pay board I shall charge you five dollars per week! You can always depend upon the dollar coming to you each Saturday."

Tit for Tat.— Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with its paws clasped around the trunk. One of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws, one in each hand. He then called out to his comrade, "Jonathan, run home and bring me something to kill the varmint. Mind you don't stay, or I'm in a fix." Jonathan ran off, but staid a long time. During the interval, the bear made several attempts to bite the hands of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back. "Hallo, what kept you so long?" "Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready, so I stopped for it." "Well," said his comrade, "come you now and hold the critter, while I kill it." Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal, "Well, have you hold of him?" "I guess I have." "Very well, then; hold fast; I am off for dinner."

Father Hubbards.— The other day, when old Major Soloman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked: "Mary, what sort of coat do you call that?" "It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems." "Air you going to wear it to church?" "Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the rage now." "Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready, and we'll go." The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment and exclaimed. "Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?" "Father Hubbard," the old man replied." "You're not a-goin to wear them sacks, are you?" "I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you, I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in that bran sack." "I'll take it off." "All right; off goes Father Hubbard," and turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. If it hadn't been for the Daddy Hubbard I'd been in a mighty bad fix."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1884.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME.—In a reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, President Arthur has sent to that body all the papers in regard to the threatened confiscation by the Italian Government of the American College at Rome. A letter from United States Minister Astor, bearing the date of March 15, 1884, stated that he had been informed by Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of the Propaganda, that a law of 1866, made applicable through a law of 1873, compelled the sale of the property, but that the Italian authorities expressed a willingness to accede to a request of the United States Government to exempt the property from tax rather than enter into litigation with authorities of the Propaganda. The documents show that Secretary Frelinghuysen requested that the property be exempt from taxation, and that Mr. Astor cabled him, on March 28 last, that the college had been exempted from Propaganda sale. The President and Secretary of State then, on March 29, joined in a despatch to Mr. Astor, stating that his course had been commended in the matter, and asking him to express to the Italian Government the President's high appreciation of its prompt and friendly action. Coadjutor Archbishop Corrigan, for Cardinal McCloskey, on April 1, addressed a letter to Mr. Frelinghuysen, thanking him for interceding in behalf of the property.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Leonard, Vicar-Apostolic Western District Cape of Good Hope, the Rev. Patrick Ballesty, and Rev. Joseph O'Hanlon, both of the diocese of Meath, Ireland; Poor Sisters of Nazareth, from Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London; Sister Mary Athanasius (diocese of Aberdeen, Scotland), Sister Mary Xavier (diocese of Cork, Ireland), Sister Mary of all Saints (diocese of Dromore, Ireland); Dominican Sisters, from Cabra Convent, co. Dublin, Sister Mary Berchmans (diocese of Dublin), Sister Mary Xavier (diocese of Cork), Sister Elizabeth and Sister Anne (both of the diocese of Meath, Ireland) have left England for the Cape.

THE INVOCATION "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary" has been added to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; but the present generation of adult Catholics will have passed away before a prayer book will be issued having the invocation added to the Litany.—Brother Griffin in the *I. C. B. U. Journal.*

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—As one of the means for raising funds for the completion of the gigantic work of the Cologne Cathedral, the Emperor of Germany authorized a series of nineteen lotteries. The official account just issued shows the sum total raised by these lotteries during the last few years. The nineteen produced a sum of 11,023,471 marks, that is about £556,000.

ENCOURAGING.—In a recent speech Mr. Parnell said: The political situation is undoubtedly full of encouragement and of hope. We have a people who in the face of every discouragement and disadvantage have gradually forced their way up until their attitude has come to be regarded by both friend and foe alike as sound. Their position is impregnable. If you have progressed with a limited suffrage, and in the face of the worst Coercion Acts ever inflicted upon a country, what will you not do when coercion has been blotted

out (hear, hear), and when you have the security which will enable you to press on for the liberty and security of our country.

CHOLERA.—The investigations with regard to cholera have at last met with full success. A most important discovery has been made. A foreign newspaper announces that Dr. Vincent Richards, civil surgeon of Goalundo, has succeeded in doing what the German Commission have up to the present failed to accomplish. He has produced the disease artificially. He experimented upon pigs, and after many trials, he communicated to one of them what appears to have been genuine cholera. The animal died three hours after the cholera poison was administered. If this report be true, Dr. Richards has made a great discovery, which will, no doubt, lead to exceedingly important results. Last year's terrible scourge of cholera in Egypt will be for ever remembered; and if in future such a horrible disease can be prevented, the whole world will be thankful.

HOW NOT TO DROWN.—Many persons have wondered that all animals seem to possess an instinctive knowledge of swimming, and that man alone lacks this gift. Dr. Henry McCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not necessary that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should drown, if he will depend on the powers for self-preservation with which nature has endowed him, the pith of the doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph:

When one of the inferior animals takes to the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot "swim falls into the water, he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmergable. In order, then, to escape drowning, it is necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage as to his relative weight, in respect to the water, over man who perishes while the brute lives Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child can walk in the water just as readily as an animal does, and that without any prior instruction or drilling whatever. Throw a dog in the water and he treads or walks the water instantly; and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do the same. The brute, indeed, walks the water instinctively, whereas a man has to be told.

TRYING TO BURN THE CATHEDRAL AT ERIE, PA.—At an early hour the morning of the 22d April, an attempt was made to burn St. Patrick's Cathedral, to which is attached the Episcopal residence of Right Rev. Tobias Mullen, Bishop of Erie. This is the third attempt to destroy the buildings. Last year the room under which the Bishop sleeps was fired by miscreants, presumed to be the authors of last night's outrage. For years Bishop Mullen's life has been threatened, but he has contemptuously disregarded the threats. Steps, however, will now be taken to ferret out the incendiaries.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS IN 1884.—From the edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s American Newspaper Directory, now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1,600 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5,618 over the total number published just ten years since. The increase in 1874 over the total for 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have increased from 1,138 to 1,254; the weeklies from 9,062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1,091 to 1,499. The greatest increase is in the Western States. Illinois, for instance, now shows 1,009 papers in place of last year's total of 904, while Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. Other leading Western States also exhibit a great percentage of increase. The total number of papers in New York State is 1,523, against 1,399 in 1883. Canada has shared in the general increase.

BURNING OF A CONVENT.—On the 24th of April, the Loretto Convent at Lindsay, Ontario, was almost totally destroyed by fire. Every effort was made by citizens and the fire brigade to subdue the flames, but in vain. It was insured for $20,000.

IRISH LEAGUE.— A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish National League of America, at which thirteen members, and Mr. Patrick Eagan, ex-Treasurer of the Irish Land League, attended, was held in Chicago, April 15. It was decided to call the next convention of the League to meet at Boston, Mass., the second Wednesday in August, as such other date as Mr. Parnell, who is expected to attend, should name. A resolution indorsing Mr. Parnell's advice to the Irish farmers to refuse to pay police tax imposed under the Crimes Act was passed.

OUR Holy Father, the Pope, has summoned the Irish bishops to convene in Rome, in September. The object is presumed to be similar to that for which the convention of American Prelates was recently held.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S GREAT WORK. — Arrangements are now making in the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, on Lafayette place, for the accommodation of the homeless working boys of New York. Nearly one hundred have already taken possession of the apartments prepared for them, and as soon as the arrangements are complete, many more will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded. On an average, over fifty poor persons received free meals, daily at the Mission Home, during the past winter, and in very cold and inclement weather, the number has many times reached two hundred. The applicants are never questioned about their country or creed, but are fed by the good Sisters, without distinction, as to race, color or religion. Many old men, who have seen better days, said to the Sisters, that, although they were not Catholics, the meals they got every day at the Mission was their chief support, and saved them from perishing with hunger. Many sick and deserving poor are attended to daily in their own houses, and have their wants supplied from the Mission, and very large sums of money have been distributed among the more refined class of poor persons, whose sensitive feelings very often cause them to endure great suffering before they make their poverty known. Nearly nine hundred children are under Father Drumgoole's control. On an average, more than two hundred of these are entirely dependent on the Mission for support. Nothing is received from the city toward the support of these children. The great work of the Mission is supported by members of St Joseph's Union. Its membership now comprises over four hundred thousand souls.

BISHOP OF MOBILE.— On the 27th of March, the Rt. Rev. Dominic Manucy, who had since 1874 been the Vicar Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, was installed, amid the general rejoicing of its citizens, as Bishop of Mobile, Ala. For thirty-three years a priest, twenty years of which time had been spent in Alabama, and ten of these in Mobile itself, Bishop Manucy has become the shepherd of a flock which he knows well, and which, knowing him, admires and loves him.

"THERE is in Denmark a law that would do more to stop drunkenness than many speeches. All intoxicated persons are to be taken comfortably home in carriages at the expense of the publican that sold them the last glass!" Yes, but who can tell who sold the last glass? surely not the drunken man.

SAVAGE. — "The preachers denounce Ingersoll for his blasphemy. They pluck out the mote in Bob's eye but see not the beam in their own. They are worse blasphemers than he. One of them said in Boston lately: 'The Virgin Mary is a stigma to all motherhood.' The preachers are all Ingersolls without his wit or his candor."—*The Western Watchman.*

ALTAR BOYS.— The altar boys are generally selected from the best and brightest boys of our parochial schools. It sometimes happens that bad boys are found among them, like the black sheep that are said to be found in every flock. This, however, cannot be helped, and the only remedy is to dismiss such boys as soon as they show any evil dispositions; for it is better to do this, even at the cost of disgracing them, than to run the risk of corrupting others by their bad conduct or manners. It is noticeable that boys, when first admitted to the altar, take an immense pride in it, and are obedient and most punctual. But it too often happens that when the novelty has worn away,

and they become negligent, and sometimes even disobedient and disrespectful. This is owing to example, to their natural giddiness, and sometimes to the negligence of parents and superiors, who do not correct and punish them as they should.

THE name of Father Scully, of Cambridgeport, Mass., is prominently mentioned in connection with the appointment to the Rectorship of the American College, Rome. A better appointment could not be made. Father Scully has all the qualities to fill the position in a most acceptable manner, and if he could be induced to accept, he would give renewed life to the College, and by his indomitable energy, build it up on so firm a basis as would guarantee its perpetuity. We have our doubts, however, as to his acceptance, for he has a grand work on hand at home, and is so heart and soul taken up with it, that it would be like tearing out that heart to withdraw him from it. He has, by long years of heroic struggles, and untiring persistency, succeeded in building up one of the best regulated parishes and most successful schools in the United States, and now that he has lived to see the consummation of his labors, it is only natural to suppose that he would above all things else, prefer to remain and direct to still greater results, the work of his lifetime.—*Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio.

THERE are over ten thousand students in the Catholic colleges in the United States.

A HANDSOME Cathedral is being built by the Marist Fathers at Maofaga, Tonga, in the Vicariate of Central Oceanica.

THE report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language states that a member of the Council of the society, the erudite Rev. James McSwiney, S. J., of Manresa House, Roehampton, is engaged on an Irish dictionary for advanced students interested in the study of old Irish.

THE clergy of the Deanery of Tuam met under the presidency of Archbishop McEvilly, and passed a resolution expressing warm approval of the object of the Irish Land Purchase and Settlement Company. Five hundred and thirty shares were taken, including two hundred from his Grace. Bishop Logue, of Raphoe, has taken fifteen hundred shares.

SUNDAY CLOSING.— In an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. T. W. Russell, secretary to the Irish Temperance Association, draws attention to the effects of Sunday Closing in Ireland since 1878. He shows that in the areas in which absolute prohibition was put in force, the arrests for Sunday drunkenness declined during the four years and a half, for which Parliamentary returns are available, by fifty-three per cent.

MISS ELIZABETH S. COULSON, a lady connected with Lisburn, County Antrim, died about two years ago at the Hotel de Rivoli in Paris, having by her will bequeathed the residue of her property, between £13,000 and £14,000, to trustees, for the purpose of founding a school of Music in Ireland. It is understood that probate of the will has been obtained, and that the trustees will shortly be called upon to co-operate in framing a scheme for the management of the intended school of music, and it is hoped that they will succeed to a considerable extent in supplying a desideratum in Ireland — the encouragement of native musical talent.

THE IRISH MAGISTRACY.— A return has been made for each county and borough in Ireland of the names of the justices of the peace, with a statement of the aggregate numbers that are Catholics and Protestants respectively. The result of the figures given shows the great numerical preponderance of Protestant over Catholic magistrates, especially in the province of Ulster, where the Protestant magistrates exceed the Catholic by about twelve to one. Thus, in Antrim the Protestant magistrates number 136, and the Catholic only eight. This numerical superiority, which is most striking in Ulster, is maintained in every Irish county without exception; but the numbers are most nearly equalized in Galway, where the Protestant magistrates are 111, and the Catholic 91. In the cities and boroughs the disproportion is less considerable, though there is a large majority of Protestants. In Cork, however, and in Limerick, Waterford, and Kilkenny

boroughs, the Catholics are in a majority —as they ought to be almost everywhere both in counties and boroughs.

DYNAMITE.—The leading article in the "United States Service," a monthly Review of military and naval affairs, is entitled, "Dynamite and the Art of War." The writer recognizes the thorough-going revolution which the discovery of this new agent has made in the military art, both on land and on sea. He says: "Dynamite declines the rôle of secrecy. If it may not fight for the King, it will for the cobbler, and the cobbler takes to it kindly. Its military qualities are sure of development, if not in government service, then in the ranks of rebellion. The soldier will have to meet it at any event; to him it is the problem of the hour. Tacticians may as well trim their sails in time; when the storm has set in, it may be impossible."

REV. FATHER WALTERS of the church of St. Mary, Lafayette, Ind., (diocese of Fort Wayne), refused to accept the sum of $50, tendered to him for the use of charitable institutions connected with his church, on the ground of the fact that, the proceeds so tendered, were the result of what the church cannot approve — a dance given on St. Patrick's night.

DIVORCE.— Does the Catholic Church favor divorce for any cause? She does not. In certain cases the Church permits, and even advises a separation to be had, but absolute divorce she never has, nor never will sanction.

CANADIANS COMING.— The unusually large exodus, this spring, of French-Canadian workingmen and their families, from Montreal and the Province to the manufacturing cities of New England, is attracting attention. At this season, there is usually an emigration of workingmen across the line, but this year, the stream is reported by the Customs officers to be unprecedentedly large. It is roughly estimated that nearly one hundred of these emigrants leave the depot in Montreal, daily, and the majority are men with families. The proportions of the exodus from the Quebec neighborhood to the United States are becoming alarming. From one parish in Montmagny alone, in one week, three hundred and twenty-five persons left, of whom two hundred never intend to return to Canada. British rule seems to have the same effect all the world over.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for April, T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston. William Francis Dennehy opens the number with a well considered article, "Ireland and England." This is followed by a brief sketch of the late Ellen Forrester. The balance of the contents of the April number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will give reading enough to the ordinary reader for a whole month; the subjects are one and all of great merit and interest, and will repay those whose good sense makes them study the pages of this popula- instructor.— *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAMILTON DIOCESE, CANADA.— Since the diocese of Hamilton was created it has had three bishops. The first was Right Rev. John Farrell, who was consecrated on the 11th of May, 1856, and took possession of the See on the 24th of the same month. Bishop Farrell died on the 26th of September, 1873. His successor was the late Bishop Crinnon, who was consecrated at Stratford on the 19th of April, 1874. The death of the late lamented Bishop is still fresh in the memory of every citizen. He breathed his last in Florida (whither he had gone to seek health) in November, 1882, and his remains were brought to Hamilton and interred with funeral ceremonies of solemn grandeur. The third Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. James Joseph Carberry, was appointed on the 5th of August last, and was consecrated in Rome on the 11th of November.

WHAT "WIFE" MEANS.— Says Ruskin: What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin language conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortune's and broider them, or

feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glowworm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion — shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe is the woman's true place and power.

PARNELL. — It is gratifying to see Mr. Parnell's name as the chairman of an industrial enterprise in Ireland, associated with the names of such representative men as Sir Baldwyn Leighton, M. P., Mr. Chas. Russell, M. P., and Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P.; and every one will wish well for the success of the Irish Land Purchase and Settlement Company (Limited), even although they may feel some doubt as to the prospect of the company earning a dividend. Professor Baldwin, its managing director, is a good man, and the objects are most praiseworthy. The Catholic Bishops have given it their entire approval, and the undertaking deserves to be successful.

THE *Monitor* states that during 1883, ten new churches have been dedicated in the Archdiocese of San Francisco; thirteen priests have been added to the number of clergy and three new academies have been opened. The Catholic population has increased about 15,000.

THRIFT is a great thing. The origin of thrift was necessity, and its commencement dated back to the time when man first began to see that it was necessary to provide for to-morrow, as well as for to-day, and that was in the time of Adam and Eve. They knew very well that little or no money could be saved up honestly without being thrifty. To become wealthy it was necessary to first become thrifty. No other thing could do it except a "windfall," and that would soon disappear from the hands of a spendthrift. Thrift meant a great deal; it meant private economy, and that included the proper management of family affairs. He saw there were many parents present, and he would tell them exactly what this meant. It meant that they were always to do their very best to live within and never above their means, and, if possible, to live below them. In fact, in the case of a working-man, it was really necessary that he should not live up to the full height of his means, much less above them, for it was by saving a little every week he was to provide for bad times when they came.

ARE these Americans? Says *the Burlington Hawkeye:* There are some very timid people who are already dreadfully frightened at the the mention of General Sherman's name as a Presidental candidate, because his son is a priest and his wife is a Catholic. Calm yourselves, perturbed souls. Not a man of you had a word to say about General Sherman's relations to the Church of Rome, when he was knocking the stuffing out of the Rebellion. And he is just as good and loyal a citizen to-day as he was then, even though he wear a hair shirt and pray with beads.

THE sesquipedalian words in which Germany rejoices are a frequent subject of comment and amusement. It is refreshing, however, to come across these giants of the dictionary in actual use. The German paper *Ueber Land und Meer* has found out that there is an official in Würtemberg, who rejoices in the title of *Staatsschuldenzahlungscassebuchhatier* that is, thirty-seven letters and ten syllables. We are inclined to think, however, that our own "find" is a still better one; for although it contains only thirty-three letters in ten syllables, yet it is an adjective, and compound nouns are pretty easy to make up in any language. Our prize adjective is culled from an advertisement in the *Germania* of the 2d inst., in which a young man seeking for a situation qualifies himself by the alarming epithet of *nichtcivilversorgungsberechtigter!*

MARRYING IN MEXICO.— There is a law in Mexico which renders and constitutes a man a citizen of that country by the mere fact of his marrying a native, and the moment he weds the one he thereby becomes liable and bound to fulfil and perform all the duties and obligations of a Mexican citizen, both in war and peace, and the mere fact that he was ignorant of its legal results and obligations renders it none the less binding and obligatory; but as the church of Mexico is extremely particular and rigid as to

who shall marry its fair daughters, and in every case requires the highest and best evidence of the moral, social and religious standing of all applicants for the hands and hearts of the Mexican fair maidens, it is not all likely Uncle Samuel will lose many of his great and good men by or through intermarrying with the Mexican maidens.

In the diocese of New York, there are 2 archbishops, 380 priests, 76 ecclesiastical students, 173 churches, 54 chapels, 38 stations, 4 colleges, 28 academies, 115 parochial schools, attended by 34,308 pupils; 22 asylums, and 10 hospitals.

Archbishop Moran.—At the Secret Consistory, held in Rome, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, was preconised Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, the See vacated by the death of the late Archbishop Vaughan. Archbishop Moran was born in Leighlinbridge, County Carlow, on the 17th of September, 1830. In 1856 he became Vice-President of the Irish College of St. Agatha, Rome; and shortly afterwards he was appointed Professor of Hebrew in the College of the Propaganda. Returning to his native land, in 1866 he was appointed private secretary to his uncle, the late Cardinal Cullen. On the 5th March, 1872, he was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Ossory, with the title of Bishop of Olba; and in a few months afterwards he succeeded to the See. The Archbishop, who is an industrious student, has been a volumnious writer on Irish historical and antiquarian subjects, among his works being "Memoir of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunkett," "Essays on the Origin, &c., of the Early Irish Church," "History of the Archbishops of Dublin," "Historical Sketch of the Persecutions under Cromwell and the Puritans," "Irish Saints in Great Britain," and (in Latin) "Acta Sancti Brendani."

Lessons in English Literature, a new work by John O'Kane Murray, is in the hands of the printers. It will comprise about 350 pages, and will be a genuine *multum in parvo*. The work is divided into four parts as follows: Part I. from Cædmon to Chaucer; Part II. from Chaucer to Newman and Tennyson; Part III. covers the English literature of Ireland; and Part IV., the English literature of America.

It is said to be a fact that there is not an Irish-Catholic saloon-keeper in the city of St. Paul, Minn., all of them being influenced by the Church to quit the business.

The results of the Cincinnati riot so far, make a total of 51 deaths. Of 38 burial permits for victims of the late riot, 11 of the killed were born in Germany, 18 in America, mostly of German parents, 1 in Ireland, and 1 in Wales.

Liszt.—Mr. Haweis's new book, "My Musical Life," has the following paragraph with reference to the famous Abbe Liszt's skill as an executant. Mr. Haweis, it should be added, is a Protestant Clergyman. The two had passed into a little sitting-room which commanded a view of the Campagna. "Here stood his grand Erard piano. 'As we were talking of the bells,' he said, 'I show you an "Angelus" which I have just written,' and opening the piano, he sat down. 'You know,' said Liszt, turning to me, 'they ring the "Angelus" in Italy carelessly, the bells swing irregularly, and leave off, and the cadences are often broken up thus.'—and he began a little swaying passage in the treble, like bells tossing high up in the evening air; it ceased, but so softly that the half bar of silence made itself felt, and the listening ear still carried the broken rhythm through the pause. The Abbate himself seemed to fall into a dream; his fingers fell again lightly on the keys, and the bells went on, leaving off in the middle of a phrase,—then rose from the bass the song of the "Angelus," or rather it seemed like the vague emotion of one who, as he passes, hears in the ruins of some wayside cloister the ghosts of old monks humming their drowsy melodies as the sun goes down rapidly, and the purple shadows of Italy steal over the land out of the orange west. "We sat motionless, a disciple on one side, I on the other. Liszt was almost as motionless; his fingers seemed quite independent,—chance ministers of his soul. The dream was broken by a pause, then came back the little swaying passage of bells tossing high up in the evening air, the half bar of silence, the broken rhythm, and the 'Angelus' was rung."

In view of their ill success in converting the Catholics of California to Presby-

terianism, the *Monitor* advises the would-be proselyting missionaries of this sect to turn their attention to the Chinese who can be "converted" at an average of seventy-five cents a head, while it has cost them an expense of $1,000 a piece for perverts from among the Catholics.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, APRIL.— Like its predecessors, this number is full of interesting reading matter, which will afford profitable and entertaining employment for many a vacant hour, whilst the diversity is such as to meet every taste. The standard of the past in this respect is not only preserved, but improved upon and we can say, without the intention to flatter or exaggerate, that the general excellence of this unpretentious magazine is not equalled by any other publication of similar character and scope that we know of. Of this any one may satisfy themselves by procuring a copy for perusal.— *The Catholic Columbian.*

IN the Eternal City, the feast of St. Patrick was observed with the usual solemnity in the Church of St. Agatha—the Church of the Irish College — where Bishop Quinn, of Bathurst, Australia, was the Celebrant. Mgr. Grasselli, Archbishop of Colossus, celebrated the High Mass in the Irish Franciscan Church of St. Isidore, on the Pincian Hill. The panegyric of the saint, delivered by the Rev. Patrick Glynn, Prior of the Irish Augustinians at Santa Maria in Posterula, was a splendid example of pulpit eloquence, worthy of the occasion and of the preacher, who formerly held high rank among the pulpit orators of the Irish capital.

THE REFORM BILL, before the British Parliament, passed a second reading. For the Bill, 340; against 210. Thus in a thronged house of 550 members the government won assent for their principle and their Bill, estimated to enfranchise 2,000,000 of capable citizens, by the clear and enormous majority of 130. The Irish Party wisely determined to support in strength a Bill which admits 400,000 of our countrymen to the rights and privileges of the Franchise, and contributed largely to a splendid and striking result, which places the proposed Franchise high over the dangers which might otherwise beset its progress, and confronts the Lords with a united strength before which they will not dare to block the way.

THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA.— Hon. Ignatius Donnelly said to a friend: When in Congress a few members were joking me about my Irish. One of them was a long-legged fellow, some six feet three high, well named of nature Shanks, a clever fellow from Indiana. Turning to him I said, where were you bred. He commenced to laugh and said, my father is an Irishman, and my grandmother was an Irishwoman. In the Senate there was a man from Illinois, with aquiline nose and long black hair. Time and again he was thought to be descended from Logan the Indian. Chatting familiarly with him one day on the street car I said, General Logan, what is your descent? He hesitated. I said, where was your father from? From the county Monahan in Ireland. I thought this worthy Irishman had married a squaw and asked, where was your mother from. From the County Monahan too, said he; and there was my Indian with long black hair. I had read in the newspapers of the Scotch ancestry of General Grant so once on the Mississippi I asked his father, where are you from? He said, from Philadelphia. Where were your people from? From the north of Ireland. I questioned him further and found that his grandmother was a Kelly which is not a Scotch name. Our Governor Ramsey was published over the country as a Scotchman, of Scotch and German decent. By accident I found that he was Swiss on his mother's side and his father from the county Monahan, the same place my Indian came from.

WELL SAID: Hon. T. L. James, at the great New York Meeting to protect against Italian robbery: "What are we going to do about it? We will call the attention of the whole civilized world to it and if the young kingdom of Italy resists, we will hold it up to the execration of all Christendom. Liberty is our affair, the whole world over, and we have never failed to speak our minds in the cause of oppressed justice and liberty."

THE Tenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union will be held in the city of Baltimore, on the 18th and 19th of June.

Personal.

MR. GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE, eldest son of The O'Donoghue, M. P., has been arrested, with others, in the Gap of Dunloe, Killarney, on a charge of illegal drilling.

THE Marquis of Bute has, as already stated, offered a prize of £50 for a translation into Welsh of the "Alcestis" of Euripides, to be competed for at the next national Eisteddfod, to be held in Liverpool. It is now announced that he intends also to offer £500 for the best setting of the words to music.

HIS Eminence, Cardinal Manning, was present at the sixth meeting of the Royal Commission on the Working Classes. His Eminence, though he has innumerable claims upon his time, to all of which he scrupulously attends, is one of the most energetic of the commissioners.

ON the Feast of St. Joseph, the Countess Maria de Montgelas, wife of the Secretary of the Bavarian Legation to the Holy See, made solemn profession of the Catholic Faith in presence of Cardinal Chigi, in the private chapel of his Eminence. Madame de Montgelas, who is of Russian origin, previously belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church.

MOST REV. DR. MORAN, the new Archbishop of Sydney has left for Rome, where he will probably be detained by business for some time. But his Grace hopes to sail for Sydney sometime during the month of June. The appointment appears to be in every way a happy one — except, of course, as regards the loss which the Diocese of Ossory suffers by Archbishop Moran's departure to the Antipodes. But of one thing we are quite certain, and that is that if anything can console the Archbishop for the farewells he must make at home, it will be the sense of the high confidence reposed in him by the Holy Father at a rather critical time, and also the splendor of the welcome which awaits him in his new home, where almost his whole flock are his fellow-countrymen. These have hailed the news of his appointment with a joy which augurs well for the pastoral usefulness of Archbishop in the queen of the colonies.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MCMAHON of Hartford, Conn., was presented with a purse of $7000, made up solely by contributions from pastors and curates of his diocese. Bishop McMahon sailed for Europe on the 26th of April.

MARRIED.—At St. Peter's Church, Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C., April 23d., Mr. L. W. Reilly, formerly editor of *The Catholic Mirror*, and Miss Rose Clare Mapes, daughter of the late Capt. William H. Mapes, inspecting engineer of the United States Coast Survey, were married. Rev J. O'Sullivan officiated at the wedding ceremony and celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MICHAEL J. O'FARRELL, D. D., of Trenton, N. J. diocese, and Right Rev. Bishop Lawrence S. McMahon, of Hartford diocese, pay their first Episcopal visit *ad limina Apostolorum* to present their homage to His Holiness. They will sail in the steamer Oregon on the 26th of April.

THE marriage of the Attorney-General for Ireland with Miss Dease of Turbotstown, County West Meath, took place on the 15th of April. The bride is the eldest unmarried daughter of the late James Arthur Dease of Turbotstown, and sister of the present Countess of Gainsborough.

ON Sunday, April 20th, in St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, Wis., Archbishop Heiss invested Very Rev. Patrick J. Donahoe with the title of Monsignor, lately conferred on him by the Holy Father. The Very Rev. Gentleman, was born in Kingstown, County Dublin, Ireland, in 1810. He commenced his studies for the priesthood in his native land, and finished them in this country at the Seminary of St. Charles, Philadelphia, Pa., where he was ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick. In 1852 he came to Milwaukee, and from that time up to July, 1880, officiated at St. John's Cathedral, under Archbishop Henni. On the death of Vicar-General Kundig he was appointed his successor, but owing to ill-health, resigned the active duties of the office and retired to St. Mary's Hospital for rest, where he has since resided.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros. N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART FOR THE FIRST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH. Translated from the French of P. Huguet, Marist. By a Sister of Mercy. Cloth, red edges. Price 40 cents. With Steel-plate frontispiece.

All who assist at the services at our churches on the first Friday of every month should procure this book. Besides the meditations for the first Friday of each month, there is a "Method of Hearing Mass in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

We refer to the advertisement of the Messrs. Benziger in our advertising pages.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

ARMINE. By Christian Reid, author of "Hearts and Hands," "Mabel Lee," etc. Price $1.50.

This very entertaining book appeared in the *Catholic World*, and well received by the numerous readers of that sterling magazine. The Society have issued it in a large volume of 259 pages. A good book for the library and family.

THE IRISH BIRTHDAY BOOK. Selections from the speeches and writings of Irish men and women, both Catholic and Protestant. Arranged by "Melusine."

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published an American edition of this book. It contains pieces in prose and verse by all the leading Irish writers and speakers. It is bound in Irish linen, gilt edges, and sold at $1 NET. This makes a fine Premium-Book. Suitable also for the parlor table.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THOUGHTS ON DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART, and also on the Life and Work of Our Blessed Lord. By Right Rev. John Walsh, D. D, Bishop of London, Ontario.

The author in this little book states that the "Thoughts" were written for the edification and instruction of the flock committed to his care, and in hopes that they might help to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart. The "Thoughts" are prefaced by the beautiful poem of the late Denis Florence McCarty on "The Consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart." Anything emanating from the distinguished bishop of London should be sought for, particularly by our Canadian friends. The price is 60 cents.

Thorndike Nourse, Detroit, Mich.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON; Collected and arranged by Henry A. Brownson, Vol. VII. Containing the third part of the writings in defence of the Church.

Contents: Bushnell's Discources; Orthodoxy and Heresy Identical; On the Trinity; On the Incarnation; On the Redemption; Jarvis's reply to Milner; Hawkstone or Oxfordism; The Church as it was, is, and ought to be; The Christian Examiner's Defence; The Christian Register's Defence. The Christian Register's Objections; A Consistent Protestant; The Eclipse of Faith; Errors of the Church of Rome. Derby's Letters to his Son, articles I. II. III. IV. V; Spiritual Despotism; Romanism in America; The Papal Conspiracy Exposed; The Decline of Protestantism; The Bible Against Protestantism. The present volume is particularly interesting to Bostonians on account of Dr. Brownson's criticism on "Derby's Letters to his son," who has, since the death of his father, became a devout member of Mother Church. 144 pages are devoted to the subject.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.

GOLDEN WREATH FOR THE MONTH OF MARY. Composed of considerations on the Triple Crown of Our Blessed Lady's Joys, Sorrows, and Glories. With Examples and Hymns. Set to music. Price 60 cents. Postage free.

This little book has always been considered among the best, as it is certainly the most popular, manual of May devotions ever published in English. The present is an entirely new edition, thoroughly revised, and enlarged to 200 pp. It contains three hymns and a beautiful litany set to music. The work is composed of daily considerations on the Triple Crown of Our Blessed Lady's Joys, Sorrows and Glories. Most of the examples are new selections and very appropriate. The book is tastefully and substantially bound in blue cloth, with gilt ornaments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, author of the "History of Our Own Times," is writing a history of the four Georges. It will be completed in four volumes, the first of which is already in press.

A NUMBER of letters from Goethe to the Countess Josephine O'Donnell, lady in waiting to the Empress Maria Ludovica, now in the possession of Count Moritz O'Donnell von Tyrconell, will shortly be published at the desire of the O'Donnell family. The letters are said by an evening contemporary to be written without ceremony, and are full of grace and spirit. They bear testimony to the excellent relations between Goethe and the intimate friends of the young Austrian Empress. Besides letters, the collection of papers contains poems, among which there is one that has not yet been published, and a hitherto unknown portrait of Goethe.

AMONG the literary notabilities who are to receive honorary distinction at the approaching Tercentenary Commemoration of the Edinburgh University, three eminent Dublin men are mentioned — Dr. Haughton, Professor Salmon, and Professor Tyrrell.

CONSIDERABLE interest is felt in the result of the researches recently made in the matter of Celtic literature by the distinguished French archæologist, M. d'Arbois de Juliainville, who was sent to the British Isles, in 1881, on a *mission littéraire*, by M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction in France. M. de Julianville's undertaking being to examine and report upon the collections of Irish MSS. preserved in Great Britain, he spent about ten weeks in the libraries of England and Ireland, gathering materials for his "Essai d'un Catalogue de la littérature épique de l'Irlande, précédé d'une étude sur les Manuscrits en langue irlandaise, conservés dans les Iles Britanique et sur le Continent. The volume which he has published under this title is, in substance, a report addressed to the successor of M. Jules Ferry, and the greater part of it is chiefly a compilation from the catalogues of the libraries visited. As many as 953 MSS. were examined by M. de Julianville in the execution of his task, and considerably more than half of these he found in the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin It is very interesting to Irish people to observe how much attention is given to their ancient literature by foreigners, the Germans especially having made it their study for years past. With all our disabilites, we have not been wanting in men of our own to do good work in the same laborious field. O'Donovan, O'Curry, and Petrie are gone; but greater, perhaps, than any of these is our eminent antiquarian of to-day, Dr. Whitley Stokes.

A NEW treatise on Moral Theology, written especially for the United States, will be published soon after Easter, by the Rev. A. Sabetti, S. J., Professor of Moral Theology at the College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md.

MR. T. P. GILL, formerly of *Tipperary*, the well-known Nationalist paper, and organ of Archbishop Croke, has become Editor of the *Catholic World*.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "You'll Miss Me When I'm Gone," Song; words by Arthur W. French, music by H. P. Danks. "Send for Mother, Birdie's Dying," Song, words by Geo. Cooper, music by Eastborn. "When the Blue Birds Build Again;" Waltz Song, by C. A. White. "Oh, These Men," Song; words by Wm. Forrester, music by Sam. L. Studley.

Instrumental: "Sunbeam Polka," by L. K. Vannah. "Ocean Waves Galop," by Chas. D. Blake. "Bicycle Polka," arranged for Piano, by Chas. D. Blake. "Birds of Spring Waltzes," by Geo. Thorne. "Fresh Violets," March Brilliante, by Chas. D. Blake. "Susie Day," Transcription de Concert by Chas. D. Blake. "Convention March," by Harry Archaubault. "Polka Lanciers Quadrille," arranged by E. H. Bailey. "Electric Light Galop," by A. E. Warren. "Lutheran Hymns," Transcription for Piano by Edward Hoffman. "The Chapel Master. Fantasie for Piano by J. Leybach.

Books: "The Boston Quartette and Chorus Book for mixed voices. Selected and Compiled by C. A. White. "A Night In Venice," Opera by Johann Strauss in three acts, translated and adopted by Louis C. Elsan. These two works are issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s best style and the first named is a valuable addition to chorus collections.

G. Arlington, 595 Washington St., Boston.

Vocal: "A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss," Song, words by Fred McAvoy, music by Chas. L. Orage. "The Fisher Maiden," Song and Refrain; by Harry C. Talbert. "My Jack is a Sailor," Song; by Geo. Arlington. "When Pansies Droop and Die," Waltz Song; by Geo. Arlington. "Darling Await my Return," Song; words by T. D. Williams, music by Eddie Fox.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

THE RIGHT REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOEBBE, Bishop of Covington, Ky., died in that city on 2d of May. He was consecrated January 9, 1870.

THE profound grief occasioned among the Catholics of New South Wales by the death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Lynch, of Campbelltown, finds expression in the local papers. Mgr. Lynch, in the course of his sacred ministry, performed heroic services for the extension of the Church in the Colony. The deceased Prelate, who, it may be remarked, was a brother of Mr. J. Lynch, Chairman of the Hibernian Bank, Dublin, and Member of Parliament for Sligo county, was born in the Irish metropolis in 1816.

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of Rev. Father Lynch, S. J., for many years one of the Professors in Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., is greatly regreted. He was seventy years of age. May he rest in peace!

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. P. Madden, P. P., V. F., Clonakilty, which sad event took place on the 2d of April. The Reverend gentleman, who was in the enjoyment of his usual good health, attended on Thursday night a meeting of the Young Men's Society. About 5 o'clock in the evening he walked as far as Cloheen, and feeling somewhat unwell, he went into a farmer's house to rest himself. He was immediately seized with an attack and never rallied, but died after receiving the last Sacraments.

DEATH OF AN AGED PRIEST.—One of Ireland's oldest and most revered ecclesiastics, Monsignor Howley, breathed his last, at his residence in the town of Tipperary, on Good Friday night. Dr. Howley, who had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-four years, had officiated in the priesthood for upwards of sixty years, fifteen of which he was curate, and the remaining forty-five parish priest. A class fellow of the late Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, he followed the line of that patriotic Archbishop in polities, being from his entering into public life an ardent O'Connellite. While for the past twenty-years he abstained from any active part in politics, his attention was not wholly directed from the affairs of the political world, and on some recent occasions he took the opportunity of showing his earnest sympathy with the active Irish party. Dr. Howley, at the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, was nominated for the Archbishopric of Cashel and Emly, and, when the late Dr. Leahy was elected to the See, he was invested by his Holiness with the episcopal title of Monsignor. Up to the last the Monsignor attended strictly to all his administrative duties. He was present at the country stations every morning at half-past seven o'clock, having to travel in some cases as far as four miles. For fifty-nine years Dr. Howley, as coadjutor and parish priest, administered to the spiritual requirements of the people of the parish of Tipperary. During his pastorship a church, a convent, a monastery, and schools were erected, as also were established, through his teaching and influence, the Confraternities of the Holy Family, the Sacred Heart, &c. But that which will longest remain as a monument to his zeal for the beauty of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth, is the noble church flanked by its noble campanile, which he caused to be erected, and which will hereafter enshrine his mortal remains.

SISTER.

THE death is announced of Rev. Mother Juliana Hardman, for over forty years Superioress of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Handsworth, Birmingham, England. The deceased lady was instrumental in establishing many branches of the Order in the diocese of Birmingham.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. CHARLES ROBERT NEWMAN, brother of his Eminence, Cardinal Newman, died at Tenby, aged eighty-two.